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INDEBTEDNESS IN MUSIC

By HUGH ARTHUR SCOTT

INDEBTEDNESS in Music is a very wide subject which, if fully treated, would demand consideration of the whole question of the development of the art, since it is a truism, of course, that every composer, even the most original and independent, must inevitably build upon the foundations provided by his predecessors, and, to this extent, may be regarded as an example of indebtedness in its widest sense.

The consideration of indebtedness in this sense would indeed involve discussion of all the several influences which may go to the making of a composer and to the formation of his individual style, including, not only those general obligations to his predecessors which he shares with all his contemporaries, but also any special factors, such as the particular influence of one admired composer, of folk-music, and so on, which may also have operated to determine the character of his work.

Examples of indebtedness in this most generalised sense of all are too familiar to need insisting on, since they are furnished by the works of every composer who has ever lived. But it may be remarked that even here composers differ considerably in the character and extent of their obligations.

Thus it is much easier to trace the filiation of such masters, as say, Beethoven, Brahms and Elgar, than of others, such as Chopin and Debussy, who departed so much more markedly from preceding practice.

And in the same way composers differ greatly in the extent to which they owe indebtedness to such special factors as have been referred to. Thus in the case of Beethoven, save in respect

of his very earliest works, in which he was obviously under the influence of Mozart and Haydn, it is hard to trace any such influences at all. Nor is it any more easy to do this in the case of Wagner after he, in his turn, had shaken off the early influence of Weber.

Grieg, on the other hand, supplies an instance of a composer whose music was manifestly enormously influenced by his native folk-song, the like applying to Glinka, Moussorgsky and many more, particularly among the moderns, who might be named; while Richard Strauss may be cited as a typical instance of a composer who has owed much to one particular forerunner, namely, Liszt.

Other instances of the last-named kind have been furnished on a still more striking scale when one of the greater masters has given rise to an entire school of subsequent composers. Thus whole generations of British composers succumbed in turn to the influences of Handel, of Mendelssohn, and of Brahms, while Wagner was responsible in a similar manner for hosts of Continental imitators.

In a word, if Emerson's oft-quoted saying that "the greatest genius is the most indebted man" be true in one sense, it must be agreed that there may also be much indebtedness without any corresponding measure of genius.

Passing to the consideration of indebtedness of other kinds, these may be said to vary greatly in character, ranging all the way from that deliberate appropriation of another composer's ideas which constitutes actual plagiarism down to the most casual and trifling resemblances of which the composer himself is entirely unconscious, and to which no significance need be attached at all.

So far as actual plagiarism is concerned, this is happily of rare occurrence in these days, although it may be recalled that one of the most famous of living composers, namely, Richard Strauss, was some years ago (1909) called on to defend himself against a charge of this kind. And this charge, moreover, was supported by a wealth of evidence which, if it did not convince, showed at least what surprising pranks may sometimes be played in such matters by coincidence and chance.

The allegation was that in the case of his "Electra" Strauss had been influenced in a quite extraordinary manner by an earlier work, entitled "Cassandra," on a curiously similar theme, by a little known Italian composer named Gnechi. Not only were the subjects of the two operas remarkably similar, but it was asserted

that the most surprising resemblances also were to be detected in the two scores.

Thus the theme employed in "Cassandra" to illustrate the glowing light of the statue of Minerva was said to be unmistakably akin to that accompanying Clytemnestra's cry for more light in "Electra," while the Orestes themes in both works were said to be practically identical in melody and strongly akin harmonically. And these were only two out of some scores of similar examples adduced by Signor Tebaldini, the Italian musical writer who constituted himself Signor Gneccchi's champion.

That the matter was one hardly needing to be taken very seriously has long since been recognised; but the facts were sufficiently curious not only to attract much attention at the time but also to serve as a warning to those disposed to jump too readily in such cases to the worst conclusions.

If in another instance, namely the unabashed appropriation of the melody of one of Elgar's most popular instrumental pieces ("Salut d'Amour"), by a song-writer now deceased, it is more difficult to adopt an equally charitable conclusion, it may be, none the less, that even here "unconscious cerebration" rather than conscious adaptation supplied the explanation.

A much more flagrant case of comparatively recent years was that of one Fritz Hahn who, in 1908, came to the front in Gratz, Styria, as a young composer of surprising accomplishment. Among other works he produced no fewer than eleven symphonies, on the strength of which he was hailed as a young master of rare promise and given an official position with the object of providing him with the means to develop his genius. But alas! A "poring man" detected one day that one of his alleged symphonies, which had been performed at a concert of his "own compositions" given in Vienna, was a note-for-note transcription of an organ sonata of Rheinberger, and therewith initiated the exposure of a downright imposture of the most barefaced and wholesale kind.

As to the historic purloinings of Handel, there is little new to be said to-day on that well-worn theme, but obviously it would be impossible to discuss the subject of plagiarism in music without referring to the most amazing of all exploits in that line. For, despite the bold denials of one of the master's latest biographers, it is impossible to apply any other term to Handel's procedure in this matter, even if it be agreed that in certain aspects his case presents many puzzling features. That he did, however, annex in the most astounding way, and without any sort of acknowledgment, the work of other composers is, of course,

established beyond dispute, and doubt exists only as to the extent to which he himself was conscious of any wrong-doing being involved in his procedure.

Handel's annexations took various forms. Sometimes a mere idea only would be appropriated and worked up in his own characteristic manner. In other cases whole movements would be lifted bodily and reproduced virtually unaltered. Some of the most famous pages in all his music, such as certain of the choruses in "Israel in Egypt," were thus derived, though, rather curiously, no instances have been detected in "The Messiah," and some have found cause for satisfaction in this fact as one testifying to the exalted spirit in which he addressed himself to his task in that case. But the suggestion would seem really to make the case for Handel worse rather than better, in so far as it implies that he knew his practice in other instances to be indefensible.

Otherwise it is most difficult to determine whether he did or did not feel this. Reason is certainly against the belief that a man of his known character for integrity would have condescended to have appropriated without acknowledgment the works of others, if he had supposed himself to have been acting dishonestly thereby. To put the matter on its lowest basis, the risk of detection alone would seem to negative any other conclusion. And, as to the way in which such things were regarded in those days, despite the less stringent views on copyright which then obtained, it is sufficient to recall that Handel's great rival and contemporary, Bononcini, was actually driven from England for committing precisely the same kind of offence.

It is almost inconceivable, therefore, that Handel, beset as he was by the bitterest enemies, ready to seize on anything to discredit him, could have adopted any such course, if he took the same view of such transactions himself. At the same time it must be remembered that the chances of detection were small in those days, as is proved by the fact that in Handel's own lifetime not one of his misappropriations appears to have been observed.

In defence of Handel's procedure various ingenious theories have been advanced. Thus the late Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, one of the composer's biographers, suggested that, when for purposes of contrast a reposeful number was needed, Handel would fall back on the work of other men because he could not write anything quite dull enough himself—an amusing argument which, however, would hardly go down in a court of law. Others, such as Chrysander, and more recently Romain Rolland, have taken the view that Handel's borrowings amounted to no more than the mere

adaptation of crude raw material which he made his own by the magic of his treatment. But this again will hardly hold in view of the fact that not a few of the things which he took from others underwent hardly any alteration at his hands at all.

So, too, with the ingenious defence of that devout Handelian, Lord Balfour, based on the obscurity of the composers whom Handel pillaged: "The fact is that Handel has not cheated them *out* of their due meed of fame, he has cheated them *into* it!" As Mr. Sedley Taylor dryly put it in his valuable work "The Indebtedness of Handel to Works by Other Composers," "the point loses some of its force if we remember that these appropriations were invariably made without acknowledgment." Still bolder was the defence of that other staunch Handel-worshipper, the late Samuel Butler, who laid it down as an unassailable principle that every composer had a perfect right to take what he required from his predecessors without acknowledgment. But even he made the qualification: "It is not suggested that when a musician wants to compose an air or chorus, he is to cast about for some little-known similar piece and lay it under contribution. This is not to spring from the loins of living ancestors, but to batten on dead men's bones." And this, of course, was precisely what Handel did.

In a word, it is difficult to reconcile the procedure in this matter of one of the greatest of all composers with what we should regard nowadays as the elementary requirements of common honesty.

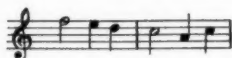
A form of plagiarism (if such it may be called) of another kind is that which occurs when a composer borrows from his own previous writings. But obviously this is a totally different procedure from annexing the ideas of others. Probably, indeed, most composers have found it convenient at some time or other to adopt this practice, and most of the great masters furnish instances. Bach, of course, did it constantly, as also did Handel—several notable instances occurring in "The Messiah." Beethoven used one favourite theme no fewer than four times: (1) for the finale of his "Prometheus" ballet music; (2) for a set of Twelve Contredanses for orchestra; (3) for a set of pianoforte variations (Op. 35); and (4) for the finale of the "Eroica" symphony.

Schubert, equally thrifty (though no one assuredly ever had less need to practise such economy), did the same thing again and again. Thus the themes of four of his songs, "Der Wanderer," "Der Tod und das Mädchen," "Die Forelle," and "Sei mir gegrüsst" all appeared subsequently in instrumental works (Pfte. Fantasia in C, D minor Quartet, Piano Quintet, and Fantasia in

C for piano and violin) while another well-known theme he used three times in all—viz., in his A minor Quartet, in the "Rosamunde" ballet music, and in his Impromptu in A flat. And many other examples could be cited.

But it is, of course, when the ideas adopted are those of other composers that the really interesting problems of indebtedness arise. Sometimes, no doubt, the idea in question may be one of such a familiar character that it may be regarded as having long since become general property, in which case, though the resemblance may be clear enough, there can manifestly be no question of indebtedness in the sense here under consideration. Ideas of this kind have been aptly described as "wandering melodies" by the well-known German musical writer Wilhelm Tappert, who wrote an interesting volume under this title, in which he called attention to some of the more familiar and showed how they have been used again and again in compositions of every sort and kind, from the most important to the least significant.

Such a familiar phrase for example is the following:





in Schumann (D minor trio)—



and in Liszt who has the following in his song "Ich möchte hingehn"—



To what extent was Wagner aware that he had been anticipated in this curious fashion? It is impossible to say, although it is on record that on one occasion at a rehearsal, conscious of some such misappropriation, he did say jokingly to Liszt—"Here comes something of yours, my friend!" to which Liszt, ever ready and magnanimous, made the delightful reply—"Excellent; it will get a hearing at last!"

There are many other cases, however, in which it is hardly possible to suppose that the composer borrowing can have been unaware of his obligation. Thus it has been shown that Bach must almost certainly have been well acquainted with the early 1704 Passion, generally attributed to Handel (see *Musical Times* for July, 1906), and again that he must have been equally familiar with Handel's opera "Almira"—the works in which unmistakable reminiscences of the latter have been traced, including such important examples as the Cantatas "Wachet, betet," "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," and "Uns ist ein Kind geboren," as well as both the John and Matthew Passions. (See *Musical Times* for May, 1907.)

Another example of the same kind is furnished by no less familiar a work than Beethoven's Pathetic Sonata, which, it has

been pointed out, bears resemblances so striking to Cherubini's "Medea" that they can hardly have been accidental. (See *Musical Times* for August, 1924.)

An even more curious instance of thematic adaptation by Beethoven is supplied by the oft-noted identity of the opening subject of the "Eroica" symphony and the leading theme of Mozart's juvenile opera (written at the age of twelve), "Bastien et Bastienne"—viz.,

Mozart—



and the Scherzo of Schubert's D minor Quartet—



And in this connection the interesting fact has been stated that at the time when Wagner was writing the third scene of "Das Rheingold," he was taking great interest in a performance of Schubert's quartet at Zurich.

Of the many resemblances and reminiscences which have been noted in Brahms, the best-known is, of course, that between the great opening theme of the Finale of his C minor Symphony and the corresponding subject of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—though it was concerning another one, connecting his G minor Pianoforte Quartet with Mendelssohn's C minor Pianoforte Trio, that he is alleged to have made his historic remark—"Das sieht jeder Narr!" (Any fool can see that).

Another, equally obvious, is that between the opening of the A major Violin and Pianoforte Sonata and Wagner's "Preislied," though this is certainly "only a little one," since it is confined to three notes. Much more striking is the similarity between a passage in his F minor Pianoforte Sonata—



and the end of Sachs's monologue "Wie duftet" in the "Meistersinger"—



But if there was any question of misappropriation in this case, it must have been Wagner who was the transgressor, since Brahms's early sonata was written long before "Die Meistersinger."

Brahms also constantly uses the same, or very similar, ideas in different works. The extraordinary frequency with which he employs the little three-note figure—see (a)—



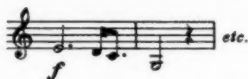
which opens his second symphony can be illustrated from literally dozens of his works, while such parallels as the following are also typical—

(1) F minor Pianoforte Sonata—



(in second example note the employment of the same theme diminished in the bass)

(2) First symphony, Introduction to Finale—



(3) Third symphony, opening theme—(a)—



Tchaikovsky, in turn, has been taxed with indebtedness to Beethoven on the strength of the resemblance of the opening notes of the Pathetic Symphony to those of the Pathetic Sonata. But though, when taking the actual notes, the similarity is curious, it is easy to believe that it is one of which Tchaikovsky himself was totally unaware until it was brought to his notice.

Striking resemblances may exist also without actual note-for-note similarity, as in the case of the following three passages, to which attention was first called some years ago by a German musical writer (Arthur Smolian)—

(1) Beethoven—B flat Pianoforte Sonata (Op. 106)



(2) Liszt—Dante Symphony—



(3) Wagner—"Tristan" (Love-Duet and Liebestod)—





Here apart from the actual thematic coincidence the close similarity between the three passages in respect of their general feeling and harmonic atmosphere is certainly striking. And there is doubtless a good deal to be said for the conclusion drawn by Mr. Smolian that the greatest composers, when they reach the highest limits of musical expression, will often be found to approach very near to one another in ideas and methods, however wide apart their original starting-points may have been. For, indeed, this is only another way of saying that expressiveness in music, as a whole, is referable to certain general principles and laws.

Still another kind of musical indebtedness is that which takes the shape of actual quotations from other composers, introduced of set purpose; and here again the number of examples which could be cited is astonishingly large. Without making too much of such early instances as Bach's constant employment of the Lutheran chorales or Handel's introduction of street cries of the period in one of the numbers of "Serse," one can point to some quite genuine examples in Mozart. Thus in "Don Giovanni" he introduces three popular airs from other contemporary operas, including his own "Nozze di Figaro" ("Non più andrai") in the ball-room scene; and again in "Le Nozze" he employs a typical Spanish melody for the Fandango in the third act.

Beethoven, in turn, in his Diabelli Variations, has a quotation from Mozart ("Notte e giorno faticar"), while in his "Battle of Vittoria" symphony he introduces "God Save the King" and the historic "Marlborough Song"—best known to English hearers in the convivial guises of "For he's a jolly good fellow" and "We won't go home till morning"—to typify respectively the English and the French.

Another world-famous tune which has been used in the same way by composers again and again is, of course, "Ein feste Burg." Bach made it the foundation of one of his finest Church Cantatas and used it elsewhere more than once. It figures likewise in Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," in Wagner's "Kaisermarsch," in Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," and in many other

works. And still another is "La Marseillaise" which Schumann—to name but one of innumerable instances—turned to such fine account in "Die beiden Grenadiere," as well as in his "Faschingschwank."

Among more recent composers Brahms based a delightful song, "Unüberwindlich," on a phrase from Domenico Scarlatti, acknowledged in the score, while Strauss furnishes many examples of the same kind. Thus the "Childhood" theme in his "Tod und Verklärung" comes from his own early opera "Guntram"; in "Feuersnoth" he introduces the motive of the "Giants" from "Das Rheingold"; in "Ein Heldenleben" he devotes a whole section of the work to quotations from his own earlier compositions; while in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" section of "Ariadne," as originally written, he humorously worked in the "Rhine" motive from the "Ring" and the "Sheep" motive from his own "Don Quixote" to stand respectively for the salmon and the mutton served to Monsieur Jourdain.

Elgar has also quoted freely from his own previous works in "The Music Makers" and in his Enigma Variations has introduced a phrase from Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" overture—putting the passage in inverted commas in the score. Still more ingenious is the reference to the Adagio Cantabile of Beethoven's Pathetic Sonata which is concealed in another of these Variations (that entitled "Nimrod").

Mackenzie is another who has done the same kind of thing, not only in his "London Day by Day" Suite, but also in his "Dream of Jubal" where he introduces a reference to the Hallelujah Chorus; Dr. Ethel Smyth makes great play with the oft-quoted opening notes of Beethoven's C minor Symphony in "The Boatswain's Mate"; while no opera-goer will need to be reminded of Puccini's frequent allusions to "Hail Columbia!" in "Madame Butterfly." And these are only some of the almost countless instances which might be cited if space permitted.

Altogether it may be said that the whole subject of indebtedness in music, which has been so cursorily dealt with in this brief survey, is one deserving of closer attention and more scientific investigation than it has hitherto received.

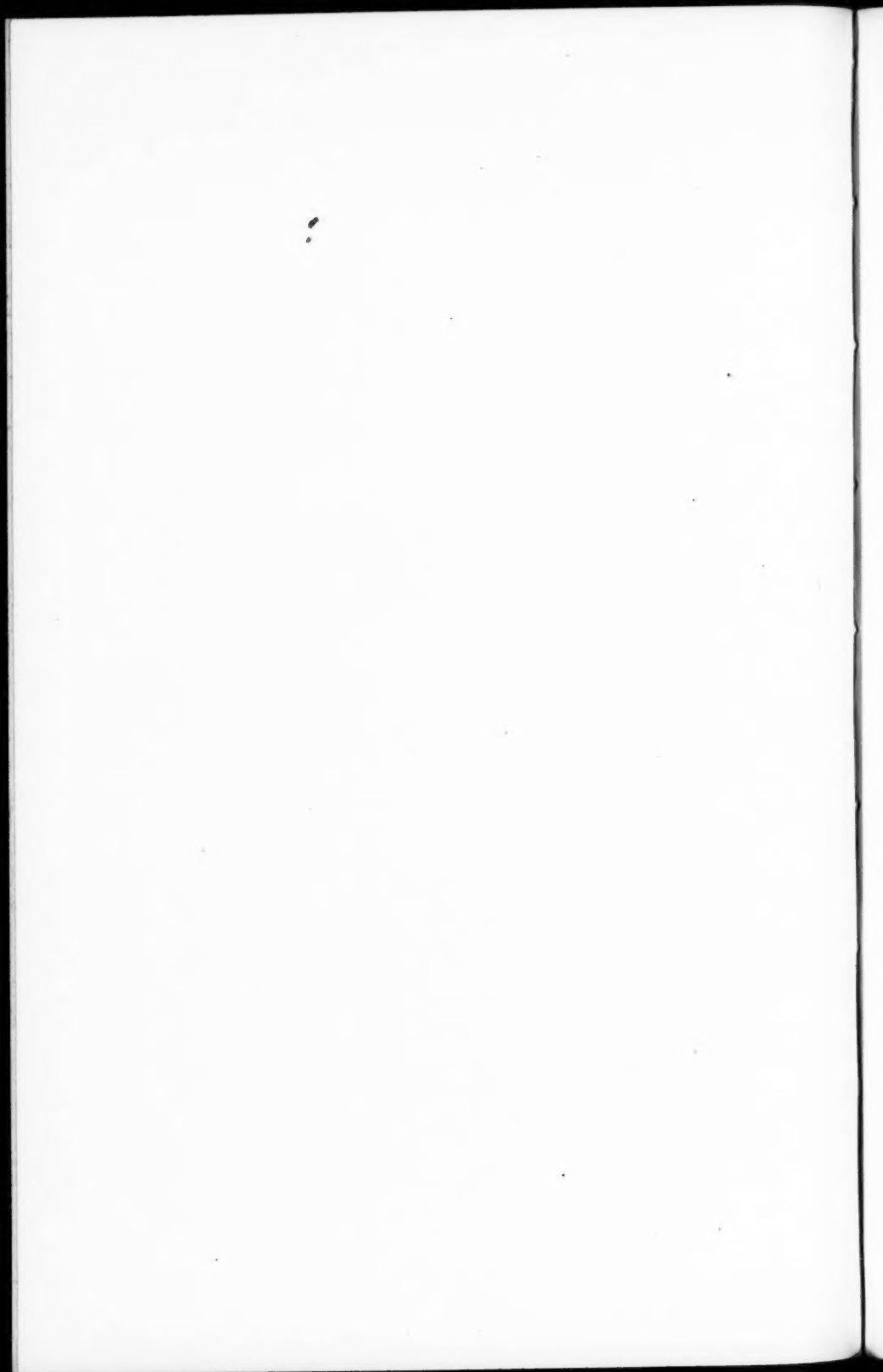
MOZART'S "MAGIC FLUTE" AND FREEMASONRY

By EDGAR ISTEL

AFTER Mozart had created in *Don Giovanni* the "opera of all operas" in the Italian style, he wrote the dainty comedy-opera *Così fan tutte*, and *Tito* (which can be regarded only as a relapse into the old *opera seria*), as his valedictory to Italian ways; his last dramatic work, *The Magic Flute*, represents his highest achievement in the realm of German opera. In it we find a continuation of the best at which he had aimed in his youthful work, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, but now he succeeded, in truly Shakespearean fashion, in combining into a complete picture of most unique sort the elements of comedy with those deeper emotions whose impress the chastening influence of time had left on his own nature.

The origin and production of the work stand in intimate connection with Freemasonry.—What is Freemasonry, and what is its object? This question is often raised by the uninitiated, and to answer it is no simple matter. In Freemasonry the uninitiated see, first of all, a secret society. In fact, it has secrets that are withheld not only from outsiders but also from the lower "degrees" of the fraternity themselves. These secrets, however, apply merely to signs and symbols, not to the intrinsic nature of the matter. The essential design, the aim and object, of Freemasonry was never kept secret, and just in *The Magic Flute* its essential nature is revealed with perfect frankness, albeit bedecked with allusions intelligible only to the initiate. The symbolism of Freemasonry, which originated with the brotherhoods of "operative" masons and their lodges not earlier than the thirteenth century, was taken over from the mason's trade and architecture, variously mingled with the mysteries of ancient Egypt. This likewise explains why the action of *The Magic Flute* was located in Egypt and colored by the mysteries of Isis and Osiris. Freemasons are, as the name implies, "free masons"; one must be a "free man of good repute" to be accepted as a "brother." The fraternity as a whole, however, works for the welfare of mankind in the endeavor for the moral improvement, first, of themselves, and then of others. In its wider scope this endeavor aims at

Program of the First Performance of Mozart's Opera.



uniting all humanity by a common bond of fraternal love, irrespective of the antagonisms subsisting between nations, creeds, and races; among the freemasons themselves this object is already attained to a certain extent. During the nineteenth century Freemasonry was under a cloud in various senses, and did not fairly come into its own until after the World War; but the latter part of the eighteenth century was exceptionally favorable for it. Sated with religious controversy, emancipated from ecclesiastical authority, dissatisfied with continually deteriorating social conditions, it was then that the loftiest intellects sought fraternal coöperation nowhere else attainable, on the common footing of Freemasonry. Among the great men—to mention only a few—who joined the brotherhood were Voltaire, Washington, Goethe, Herder, Lessing, Wieland and Haydn. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart joined the lodge "Zur Wohltätigkeit" in Vienna, probably prior to March, 1785, and soon persuaded his father to follow him. Freemasonry was thenceforth an important theme in the correspondence between father and son; these letters were, unhappily, almost entirely destroyed by the prudent father. As a significant document of freemasonic views only one letter of Wolfgang's, dated April 4, 1787, is left, addressed to his father, then on his deathbed:

As death (strictly speaking) is the real object of our life, for some few years I have made myself so familiar with this true, best friend of man that his image not merely no longer affrights me, but brings me tranquillity and comfort! And I thank my God that He has vouchsafed me the happiness of procuring the opportunity (you understand me) to recognize, in death, the key to our true felicity.

This is an open statement, plain even to the uninitiated, of that which Freemasonry teaches its votaries through a variety of mystic symbols; to the freemason, death is not an image of annihilation, but of life. We leave this corporeal existence to take on the full stature of the spiritual life. Beyond the coffin and the grave we can see the clear light in the "eternal East." The harder we wrought to fulfill our moral mission in life, the brighter for us are the beams of divine clemency, the more composedly can we look death in the face. When we approach the basic problem of *The Magic Flute* from this side, the warmth with which Mozart addressed himself to the work will be so much the more intelligible.

In the lodge "Zur neugekrönten Hoffnung" (*newly-crowned hope*—a title truly symbolic of Mozart's last period), with which the older lodge had been amalgamated, Mozart became acquainted with the man who was to provide him with the foundation

for his work glorifying Freemasonry, namely, Emanuel Schikaneder (*recte* Schickeneder). Concerning this man and his libretto of *The Magic Flute* so much nonsense has already been written that it seems advisable to cite at once the opinion of the most competent judge, Goethe: "More education is required to recognize the value of this libretto, than to controvert it." And should further proof be demanded, it may be found in the fact that Goethe did not think it beneath his dignity to write a second part, i. e., a continuation, of the libretto. Nevertheless, his was no blind admiration for the oft-contemned book of Schikaneder; as Eckermann reports on April 15, 1823: "He admits that *The Magic Flute* is full of improbabilities and pleasantries that not every one can comprehend and appreciate; yet, after all, it must be conceded that the author was well versed in the art of obtaining results by means of contrasts and strong theatrical effects." The artisan Schikaneder, indeed, possessed this faculty in common with Shakespeare, otherwise so immeasurably above him; both were practical men of the theatre (such as Goethe imagined in his "Prelude on the stage" to *Faust*) who "knew their public" thoroughly, and were therefore well aware how intimately the deepest seriousness must be blended with the lightest jest to obtain great theatrical effect. And Mozart, on whom, as a "Shakespeare of Music," all gifts had been bestowed—an ardent imagination, a sovereign command over all artistic resources in tragedy and farce, and, finally, a keen insight into stagecraft—Mozart, by the fire of his genius, was enabled to melt and recast Schikaneder's tawdriest lines into a genuine work of art.

The Magic Flute was originally nothing more than a spectacular comedy (*Maschinenkomödie*) with music. The fact that Mozart wrote this music, and that Schikaneder, the freemason, provided him with the material for a glorification of the brotherhood, the symbols for whose "royal art" made so strong an appeal to his spiritual nature,—this is what raises that spectacular comedy from the level of a second-rate melodrama to a solitary height. In the Viennese *Maschinenkomödien* of the period, the element of magic played a leading part; a favorite device was to let Hanswurst (in Vienna, Kasperl—a clown, or Merry Andrew), as the companion of some hero, encounter the most fearsome adventures among savages or in the realm of a magician. The hero, invariably accompanied by the buffoon, would rescue his beloved from the magician's toils with the aid of mighty spirits, all the arts of the scene-shifter and the wiles of enchantment being invoked the while. Kasperl, as the personification of the drastic humor of

the Vienna populace, meets during the progress of the action a Columbine-like consort. This general plan plainly shows the original dramatic design of *The Magic Flute*, as well; Tamino (the hero) and Papageno (his sportive comrade), after manifold perils, each won a partner in the realm of the—erstwhile malevolent—magician Sarastro; and this basic plot was further embroidered by all manner of borrowings from Wieland's *Oberon*, a poem later recast for Weber's masterwork. It had already (1791) been used for an opera that strongly influenced Schikaneder's piece. The music was by Wranitzki, the text by Karl Ludwig Gieseke, a peculiar man, who for a time was an actor and a collaborator of Schikaneder's, and finally professor of mineralogy in Dublin. The dispute over the question of the scope of Gieseke's collaboration on *The Magic Flute*, strikes me as futile. Certain it is, that Gieseke made numerous suggestions, and as he had belonged since 1790 to the same masonic lodge as Mozart and Schikaneder, it is quite likely that some of the specifically freemasonic features of *The Magic Flute* were proposed by him. For the rest, it may be assumed that the transition to inspired solemnity should be ascribed to the composer, and that Mozart himself either suggested the remodelling or, at all events, was very active in carrying it out. Indeed, from his father and from his own letters we know what thought he bestowed on his texts. Even in the matter of form we notice the difference between the vocal numbers composed by Mozart and the paltry texts of other contemporary Viennese popular stage-works. As for that, Schikaneder's language both in the vocal numbers and (more especially) in the prose is trite and bombastic, a mixture of "effective" theatrical phrases and expressions borrowed from Freemasonry, whose song-texts frequently served Schikaneder as models. But the foundation material as well as the title of the work he took from a fairy-tale "Lulu" by Liebeskind in Wieland's "Bechinistan" (1786). In this tale a good fairy, who has been robbed of her daughter and also a "gilded flame of fire" by a wicked sorcerer, presents a prince with a flute which influences the passions of mankind. But other stories in the same collection were likewise drawn upon for details (the Queen of Night, her Ladies, and the three Genii). The primal source of this tale, however, was a curious book with which the authors of *The Magic Flute* were doubtless acquainted; it was published in 1731 by a certain Abbé Jean Terrason (1670-1750), professor of classical philosophy at the Collège de France, and was entitled "Sethos, histoire ou vie tirée des monuments anecdotes de l'ancienne Égypte. Traduite

d'un manuscrit grec." The hero of this tale, one Prince Sethos, born one hundred years before the Trojan War, wishes to be inducted into the Egyptian mysteries, and to that end undergoes experiences similar to Tamino's, ending with the trials by fire and water. Two important episodes in *The Magic Flute*—Sarastro's prayer at the beginning of Act II, and the song of the Men in Armor—are found therein almost word for word. Thus in Terrason the invocation of Isis reads:

O Isis, great goddess of the Egyptians, let thy spirit fill the new Servant, who has withstood so many dangers and accomplished so many tasks that he might approach thee. Grant that he may also be victorious over the trials of his fortitude, and make him obedient to thy laws, that he may be shown thy mysteries.

And the closed portal, guarded by armed priests, after entering which the neophyte might never return to the worldly life, bore the inscription:

Whosoever will tread this path alone and without looking backward shall be purified by Fire, Water, and Air, and should he triumph over the fear of death he shall go out from the lap of Earth, shall again see the light, and shall win the right to prepare his soul for the revelation of the mysteries of the great goddess Isis.

Leaving out Isis, this is quite in the masonic vein; but it cannot be established whether masonic features were subsequently engrafted on the Egyptian, or whether ancient tradition actually forms the foundation. In either case it is an interesting fact that (as Dent informs us in "Mozart's Operas") a German freemasonic writer, in a book published in 1836 and based on an anonymous French original, quotes this passage not simply as a part of the ancient Egyptian ritual (mentioning "Sethos" as a source), but also as the epitaph of Hiram, said to have been read aloud at certain freemasonic ceremonies. Dent, as an uninitiated writer, remarks that he naturally could not know how far Terrason's delineation of the Egyptian mysteries agrees with the freemasonic mysteries. As for that, I shall merely observe that an "agreement" is out of the question, but that a certain parallelism is noticeable—a parallelism that made it possible to substitute Egyptian mysteries for the masonic, whence the legend arose that Freemasonry originated in Egypt. I believe that in early times, possibly in Egypt first of all, certain usages and ordeals took form and were applied at the initiation of neophytes into the mysteries; that even then the contrast between Light and Darkness, that plays so important a part in Freemasonry, was strongly

emphasized, and that these occult practices have been handed down throughout the ages amid the continuous fluctuations of times and peoples, during which, to be sure, they have probably lost much of their primitive frightfulness and gradually assumed a merely symbolic aspect.

"Now see to it that I get the book soon—then I'll write you the opera sure as you live. If we have bad luck, I can't help it—I've never composed a magic opera," Mozart is said to have remarked; and Schikaneder, who was deep in debt and needed a piece that would "draw," got busy. The work was already composed as far as the first finale, when a sudden difficulty supervened; according to tacit convention, Schikaneder was obliged to remodel his piece from top to bottom because a competing theatre had brought out a new fairy-opera, *Kaspar der Fagottist, oder die Zauberzither*, by Perinet, with music by Wenzel Müller. Whether this was the sole reason for the change, or whether there were other reasons connected (perhaps) with Freemasonry, cannot now be established with certainty; it is highly probable that the peculiar vicissitudes of Freemasonry in Austria had something to do with the shaping of the text. Francis I, the husband of Maria Theresa, had been initiated as a freemason in 1731 at The Hague by the British ambassador, Lord Chesterfield, a circumstance which prevented the publication of the bull directed against Freemasonry by pope Clement XII (1738). But later (1764) Maria Theresa, influenced by the hostile attitude of the Catholic Church toward Freemasonry, officially prohibited the Order, which thereafter flourished in secret. Not until the reign of Josef II (1780-90), the enlightened and humane son of Francis I and Maria Theresa, did Freemasonry again win favor at court, although he himself was not a mason; among its devotees were the social and intellectual leaders of Vienna, as well as the king of Prussia, Frederick the Great, whom the youthful Josef took for his model. After Josef's death the Catholic clergy again asserted their influence against Freemasonry, and precisely in this period *The Magic Flute* was in process of creation. Jakob Haibel (a friend, but evidently not a "brother," of Mozart, beside whose deathbed he stood) wrote on Dec. 10, 1791, only a few days after Mozart's decease, to Intendant Dalberg in Mannheim concerning the "Egyptian mysteries known here under the name of *The Magic Flute*"—but without mention of Freemasonry.¹ But as early as 1794 there

¹A fairly exhaustive collection of the "Andeutungen der Zauberflöte" (Interpretations of *The Magic Flute*) was published by E. K. Blüml in the *Mozartjahrbuch I* (Munich, 1923), wherein may be seen what nonsense has been written about that opera in the course of a century.

appeared—after the freemason Herder ("Adrasteia") had laid stress on the unmistakable basic idea of the conflict between Light and Darkness—a freemasonic interpretation of the plot (mentioned by Jahn). This interpretation, whose author was the blind poet Ludwig von Batzko (not a freemason), was printed in the Weimar "Journal des Luxus und der Moden." It is right as regards the main point (conflict between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil), but indulges in a symbolic explication of details which in part is rather far-fetched. Touching Freemasonry, Batzko briefly states that "many scenes contain allusions to certain usages of the Order; those who are themselves members of the Order will know this without further explanation. The uninitiated will also be able to explain them in part, supposing them to have some knowledge of the mysteries of antiquity; but where such knowledge is lacking, the explanation of every allusion and every single expression would lead too far." Jahn himself, who first took up the subject of *The Magic Flute* in his biography of Mozart, was (though not a mason) a convinced supporter of the freemasonic theory of the work, and declared summarily: "The lofty dignity, the radiant lustre, wherewith the music has transfigured the symbolism of these mysteries, assuredly had their source in his [Mozart's] soulfelt devotion to freemasonic ideas." As a basis for this theory there evidently served a paper written for him in 1857 by Leopold von Sonnleithner, who was personally acquainted with many contemporaries of Mozart and Schikaneder, but was not a member of the Order. (This paper was not published till 1919, in the "Mitteilungen" of the Mozarteum.) This likewise explains why he sought to interpret *The Magic Flute* in a political rather than an ethical sense, when he states:

Thus it would appear that the partisans of progress found it quite proper to stage a demonstration, in favor of their party and the Order of Freemasons controlling it, which should set the aims of said secret society before the uninitiated in the most favorable light, while exposing its opponents to distrust and contempt, without compromising the Order itself or individual members.

As a curious fact we note that one zealous opponent of Freemasonry, the poet G. F. Daumer (the well-known translator of Hafis), a protestant convert to catholicism, through his careful study of Freemasonry arrived at the conviction that *The Magic Flute* "has a secret significance and, more especially, was intended to be a magnificent musico-poetical reflection of the Order of Freemasons" ("Aus der Mansarde," Mayence, 1861: "Die Schikaneder-Mozartsche Zauberflöte"). Daumer's interpretation in detail of

The Magic Flute (in which he rightly discerns some freemasonic symbols) is a matter of indifference to us. Of great importance, however, is the first detailed analysis, made by an enthusiastic mason, published anonymously in 1866 at Leipzig with the title "Die Zauberflöte: Text-Erläuterungen für alle Verehrer Mozarts," by Moritz Alexander Zille (1814-72). This interpretation is important for the reason that Zille, a philologist and theologian, had been deeply interested in the study of the history of Freemasonry in Austria until, after the lapse of years and having meantime joined the Order, he happened to hear *The Magic Flute* again and was astonished at the parallelism of its action with certain historical events. The opera is, for him,

the swan-song of Freemasonry in Austria, an eloquent plea in mitigation and defense of the unjustly condemned that finds an echo in all hearts; a glorious farewell to the banished; and at the same time a talisman that has preached Freemasonry in Austria openly and continually, despite all prohibition, and has lived and thrived down to our own days.

He finds that Tamino stands for Kaiser Josef, Pamina for the Austrian people, Sarastro for the conspicuous freemason Ignaz von Born (1742-91), who died a few weeks before the première of the work, the Queen of Night for Maria Theresa, and Monostatos for the clergy (the Jesuits in particular). Of all these conjectures, the most likely seems to be the identification of Sarastro with Ignaz von Born; he was in fact the High Priest of Freemasonry in Vienna, a man of lofty and liberal ideas, with a profound understanding of the nature and spirit of contemporary Freemasonry throughout Germany. He was the founder and Worshipful Master of the lodge "Zur wahren Eintracht," into which he gathered many choice spirits (Haydn being one). "It was his peculiar distinction that he brought into this lodge men possessed of sufficient understanding and good will to aid him in the scientific upbuilding of his temple," wrote Ignaz Fessler, one of the leading freemasons of the period, whose activities in behoof of the Grand Lodge of Prussia, the Royal York, were especially valuable.

It was Ignaz von Born, too, who drew so significant a parallel between Freemasonry and the Egyptian mysteries when he headed Vol. I of the "Journal für Freimaurer" (Vienna, 1784) with an essay "Über die Mysterien der Egypter," in which he says:

The uninitiated saw, in the image or sign of the sun and moon, Osiris and Isis. But the sun, in its mystic meaning, was the highest and unique divinity, the fountainhead of all good; the moon was the symbol of

the creator's omnipotence; or the sign of the sun often denoted the elements of spirit and fire, the sign of the moon the elements of water and earth, to which latter (as the efficient factors of all generation) the air owes its existence according to their teachings. Among the philosophic sciences taught in the mysteries, natural philosophy held first place, just as the image of Isis, or Nature, took first place after that of Osiris. (And further:) Truth, truth and well-being, are the goal of the Egyptian mysteries. Therefore, the priest who occupied the most exalted office in Egypt wore on his breast the amulet of Isis with the inscription: *The word of truth.*

But the bracketting of the Queen of Night with Maria Theresa likewise appears very plausible, for the attack on the temple in *The Magic Flute*:

Dort wollen wir sie überfallen,
Die Frömmelr tilgen von der Erd'
Mit Feuersglut und mächt'gem Schwert.
'Tis there that we shall fall upon them,
The bigots from the earth we'll cast
With sweeping sword and fiery blast.

is based on the following occurrence, unique in the history of Freemasonry:—On March 7, 1743, a session of the first Vienna lodge, "Zu den drei Kanonen" (which was founded Sept. 17, 1742, and to which Francis I himself belonged), was attacked and broken up by several hundred grenadiers and cuirassiers by order of Maria Theresa, and some thirty-five freemasons were arrested and imprisoned. Their trial was attended by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna and the papal nuncio. It is said that the emperor himself was in the lodge at the time, and barely escaped by way of a backstair. Through his intercession the arrested masons were liberated twelve days later, on the name-day of crown-prince Josef. The empress, however, and the ladies of her household, remained hostile to the society (which excluded women), giving ear to the insinuations of the Jesuits that the secret meetings of the brethren were coupled with orgies. Thus it came about—probably under the influence of these events—that the text of *The Magic Flute* is extraordinarily inimical to women. Otherwise the freemasons, though excluding women from their functions, generally call them and regard them as "sisters" (inasmuch as they are the sisters and mothers of the brethren), and treat them accordingly at social gatherings. On the contrary we read, in *The Magic Flute*, the hyperbolic lines:

Bewahret euch vor Weibertücken,
Dies ist des Bundes erste Pflicht, [?!]
Manch weiser Mann liess sich berücken,
Er fehlte und versah sich's nicht.

Of women's wiles beware!
 This of our duties first of all be preached:
 Full many a wise man found himself bewitched,
 And stumbled ere he was aware.

And the Sprecher says to Tamino:

Ein Weib hat also dich bertückt?
 Ein Weib tut wenig, plaudert viel,
 Du, Jüngling, glaubst dem Zungenspiel?
 A woman then has lured thee so?
 Little a woman does, but talks a deal:
 Wilt thou allow her thus thy heart to steal?

In Sarastro's opinion

Ein Mann muss eure Herzen leiten,
 Denn ohne ihn pflegt jedes Weib
 Aus ihrem Wirkungskreis zu schreiten.
 You need a man your hearts to guide,
 For woman surely strays aside
 Without him, and forsakes her sphere.

At all events there is no doubt that, from the first finale on, the plan of *The Magic Flute* was totally revolutionized, and that neither Schikaneder nor Mozart thought it worth while to make conformable alterations in the beginning of Act I. The former probably lacked the training for carrying out such dramaturgic details; and Mozart was evidently so enthusiastic over his new task, the glorification of Freemasonry, that he felt no dramaturgic scruples whatever. And so Sarastro, who began as an evil-minded tyrant, became a wise, high-minded priest, in very deed a representative of Freemasonry; while the Queen of Night, first appearing as a kind fairy, was reduced to a disaffected trouble-maker. Still stranger was the fate of the Queen's retinue; the Three Ladies, so amiably introduced at the beginning of the opera, assume in the sequel the rôle of intrigantes; whereas the Three Boys originally sent by the Queen, and to whom Tamino's attention is especially directed by the Three Ladies, gradually pass over into Sarastro's service. Only the Moor Monostatos, at first conceived as the servant of a wicked sorcerer, could not maintain his position under the—henceforth—noble Sarastro; his desertion to the opposition is brought about by an overt act of treachery, whereas the defection of the Three Boys takes place unnoticeably. The transformation of the plot is rather feebly explained in the libretto by intimating that the Queen and the Three Ladies had lied to Tamino. The first ceremonious scene of the new version, where the Three Boys conduct Tamino into the grove, was

inserted between the penultimate and last scenes already written by Mozart, the humorous element being restricted to the scenes with Papageno and Monostatos. With respect to the much-ridiculed "nonsense" in the libretto, Berthold Auerbach (1812-82), the translator of Spinoza, rightly observes:

Upon this height the stage-play must be purely allegorical, and whatever is childlike, or even childish, in the text is a natural necessity. Only overheated and overstimulated mentalities can call this tiresome and tasteless. It was Goethe who said, in praise of *The Magic Flute*, that the multitude of spectators delight in what they see; the initiated will, besides, not miss the higher intent.

This higher intent is very obvious; Sarastro, the representative of loftiest humanity, and his priests, are the champions of radiant wisdom, beauty and strength (the three "pillars" of Freemasonry), in opposition to the realm of darkness and superstition represented by the Queen of Night. The ideal striving of Freemasonry aims at moral perfection and the establishment of relations among mankind such as the ordinary associations of life are powerless to afford. As the Order derives from the ancient operative masons, the freemasons likewise take the Temple of Solomon as a symbol, and speak of the construction of an edifice (in a spiritual sense, of course). Every intellectual work must, similarly, be based on certain conceptions. Thus they have adopted, as supports of the "lodge" (i. e., of Freemasonry as a whole, of which each separate lodge is an embodiment), the three pillars of wisdom, beauty and strength. To wisdom is entrusted the control in building. Wisdom stands in the East, whence the light comes, and harmonizes with the sun, that rises in the East and illumines the day. Thus wisdom is the independent striving after an enlightened apprehension of the truth; among freemasons, therefore, there is no "respect of persons"; independent research, a personal investigation of causes, leads to understanding, to wisdom. Wisdom controls the *building*, that is, the life of the freemason, by setting before him the moral objectives of life and teaching him how to grasp and employ with circumspection and persistence the means required for the attainment of his ends. Self-knowledge is the freemason's wisdom. On the other hand, strength is to carry out what wisdom has thought out. He is but half a man who only begins, finishing nothing; who lives in a world of ideas and rhapsodizes over them, but brings none to fruition; who tries many things and succeeds in but few. In spite of all difficulties and impediments zeal must not wane, nor must courage flag; conflict with the obstacles in his path

enhances manly prowess; only persistence leads to the goal whose attainment rewards the victor. The freemason's strength lies in self-control. And, finally, beauty should adorn the building. It is the charm of unity in variety. Spiritual beauty consists in the self-assured and easy fulfillment of the moral law. The freemason's beauty is self-ennoblement, the fine flower of self-knowledge and self-control. And now we can understand the words of the closing chorus in *The Magic Flute*:

Es siegte die Stärke und krönet zum Lohn
Die Schönheit und Weisheit mit ewiger Kron'!

Tamino, a prince, "and more—a man" (hence the embodiment of high-minded humanity, ever seeking, often erring), in his groping for the light instinctively recognizes the right path. In Freemasonry the neophytes are called "seekers after light," who out of the darkness of life enter into the light of Freemasonry. But it is not and should not be the light of the intellect alone that the seeker expects; his heart must have been prepared and made receptive for the light that shall illumine it. For it is only when the heart is warmed by the glow of pure love for the brethren and mankind, that the light now sought and found does not dazzle, but delights by its radiance. Only through the inner man can the true union of the new brother with the fraternity be established and cemented. He who is tempted by worldly advantage, is lost, and finds himself bitterly disappointed. Would he become a genuine freemason, he first of all must be penetrated with a vivid conception of the ideals of Freemasonry; then shall he, like Tamino, "of his own free and unfettered will," strive out of darkness into light.

Beside the idealistic, high-minded Tamino there stands, as a representative of the common, but amiably animalistic type, the childishly light-hearted Papageno, whose sole care is for meat and drink. On him Sarastro's kindness bestows the happiness of a warm nest—all he can appreciate—but withholds initiation into the temple; whereas Pamina, who bravely shares her spouse's trials and dangers, is found worthy to be accepted into the Order as a sister, contrary to the precepts of Freemasonry. Strongly contrasted are the three (an important number!) realms of Light, Darkness and Mankind; similarly, the ideal sphere of Tamino and the humoristically commonplace habitat of Papageno are effectively opposed.

All light issues from the realm of Sarastro, who impersonates the sun of this system; a mild, serene effulgence closely akin to Mozart's works for the freemasons' lodges streams forth from his

songs, the choruses of his priests, the hymns of his genii. But—*per aspera ad astra*; only through night and gloom does the "seeker" make his way to the light. At the outset he must learn to keep silence and, though temporarily robbed of sight, to trust in firm guidance.

Such is the path Tamino follows, and he is ready to undergo the last two severe tests, the trials by water and by fire (earlier an actual part of the freemasonic initiation). Among rough, rocky crags there open, on either side of a closed iron portal between, two cavernous passages, the one leading to a roaring cataract, the other to a blazing sea of fire. The Men in Armor, the crests of their helmets aflame, guard the portal with their lances. Just here the connection between Freemasonry and the occult mysteries of Egypt becomes most obvious in the light of a quotation from Stobæus (ascribed to Themistius), often cited by freemasonic authors:

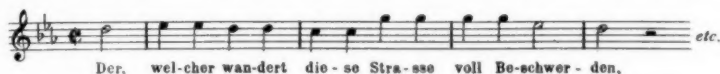
The mind is impressed and excited by death precisely as it is on the initiation into the great mysteries; therefore, "dying" (*teleutân*) and "being initiated" (*teleisthai*) are one word of like meaning. The first degree is only error, uncertainty, trouble, going astray, and gloom. Here, on the threshold of death and consecration, all things wear a fearful aspect, all is hesitation, trembling, terror. But when all this is once overcome, the neophyte is welcomed by divinely wondrous song. He is accepted into the realm of purity where, on flowery meads, there is dancing and singing to strains of sacred solemnity and celestial visions. Here the initiate is perfect and free; crowned and carefree, he wanders amid the throng of the blessed.

Such is the metamorphosis which Tamino undergoes in this powerful scene. The Men in Armor sing an oracular greeting which (as we have seen) derives from an inscription recorded in the book on Sethos and supposed to be connected with Freemasonry. Compare the following lines from *The Magic Flute* with the prose quotation given above:

Der, welcher wandelt diese Strasse voll Beschwerden,
Wird rein durch Feuer, Wasser, Luft und Erden;
Wenn er des Todes Schrecken überwinden kann,
Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan.
Erleuchtet wird er dann imstande sein,
Sich den Mysterien der Isis ganz zu weihn.

He who shall tread this path so full of fear,
Shall cleansed by fire, by water, earth and air;
When he the dread of death can overcome,
From earth he mounts to find in heav'n his home.
In full enlightenment thenceforth may live
Himself to Isis' mysteries to give.

The extraordinary importance that Mozart attributed to these words is shown by the fact that he set them to music before any others, and adorned them with the fullest mastery of his contrapuntal art. He took the ancient chorale-melody, linked since 1524 with the words, "Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein," and assigned this melody



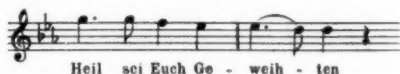
(altered only by dividing some half-notes into quarters and extending it by a line) to the two Men in Armor, who sing it as a *cantus firmus* in octave-unisons to the accompaniment of flutes, oboes, bassoons and trombones, around which the strings weave a marvellously artistic net of figuration based on the motive



This motive recurs again and again in all parts, with a development in four parts in the introductory prelude. Before the prelude comes a short, intrada-like movement:



wherein there resides a mysterious affinity; this dolorous motive in C minor reënters in the finale, after the surmounted trials, in E major:



so that the C-minor motive forecasts, as it were, the reward after the trials to be undergone. Likewise significant and mysterious is the motive of the introductory measure, three trombone-blasts in a rhythm intelligible only to the initiated:



This means, that the portal to Freemasonry does not open by itself, that we are not accepted into the temple of humanity without striving on our own part. We must gain entrance to the temple

by means of three strong blows, which signify, Seek, and ye shall find; Ask, and it shall be given you; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Zeal, faithfulness and constancy are the requisites. Entrance into the fraternity, however, is voluntary, a result of one's own intention, endeavor and strength, aimed at arriving at the truth. Therefore, these three trombone-blasts (in a somewhat altered shape) form the significant opening of the overture, whose secret meaning is simply and solely the portrayal of the freemasonic ceremonial in the form of a grandiose fugato. The three trombone-blasts of the overture are thrice repeated in important passages of the opera (Act II) in slightly altered fashion. Thrice three is a freemasonic usage. And sundry groups of threes are interwoven throughout the work in a manner not readily noticed by the uninitiated; for example, there are eighteen Priests (twice three times three) in Sarastro's train, who sound three triads in three passages; in the accompaniment to Sarastro's aria, "O Isis und Osiris," thrice three groups of instruments are employed; three Ladies and three Genii appear regularly; the three Boys thrice bring aid to Tamino in his trials, of which he must undergo three; etc.

The principal theme in the overture, developed in fugue-form, is nowhere met with in the opera, although a certain analogy to the above-cited figuration-motive of the chorale is unmistakable (even tonally; for the principal key, E \flat major, of overture and finale corresponds to the minor parallel in the chorale). The principal motive of the overture depicts, with its hammering, the freemasonic laboring on the "rough stone," this latter being a symbol of the son of earth who as yet is not permeated by a lofty humanity, and is still a prey to evil impulses. A motive in the wood-wind, closely conjoined with the principal theme of the overture, has seeming reference to the loving woman who is accepted as a "sister" after braving all perils with her spouse. Following the overture, an Adagio is inserted which again (and this time as part of the ritual) brings in thrice three chords (the anacrusial sixteenths are grandiose, and must not be taken too short); thereafter the so-called development begins, artistically elaborating the motive quite independently of the fugue-form by means of strettos (probably with symbolic significance alongside of the contrapuntal design), until, after wearisome search, the neophyte emerges out of the night of trial into the light of the sanctuary, bringing the movement to a triumphant close.

It is no accident that the other works written by Mozart in glorification of Freemasonry are closely related in style and

treatment to *The Magic Flute*, and in particular to Sarastro's mode of melodic expression. Before the opera there were written, in 1785, the *Maurerfreude* (a cantata dedicated to Ignaz von Born), the more widely known, lofty *Maurerische Trauermusik* (on the death of two freemasons, the Herzog von Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Prince Esterhazy), and the simpler *Maurergesellenlied*, *Zur Eröffnung der Loge*, and *Zum Schluss der Loge*. Of the *Maurerische Trauermusik* Jahn, Mozart's biographer, correctly remarks:

Mozart wrote nothing more profoundly impressive than this short Adagio, both in refinement of technical treatment and perfection of tone-effect, in solemn emotion and psychological fidelity. It is the expression of a mood of manly resolution that, face to face with death, acknowledges its pain without being cast down or dazed thereby.

This (as we have seen) truly freemasonic attitude in the face of death is also manifest in Mozart's last compositions written for the freemasons—a solo cantata *Die ihr des unermesslichen Weltalls Schöpfer ehrt*, and the *Kleine Freimaurerkantate*, the last work finished before his death. That Mozart regarded all these lesser compositions as mere parerga is shown by an episode that occurred (according to Meissner's "Rococo-Bilder") at Prague in August, 1791. Mozart never neglected to visit other lodges when on his travels, and thus was several times a guest at the lodge "Zur Wahrheit und Eintracht" in Prague. At his last visit the brethren had ranged themselves in two rows, and the entering guest was welcomed with the cantata *Maurerfreude*. This attention moved Mozart deeply; in expressing his thanks he remarked that he would "soon bring Freemasonry a worthier offering." By this he meant *The Magic Flute*, on which he was then working. But two days before his final illness he conducted, in a fraternal circle, the *Kleine Freimaurerkantate*, set to a text by Schikaneder, and brought out in November, 1791, with small orchestra (strings, oboes, horns and flute) and male terzet at the consecration of the temple "Zur neugekrönten Hoffnung." In a recitative we read: "We consecrate this place as a sanctuary of our ritual, which shall reveal to us the great mystery." Mozart himself soon solved the "great mystery"; on the 5th of December he passed away into the "eternal East." The lodge "Zur neugekrönten Hoffnung" held a memorial mourning service, at which the following obituary discourse¹ was pronounced:

¹Maurerrede auf Mozarts Tod. Vorgelesen in der sehr ehrw. St. Joh. zur gekrönten Hoffnung in Orient von Wien von Br. H., r Wien, gedruckt beyrn Bdr. Jgnaz Alberti 1792.

The eternal Architect of the world has been pleased to remove one of the most beloved, the most meritorious links in our fraternal chain. Who did not know him? who did not esteem him? who did not love him—our worthy brother, Mozart? Only a few weeks ago he was standing here in our midst and made the consecration of our Masonic Temple yet more glorious by the spell of his music. Who among us, my brothers, would then have measured his span of life so scantily? Which of us would have thought that in three weeks we should mourn his loss? It is true, it often falls to man's lot to leave the most admirable work unfinished at the moment of greatest promise; kings die in the midst of their projects, leaving their fulfillment to posterity; artists die after employing the term of life allotted them to raising their art to the highest degree of perfection; universal admiration follows them to the grave, whole states mourn them, and the common destiny of these great men is—to be forgotten by their admirers.

Not so with us, my brothers. Mozart's early death means an irreparable loss to art. His talents, already manifest in earliest youth, made him even then the unique phenomenon of his time; half Europe paid homage to him, the great called him their darling, and we—we called him our brother. But, however plain our duty to call to mind his wonderful gifts to art, we must not forget to pay our fitting tribute to his eminent goodness of heart. He was a zealous votary of our Order; love for his brethren, considerateness, helpfulness in the good cause, benevolence, heartfelt delight when he could use his talent to aid a brother, were prominent traits of his character; he was husband, father, friend of his friends, brother of his brothers; only riches were lacking to make hundreds as happy as his heart could wish.

But his contemporaries—with the exception of his brother masons—were hardly in a position to estimate the real depth of Mozart and his masterwork at their true value. The tremendous success of *The Magic Flute*, which had already set in during Mozart's lifetime, was chiefly due to the rôle of Papageno, written by the stage expert Schikaneder to fit himself. In a letter to his wife on Oct. 7, 1791, Mozart writes: "I am just home from the opera; the house was full, as usual; the duet 'Mann und Weib,' and the bell-playing, in Act I, were repeated as usual, also the boy-terzet in Act III. What pleases me most, however, is the silent applause! It can easily be seen that this opera is taking hold more and more."—The "silent applause," the applause of the few, gave the worthy master greater pleasure than the noisy plaudits of the crowd who, like children, took delight in dancing apes and lions (as Goethe's mother so drastically relates in a delicious letter to her great son, dated Nov. 9, 1793). Mozart well knew that, beside the popular songs and jests, there stood the best and deepest conceptions of which his art was capable. He now occupied a solitary eminence not merely as a vocal composer but also as a master of instrumentation. As contrasted with his earlier works,

the wholly novel orchestral treatment would have assured *The Magic Flute* an honorable place, on technical grounds alone, in the history of music. And yet, for him—despite all originality in the employment, for instance, of the mystical tones of the trombones and basset-horns—all this was not an end in itself, but simply the expression of his exalted conception of the transfiguration of lofty humanity as embodied in Freemasonry.

"Until then," exclaims Wagner, "German opera was practically nonexistent; in this work it was created. What heavenly charm breathes in the most popular song up to the sublimest hymn! What versatility, what variety! . . . Indeed, the gigantic stride here taken by genius was almost too long; together with the creation of German opera it presented us with its most finished masterpiece, which it is impossible to surpass, and whose genre cannot even be expanded and continued."

For Wagner, moreover, *The Magic Flute* held up a model in the "quite incomparable dialogistic scene" between Tamino and the Priest in the first finale; still more for the immediately succeeding masters Beethoven and Weber. Beethoven, who was closer to the spirit of Freemasonry than any other great master except Mozart, hits Mozart's freemasonic tone at the close of *Fidelio*, in the Ninth Symphony, and in the *Missa Solemnis*, in every episode expressive of fraternal affection; but he could only find suggestions in Mozart—he could not surpass him. Beethoven, in point of fact, declared *The Magic Flute* to be Mozart's greatest work. In it he admired, musically, the wonderful wealth of form, that extends upward from the simple song to the figured chorale and the fugue—and all these forms placed at the service of one grand conception, that conception which stands at the midpoint of Freemasonry!

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

THE LITERARY ANCESTRY OF FIGARO

By ERIC BLOM

WHEN some years ago Sir Thomas Beecham brought out his delightful London production of "The Marriage of Figaro," he or Mr. Nigel Playfair, who acted as producer, hit upon the happy idea of scrapping the part of Don Curzio and assigning the tenor voice in the sextet to Basilio. Musically this arrangement proved satisfactory from every point of view, and not least so from that of the impersonator of Basilio, who never has enough to do in the opera. Da Ponte's libretto, too, to which as much as possible of the original Beaumarchais dialogue had been restored, was easily accommodated to the justifiable liberty taken with it. The idea of making the Count appoint the most servile creature of his household to act as counsel in a case in which his own interests make his judgment a foregone conclusion, added a touch of piquancy to the aristocrat's unscrupulous wielding of the *droit du seigneur* that would doubtless have delighted Beaumarchais himself. To have his scorn of a corrupt society thus intensified by a deft twist in the situation, would have consoled him for the loss of the stuttering blockhead of a lawyer, a character introduced for no better purpose than that of propping up the trial scene. Bridoison in the comedy and Curzio in the opera, indeed, are neither essential nor particularly amusing, while Basilio easily appeared to be both. The substitution of knave for fool decidedly added spice to the scene. Of course, Basilio did not stutter, but the very absence of this feature in the Beecham version led one to reflect how little Beaumarchais was justified in resorting to so childish a device, and why in the name of commonsense Da Ponte should have transferred this feature to his Don Curzio. There is no dramatic reason whatever for it and it strikes a decidedly false note in Beaumarchais, who knew his business better than to introduce such superficialities into a comedy except by a slip, into a comedy, moreover, where plot and character are otherwise so closely and logically interdependent down to the smallest detail. The drunkenness of the gardener, for instance, is demanded by the situation, whereas the impediment in the lawyer's speech is merely a gratuitous effort to amuse, a decorative excrescence upon the polished surface of the play.

Driven by this instance to search the two comedies of what might be called the "Almaviva trilogy"¹ for other redundances of this kind, one comes upon the somnolent servant in "The Barber of Seville" and discovers that there is no need at all for him to be a sleepyhead. He is more than stupid enough even when wide awake to be fooled to the top of his bent by Figaro whenever the latter desires to effect an entry for the Count into Dr. Bartolo's house. What was Beaumarchais about?

The obvious answer is that we are here confronted by some of those conventional flourishes which insinuate themselves into the substance of a work of art in an unguarded moment. It requires but a slender literary culture to know that the characters in the two comedies are merely a presentation in a new guise of the stereotyped figures of the Italian impromptu comedy, and it is here that one naturally looks for the source of such irrelevant details as the stammering judge and the gaping servant, only to discover how much more than one had suspected before the retracing of two unimportant points had led one to make an exhaustive study of the whole question, Beaumarchais and (it is always understood in the course of this study) the paraphrases of Da Ponte and Sterbini, are indebted to the *commedia dell'arte*.

Beaumarchais, in truth, contrives nothing new beyond details of invention and workmanship; in their broad outlines the comedies are complacently traditional. The stories of tricked guardian and erring lover reformed by the ruse of turning jealousy into repentance, are as little the French author's own as the characters who enact them. The fact is that he did his purloining of the ready-made tricks and petrified idiosyncrasies of the Italian stock characters so thoroughly that here and there, almost mechanically, he was bound to make use of things which had not the least bearing on his dramatic development.

Bridoisson (Don Curzio), then, stutters for no better reason than Beaumarchais's neglect to dress up the traditional Italian figure of Tartaglia in a semblance of new fashion, as he did to a greater or less extent in the case of practically all his other characters. Tartaglia was simply taken over wholesale and stuck into the French comedy without so much as an attempt to plane him down until he fitted in with the rest. The Italians made use of Tartaglia whenever the plot needed an auxiliary figure, and he never appeared in more than one scene of any comedy, which is

¹The third part, "La Mère coupable" is a serious drama, where the familiar characters become involved in psychological complications that mark the end of classical French comedy and the dawn of the modern problem play. But Beaumarchais is not happy in that vein and, in any case, this piece does not concern the musician.

exactly what happens with Bridoisson. In order to make him appear something more than a mere padding, he had to be amusing, and the stammering fool served the purpose well enough to make any further creative effort on behalf of this minor personage unnecessary for all time. Most often the utility rôle filled by Tartaglia was that of a notary, an advocate or a judge (of course no opportunity to ridicule the law was missed) and lo! in "Figaro" he becomes something like solicitor, counsel and judge all rolled into one. Bridoisson is a very composite, a canned preserve, of Tartaglia.

The yawning servant in the "Barber" is quite simply the accessory figure of Peppe-Nappa, a Sicilian character from which the French Pierrot or Gilles took its origin. Peppe-Nappa has a faculty for sleep equal to any situation. He will nod while taking his master's orders or receiving a sound cudgelling, and snore whenever his vigilance is especially required.

As with the characters, so with the plots. Innumerable details are adopted by Beaumarchais from the Italian scenarios, the so-called *ossature*, mere skeletons of the action upon which the comedians based their scenes, inventing their dialogue with incredible readiness of wit and repartee as they went along. The same scenario could be seen over and over again with renewed pleasure because of the ever-varying freshness of the players' improvisations. The inevitable consequence was that novelty of plot lagged considerably behind inventiveness in the contrivance of situation. The characters, too, being the creation of generations of actors and never minutely prescribed by the scenic framework, remained unaltered in their main outlines for centuries. Only a comedian of quite exceptional histrionic genius could now and again fundamentally change an old type or create an entirely new one. Thus Lucio Burchiella invented the Bolognese doctor, the prototype of Bartolo, in 1560, and Harlequin was changed from a zany into an astute, lively, witty and sometimes philosophical valet by Domenico Biancolelli in the second half of the 17th century.¹

Directly the influence of the *commedia dell'arte* on the French theatre, to which I shall revert presently, is understood, there can be no matter for surprise in the fact that Beaumarchais was in his turn tempted to parade the familiar figures upon the familiar

¹Domenico affords an interesting example of the longevity of characteristic features gradually accumulated by the outstanding representatives of the *commedia dell'arte*. He had a vocal defect that gave a parrot-like quality to his speech. This is doubtless the origin of the traditional Punch voice, whose screech is still occasionally heard piercing through the street-noises of London.

scenes. He does so more especially in "The Barber of Seville." The Doctor's tyranny over, and amorous inclination towards, his ward, the subterfuges on Figaro's part in smuggling the lover into the house, the trickery hidden under the girl's demure and docile attitude, are themes enacted again and again by the puppet-like casts of the Italian comedians. There is a French comedy in the Italian manner in Evaristo Gherardi's collection of scenarios¹ actually bearing Beaumarchais's subtitle of "La Précaution inutile," where the principal characters are Bartolo, Rosina, Almaviva and Figaro to the life under different names, the latter's intrigues being undertaken jointly by Mezzetin and Arlequin. Moreover, this play contains a scene where the heroine, having fibbed herself successfully out of a predicament, feigns indignation and sorrow at having been unjustly suspected, which is exactly the trick to which Rosina is to resort when she has become Countess Almaviva.

Beaumarchais's dependence on the Italian theatre is simply to be ascribed to the fact that the history of French comedy is largely that of the *commedia dell'arte*. A brief outline recapitulating the invasion of France—or of Paris, which in matters of culture is the same thing—by Italian companies on and off for nearly two centuries before the inventor of Figaro² was born,³ will show how ineradicable the influence had become by the time Beaumarchais had reached his artistic maturity. Nothing less than a Revolution could uproot it, together with so many other deep-seated conventions, and not even the Revolution could quite kill French love for the charmingly artificial figures of Harlequin and Columbine, of Pantaloon and Lelio and Isabella, which may assume names like Figaro and Susanna, like Bartolo, Almaviva and Rosina, but remain ever the same fundamental types.

When Italian comedy began to invade France, the drama there was still in its preliminary stages of religious mystery plays and trestle theatres at the fairs, and there was no clear division between the ingenuousness of pious beliefs and superstitions and that of profane grotesquerie and coarseness. In 1548, when the city of Lyons received Henry II and Catherine de' Medici, some Florentine merchants settled there brought Italian comedians to perform in France for the first time. Paris, however, had no experience of the *commedia dell'arte* until 1570, when one Juan

¹A series of fully written-out comedies by French authors closely modelled on Italian patterns, first published in 1692.

²The name only, not the character itself.

³January 24th, 1732.

Ganassa, a Hispanicised Italian who had been at the court of Philip II, introduced his company to the capital. The personages of the improvised comedy were soon all the fashion. At a masked ball that preceded the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day,¹ Catherine appeared as Columbine, her son, Charles IX, as Brighella, the Duc de Guise as Scaramouche, the Duc d'Anjou as Harlequin and his Eminence the Cardinal de Lorraine as Pantaloon! So early did these comedy characters acquire in France that curious admixture of the grisly and the tragic, of which they were quite innocent at home. Meanwhile the company known as *I Comici confidenti* and its rival troupe, *I Comici gelosi*, were touring through the French provinces, amalgamating in 1574 under the name of *I Comici uniti*. But in 1576 they separated again and the *Gelosi* were now headed by Flamminio Scala, a collection of whose scenarios was published in 1611. This company was summoned by Henry III first to Blois and afterwards to Paris, where it arrived in 1577.

Now began an interminable period of intermittent successes and withdrawals, of constant bickerings by the established French theatres, retreats under their attacks, triumphant returns under the protection of a public whose affection for the Italians was not to be alienated. The troubled years after the accession of Henri IV until his final renunciation of Protestantism, drove the Italians from France and the building of the Théâtre Français in 1592 was not calculated to make Paris a more fruitful field for them; but after the Peace of Savoy and Henry's marriage to Mary de' Medici in 1600, the king recalled them. The first quarter of the 17th century not only consolidated their reestablishment, but made them an integral part of Parisian life. French comedians now began to pay them the sincerest form of flattery by assuming their costumes and much of their traditional stage business. Becoming thus naturalised, Italian comedy in its original form again lost credit, but it was not to be more than temporarily extinguished. Both Louis XIII and Cardinal Mazarin ordered Italian companies to Paris, and in 1660 such a troupe was established at the Théâtre du Palais Royal concurrently with Molière's company. By this time the great dramatist-comedian himself had begun his career as an author with farces closely modelled on the Italian scenarios and peopled by their stock characters.² The original

¹August 24th, 1572.

²It has been asserted that Molière actually embraced a dramatic career because of his enthusiasm, from early childhood, for the Italian comedians, and that he always imitated them in the comic parts he acted.

versions of "Le Médecin malgré lui," of "Les Fourberies de Scapin"¹ and of "Georges Dandin" were Italian plays in all but language,² written before his first dramatic satire, "Les Précieuses ridicules," which appeared in 1659. In his reaction against the lofty mythology and declamatory rodomontade of the purely French stage before him, it was natural for Molière to turn to the truthfully human situations and the realistic dialogue of the Italian comedy. For in spite of the rigid framework upon which the *commedia dell'arte* was built, the actors, giving free rein to their invention, must have represented life as they saw it. No doubt they exaggerated, but then actuality is rendered more forcible rather than less, when adroitly caricatured.

In proportion as the French stage encroached upon the Italians' dramatic patrimony and thus threatened to replace their comedies by a similar type of entertainment in a language understood by all, the latter found it necessary, in order to retain something of their hold on the public, to begin to use the French tongue themselves. But the comedians were not all equally versatile linguists and their plays were now enacted in an absurd jargon of mingled French and Italian, into which morsels of Spanish were strewn in the case of traditional characters like the blustering and cowardly Captain, who was generally represented as a Spaniard. Indigenous actors in their turn again retaliated by poaching more shamelessly than ever on the Italians' preserves. What the legitimate theatre left untouched was eagerly snatched up by the tumbling comedians at the fairs. The characters whom they presented under French names and, it is true, with some additional French idiosyncrasies, such as Turlupin, Gros-Guillaume, Jodelet, Fracasse and Gilles, were merely acclimatised Italians. This competition was the more serious for the genuine Italians because the theatrical booths at the fairs were by no means patronised by the populace only. The nobility, the courtiers, for all their fastidiousness of culture, loved the *théâtres de la foire* and the adventurous sense of naughtiness and open-mindedness a visit to so disreputable and coarse an entertainment doubtless gave them. Gentlemen at first went alone; ladies more spotless of garb than of name next ventured to approach these histrionic mud-shoals with a great deal of circumspection; finally the *grandes dames* of the most sheltered reputations would draw their hooped skirts about them and, with endless misgivings and precautions, allow themselves to be drawn into a timorous enjoyment of such

¹Scapino is a figure of the *commedia dell'arte*, a mixture of Harlequin and Brighella.

²"L'École des Maris" was based on a scenario of 1667, entitled "La Hotte."

forbidden pleasures. The performances on the trestles of a fair-theatre, even at their worst, were physically drastic rather than immoral, filthy rather than indecent, and as the patronage of the great increased, they gradually acquired a certain polish and relied more on wit than on grossly comic situation. Propriety was observed to a greater extent and morality adjusted to that of the court, which meant merely a change from honest dirt to refined prurience. Towards the end of the 17th century, authors of standing no longer disdained to write for the fair-theatres, and among the first to do so we find such eminent men as Regnard and Lesage.¹ The link between the *commedia dell'arte* and French comedy was thus established and the intimacy between them was to last for a century.

The more the French fair actors attracted the exalted patrons of the established stage, the more violent grew the latter's defence of its prerogatives. The Comédie Française and the Opéra succeeded time and again in persuading the Magistracy that their rights were being infringed by their freebooter-rivals and in securing their temporary suppression; but the public's romantic love of these piratical entertainments always triumphed in the end and the *forains* were rapturously applauded every time they contrived to evade the prohibition. Their trickery and cunning only endeared them the more to the *canaille*, in whom revolt against tyranny of any sort already smouldered. The authorities might forbid plays in dialogue to be given anywhere but at the licenced theatres: the *forains* would immediately present on their illegitimate stages comedies entirely in monologue, one personage retiring behind the wings while the other spoke his lines to the audience. Spoken plays of any sort might thereupon be expressly interdicted: the actors would soon retort with a ridiculous entertainment in dumb-show with the words written on a placard and suspended over their heads. All through the early 18th century this struggle continued. Intrigue on one side and subterfuge on the other kept the balance tilting now one way, now the other. When complete suppression of the fair-theatres appeared quite hopeless, a means was found of keeping at least the upper classes away from their entertainments: by regulation prices had to be kept so low that the nobles, if they wished to be present, were forced to mix with the rabble, a blow before which most of them capitulated unconditionally.

The Italians, in the meantime, had been forced to retreat once more. In 1716, however, the famous Luigi Riccoboni and his

¹A collected edition of whose comedies of that type was published in 10 volumes under the title of "*Le Théâtre de la Foire*," in 1737.

more famous wife, Flamminia, who was a scholar and a wit as well as an astonishing actress, arrived with their company and established themselves at the Hôtel de Bourgogne with the coarsest of repertories "in the name of God, the Virgin Mary, St. Francis of Paola and the Souls in Purgatory." Once again, the plays were given in Italian, but the public soon began to clamour for the vernacular and to complain of the grossness of many of the jests, which offended audiences corrupt in morals but refined in manners. It was the age of Mme. de Maintenon, a royal mistress so meticulous as to outward appearances that owing to her influence the Italian comedians, who were openly and candidly indelicate on the stage, but on the whole morally vastly superior to the French actors of the time in private life, had to quit Paris again and could only return after her death in 1719. Meanwhile no less an author than Marivaux had begun to write comedies in the Italian manner. In 1716 he wrote for Antonio Vicentini, who called himself Thomasin and played in French. Gradually his comedies became subtilised, philosophical, satirical,—in a word, Frenchified—but plots and characters remained Italianate¹ and many of the plays were written for the Comédie Italienne, a theatre now in the hands of French actors and to be united in 1762 with the Opéra-Comique. By the middle of the 18th century Italian was no longer spoken on any stage and the few Italian actors who remained all performed in French. When in 1780 the Opéra-Comique took the name of Théâtre des Italiens, there was not a single Italian left. Just as many authors of repute had written for the *théâtres de la foire* in the preceding century, so now men of similar standing, following the example of Marivaux, wrote for the Comédie Italienne. Eminent among them was Sedaine, another whose success is still remembered was Favart, and even Diderot enjoyed writing comedies in the Italian style in spite of his view that social conditions rather than interplay of character should sustain the interest of a play.²

Enough has been said in this sketch to show that the connection of Beaumarchais with the *commedia dell'arte* rests on a solid historical foundation. Like Molière, like Marivaux, he thought the pseudo-classical drama barbarous, and its divinities, heroes and monarchs had no interest for him. "What are the revolutions of Athens and Rome to me?" he asked. But, significantly enough for the nature of French comedy, in discarding

¹"Arlequin poli par l'Amour" is a typical title.

²It was this dictum that induced Beaumarchais to try his hand at a play which had the Lyons silk-trade for its theme. This was "Les deux amis," his second dramatic effort, and an early example of the social drama.

the classical tradition, he fell like his predecessors into that of the Italian impromptu comedy. We have already seen his indebtedness to Italian plots and traced the descent of two of his minor characters. The chief figures of his two comedies are in their main outlines as plainly unchanging types derived from the *commedia dell'arte*. What is French about them (they appear in Spanish guise merely for the sake of picturesqueness and perhaps from political prudence) is the endeavour to make them true to life by chiselling finer and more personal traits upon the rough-cast of the traditional features. Types have become characters; plots and situations which in the *commedia dell'arte* have no other aim but to amuse,¹ have acquired a satirical, moral or political significance. It is interesting to note, however, that in Marivaux, for instance, love often finds obstacles in the character of the lovers itself, not in the purely external opposition of parents or guardians, to which Beaumarchais reverts. The creator of Figaro is therefore more closely allied to the Italians than Marivaux, and certainly more closely than the mature Molière. In other words, the influence had lost nothing of its force by the time it reached Beaumarchais.

Let us now examine the ancestry of the chief characters in "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro" one by one. Figaro is the offspring of Harlequin. It is true that the original Arlecchino was a zany, a simpleton, an ill-used servant employed to do any dirty work and rewarded with slender pay and profuse blows and kicks. The true descendant of this type is not Figaro, but Leporello, and one might be inclined to trace the former back to the cunning Brighella, were it not for the goodness of heart which alone prompts him to intrigue and lie and manœuvre, a quality in which Brighella is entirely deficient. Figaro may be as crafty as Brighella, but he is anything but hypocritical and sycophantic. He is the Harlequin as converted by Domenico-Biancolelli for the benefit of the French public, who did not care to have a great actor's talent wasted on the parts of dunces and dullards, but liked to see him in more spirited, witty and adroit rôles. A character who employed his astuteness and readiness of wit in the cause of good, as Brighella employed his in that of evil, was an immense asset to the *commedia dell'arte*, and in the hands of its creator it rose at once to a leading place in the cast, just as it is the mainspring of Beaumarchais's two comedies in the guise of the barber-valet.

¹At any rate as far as the author of the scenario is concerned. The actors were doubtless prodigal with scorn and topical allusions according to their personal gifts.

Harlequin was always the lover, and generally became the husband, of Columbine. It would follow that, Figaro being Harlequin, Susanna must be Columbine, which is certainly confirmed by her character and her place in the plot of the second comedy. Whether called by the most common name of Columbina, or bearing a rustic one like Betta, Gitta or Nina, or again a more sophisticated one like Fiammetta, Pasquella or Diamantina, the type remains always essentially the same: that of a *servetta*, a serving-maid, sometimes worldly-wise and philosophical, sometimes corrupt and cynical, always in the heroine's confidence and proffering her advice with unfailing assurance either for good or ill, most often with an admirable gift of compromising between the two. In many of the scenarios she stands for little more than a recipient of confidences which are in reality addressed to the audience or a *seconda donna* conveniently used to complete the conventional double set of happy lovers at the close. In opera the character survived with especial tenacity in this subordinate function for the additional reason that it offered a good excuse for the introduction of the contralto voice required in the concerted numbers, and this is perhaps why it is so frequently represented as middle-aged on the lyric stage.¹ That she should exchange the rôle of confidante for that of duenna was by no means unusual even in the Italian comedies, which with Gilbertian cruelty made the tragedy of approaching age a matter for jesting.² Thus, Marcellina, who is unscrupulous as well as old and ridiculous, presents the elements of Columbine which are lacking in Susanna. The latter, although playing the part of soubrette, in reality resembles more the variant of Columbine in the part of younger sister to the heroine, a pert, precocious, amorous and pretty foil to the more serious and high-principled leading lady.

That lady, whose most usual name in the *commedia dell'arte* is Isabella, is a type perfectly represented by Rosina—her tutelage and her evasion of its stringencies is perhaps the most steadily recurrent subject in the impromptu comedies—and still maintained when she has become Countess Almaviva. In the latter part, it is true, the character is deepened and emotionalised, but not more so than was the custom in the finest of the earlier French comedies derived from Italian models, and probably not

¹Even Magdalena in "The Mastersingers" is little more than a Columbine grown staid and at the risk of being accused of sacrilege, one might point out that even Brangäne's chief function is that of acting as transmitter of Isolde's explanations to the audience and supplying a change of vocal colour.

²Gozzi, in whose dramatic fairy-tales the *commedia dell'arte* reaches its final apotheosis with an appropriate touch of fantasy, is fond of introducing this type.

more so than was done extemporaneously by a great representative of the original type like Isabella Andreini, engaged for the *Gelosi* company in 1578, a beautiful, virtuous and intelligent actress and a poetess and musician to boot, or Françoise Biancolelli and Giovanna Benozzi in the late 17th and early 18th centuries respectively.

The Count, especially in "The Barber," is a typical representative of Lelio, whose name was also frequently Flavio or Cinthio. The figure was that of a gentleman of the world with "a leg" like Sir Willoughby Patterne's, generally the accepted lover of Isabella, frequently involved in ridiculous situations, but never undignified. If we remember that there was Orazio, a variant of Lelio, who was also something of a Don Juan, we have the character of Almaviva in all its essentials.

The Italians had, however, yet another character of the Lelio type, generally called Leandro, who until the 18th century, when he became a strutting and foolish dandy, was a boyish and ingenuous lover who constantly (or rather inconstantly) fluttered around the ladies with the alternate shyness and boldness of adolescent devotion. Leandro was a youthful disciple of Lelio just as Cherubino is a butterfly of the Almaviva species at the point of emerging from the chrysalis stage. But Cherubino has also a strain of Pedrolino, the Italian archetype of Pierrot, an unrequited lover who hankers after petticoats throughout the play, only to be ignominiously snubbed or ridiculed at the end.

Dr. Bartolo already bears that very name in some of the Italian written comedies, the *commedie sostenute*. He is, of course, faithful to the tradition of the Bolognese doctor, Graziano or Baloardo (often Balouard in France), and that figure again is no other than that of Cassandro or Pantalone. He is sometimes the father of unmanageable daughters who refuse to marry the suitors chosen by him, and sometimes the guardian of a girl whom he annoys not more by his vigilance than by his amorousness and jealousy. He is always old and ugly, rheumatic or asthmatic, a pedant and a miser, always duped and mocked, but, to do him justice, generally accommodating to the inevitable in the end. The only feature of the character not enlarged upon by Beaumarchais is his incurable habit of airing badly-digested learning and spouting incomprehensible Latin; otherwise the copy is faithful even to his wearing the Louis XIV periwig in the period of the pigtail, a convention adopted by French comedy to accentuate his age and his obsolescence.

Basilio's ancestor is no less manifest: he is Brighella, a servile flatterer and tale-bearer, hypocritically polite to those above him and ironically so to those below, always ready with ingenious sophistries to corrupt people to his master's advantage and, as Basilio tells in Mozart's aria, to wear the humble ass's skin in order to save himself from the claws of a disdainful lion.

Such originality as is left in Beaumarchais, then, is confined entirely to the refining and elaborating and pointing of raw material that lay ready to his hand. But when all his indebtedness is reckoned up, enough of topical allusions, niceties of shading in character-delineation, political and social quips, adroitness in sally and repartee, and countless charming details of situation still stands to his credit for him to be honoured for all time as a genius. Nevertheless, one wonders whether even in such matters he was greater than the best of the Italian impromptu actors, of whose performances, in the nature of things, we can unhappily never know more than what rumour has left us. Theirs is a lost art and we can but dimly imagine to-day what an unselfish spirit of teamwork must have reigned among them, what prodigious feats of ready wit they must have performed in their rejoinders and their *lazzi*, and with what delightful malice they must often have challenged each other to incredible dexterities in the handling of unforeseen and knotty situations.

TO THE MEMORY OF S. I. TANEEV

By V. KARATYGIN

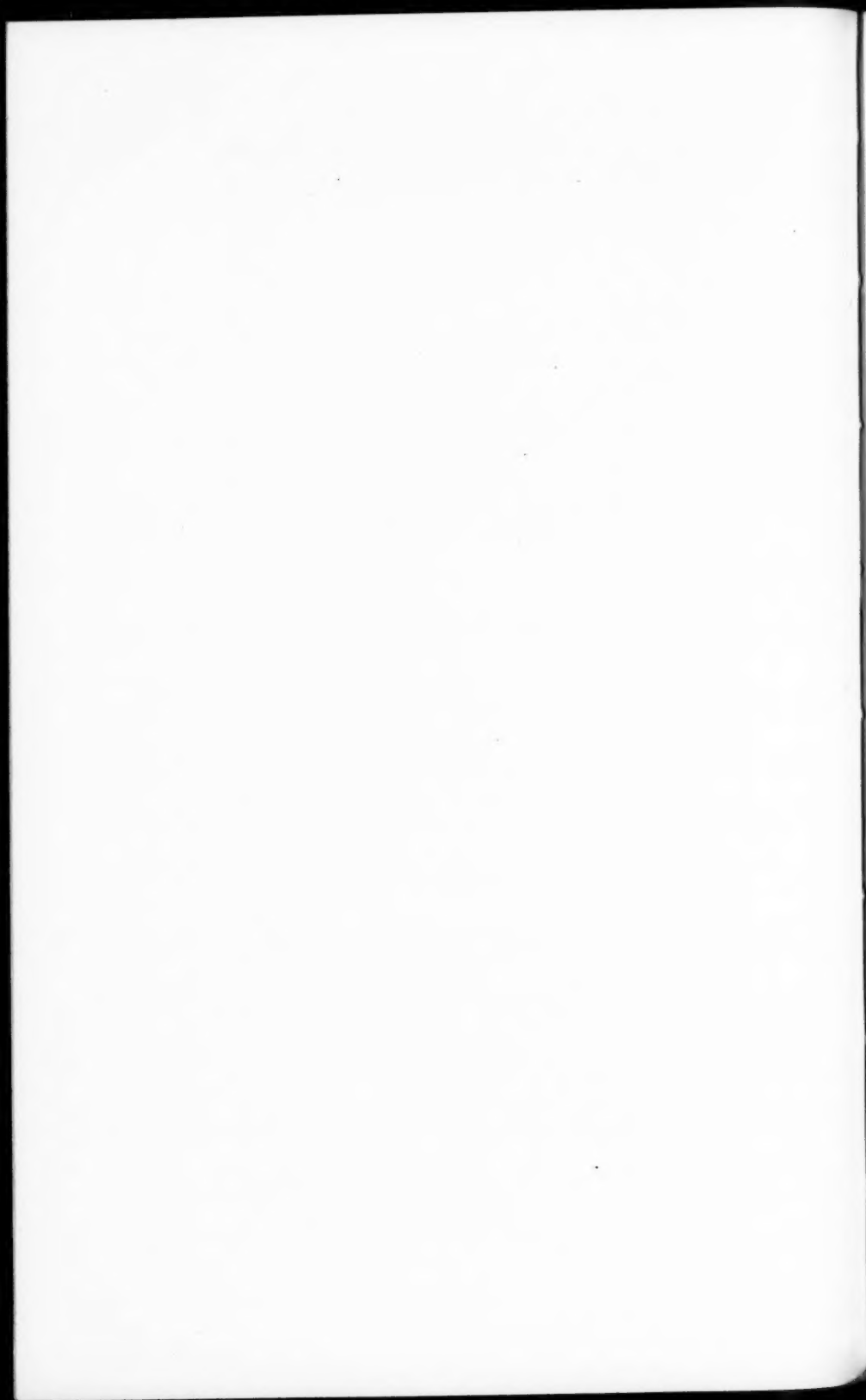
A YEAR has passed since the death of the famous Moscow master, "the Russian Low-Countryman," S. I. Taneev.¹ And what has been done to immortalise the memory of this eminent composer, this superb teacher, this man of rare spiritual qualities? It is true that some of our concert organisations have done honour to it by rendering special programmes of his works. But, in the first place, such concerts often have a certain official flavour about them and suggest the performance of an obligatory and not too agreeable duty; secondly, up to the present we have not a single literary work elucidating the life and creative genius of the venerable musician. Lyadov and Skryabin, who died only a few months before we bade an eternal farewell to Taneev, have already found their biographers. The reflections of the personalities of Lyadov and Skryabin in literature may be good or bad, but they do exist and are to be had in the shops where musical books are sold. But Taneev? After his death he remains in the shade, just as he was half-neglected during his life. There is no doubt that he awaits a monograph on himself, detailed investigations of his musical heritage, of his activities as a teacher of music, of his "human" personality which was characterised by so many spiritual qualities of an eminent beauty and nobility. But meanwhile the fact remains a fact, and so far there is no literature concerning Taneev. It is overdue with regard to the deceased composer, just as he himself, with his uncontemporaneous (anachronistic, as it were) tonal outlook showed himself to be a type of composer born into the world several centuries too late. And here we have the cause of the ambiguous attitude of many musicians towards Taneev's creative personality. Why do they respect him more than they love him? Why do they speak highly of his productions and play and sing them but little? Why is it not rare to meet with men who pronounce the name of Taneev with holy reverence, but are unacquainted with a single score of his? There is one and the same reason for it all—the retrospective spirit of Taneev's music; its facture and Taneev's whole outlook on music

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S. I. Tancev, June 2, 1915, at Diutkov.

(By courtesy of the Library of Congress.)



and art do not accord with the artistico-psychological principles of the present day, with its brilliantly expressed yearnings for the preëminent development of the harmonic and colouristic elements of the musical art. The reason is unquestionably "convincing." What is to be done, in fact, if the rainbow colours of Debussy and Ravel, the ecstatic passion of Skryabin, the pungently-exotic modernisation of the archaic *à la* Stravinsky are closer, more akin to the nervous and worried soul of contemporary man than robust, solid, stable feelings, foreign to external brilliancy, and the stronger and more profound in that they are intimately incorporated with the music itself? Dissertations on the temporal and the eternal in art, on the fact that the methods of musical writing conforming to a given epoch are not identical with the main ideas lying at the very base of the creative intention—such dissertations will not get over the direct reaction of music on the hearer's imagination, a reaction which, in the state of human psychology at the present day, will inevitably be greater in the case of music of an intensely expressive or impressionistic type than in the case of an art which puts formal, plastic problems in the foreground, and in its tendency to symmetry and equilibrium relies on classical tradition. To alter the present position of affairs is a fruitless task, predestined to failure. However, it by no means follows that the problem is insoluble. Quite the reverse. It will be solved. Only not by the effects of individual "musicologists," not by the logic of treatises on the art, but by the logic of things themselves, by the very development of the art. The problem will not be solved by anyone, but the solution will come of itself.

And it will be settled on the basis of that very difference between the forms in which music is conceived and written on the one hand and the "metamusical" essence of tone-creation on the other, when that difference passes from the domain of literary criticism to the sphere of living feelings. In order that this may happen, it is quite unnecessary to look forward to the day when music which now seems "the very latest" will succeed in losing some of its brilliant colouration; future composers will certainly not be backward in acquiring new colours to replace those which have faded, and in the course of time these will be subjected to still newer renovations, so that on the dividing-line of the arts in respect to the old and the new we must suppose that the question of the relation of form to content will always be acute. The longer man lives in the world, the richer will be his experience in the matter of the distinction between the external and the internal aspects of art; in proportion as art develops, man has the opportunity of

being convinced again and again of the indisputable truth that any novelty preserves the full specific power of its fascination only so long as it is new; as soon as it begins to grow old and there appears a possibility of comparing the corresponding productions with music which, as regards its substance, preceded them, then the relations of the absolute artistic values of the old and the new resulting from this comparison prove in the final reckoning to be independent of the period at which the given examples were composed. All this sooner or later leads the melomaniac not merely to admit but also to feel directly the difference between form and substance mentioned above. "Sooner or later"—the expression is perhaps too cautious: why, even now there are people amongst us who can to-day receive Skryabin and to-morrow Bach with equal regard and enjoyment. They are not very numerous as yet, but the mere possibility of the appearance of such "eclectics" is most instructive. It is true that the ability to accept simultaneously Bach and Skryabin, Monteverdi and Ravel, Rameau and Reger seems to be accompanied either by a really indiscriminating artistic omnivorousness, or by a rejection of the principles of the historical criteria which have been evolved in art. Nevertheless, the genuine psychology of "Bacho-Skryabinism" can and should rest on other foundations. In it we have neither an indiscriminating eclecticism nor an opposition on principle to evolution. *Tertium datur*: the recognition of a restricted significance for the evolutionary-historical moment. The evolution of the forms of musical thinking certainly exists; it certainly does not hover in the lifeless expanse of pure formalism, but is stayed on the evolution of the psychology of the artists and the public; the subtilisation and refinement of contemporary harmony and melody are undoubtedly connected with the subtilisation and refinement of the spiritual experiences of contemporary humanity. But what are these supports and connections? First of all, they are sufficiently vague and diffuse. Music, striving almost throughout its history for a constantly increasing specification of its purely musical content, has now come to such a state that its connection with any emotions of the soul (in the ordinary acceptation of the word) must be understood almost exclusively in a psychogenetic sense.

The "content" of music, even with the synthetic artists who aspire to turn back, as it were, the wheel of history and to restore the musical element to its archaic fusion with the emotions, the mimic art and the dance, etc. (Wagner, Skryabin)—this "content" comes more and more to consist in the play of beautiful tonal forms, full of a mysterious power and purely-musical significance,

deeper than any emotional or programmatic value. This circumstance, i.e., the increasing specification of music, in no way interferes with the ordinary conditions of artistic creation and reception on an emotional basis. The sensations are not the "content" of the music, but are either a system of psychological, subconscious (sometimes they become conscious) "undertones" from which are originated, by means of their radical transformation, a series of musical images; or they are that system of psychological, usually semi-conscious "overtones" which spring up on the soil of the listener's reception of these tonal forms. Under such conditions of the musico-psychological connections, and given the possibility that the listener's "overtones" will not coincide with those of the composer (if they did coincide, is it conceivable that there would be those fundamental differences in the comprehension of the emotional content of a work so often noticeable in actual practice?), the establishment of any definite psychological parallel, whilst fairly possible for any refinements and subtilisations in methods of writing, appears quite problematical for the purely musical depths and heights and powers of inspiration. The adherents of emotionalism will certainly not surrender their positions here. Here they establish an analogy between sensation and tone, for which purpose they merely substitute the psychological attribute for the purely musical attribute. For the simplification of the subsequent arguments I will assume that I am vanquished on this point.

Let it be so. Let the depth, breadth and height of the musical thought respond to the depth, breadth, and height of joy, sorrow, wrath, terror and the other ordinary feelings which may be said to make up the actual content of the music. What then? What is the relation of all these depths and heights to evolution? The more we deprive a given concrete sensation of all refinements and subtilisations, and the nearer we approach the bed-rock of experience, the less difference do we find in that bed-rock, whether we pass from one people, from one period, or even from one composer, to another. With all the differences of periods and peoples and separate artistic individualities, the scale of the artistic and psychological depths—it is a matter of indifference whether we parallel them or take them independently—reveals certain true, absolute, anti-evolutionary and anti-historical degrees. And these degrees—however far the Bacho-Skryabinians are from uniformity of artistic taste as well as from an underestimation of the epochal, national and creatively-individual elements of the musical art—are quite clearly and precisely perceived by the so-called eclectics of

the present day. The beginning of this cultivated eclecticism of ours is already indicated. To doubt its cultural significance is impossible. Consequently, its future is secure. Does this mean that a brilliant posthumous "career" is also ensured for Taneev, a native classic? I personally am confident of it, though I do not vouch for the degree of "popularity" which will be attained by Taneev's compositions. Musicians, however, who do not share my confidence, may in any case be sure that the question of wide sympathy with Taneev's music in the future, or of the present neglect of him, will be decided entirely on the plane of the cardinal criteria of the depth and height of the inspiration (or their absence); the archaicism of Taneev's writing, the old-fashioned forms in which his musical thoughts are embodied, will have no essential significance in the solution of the problem.

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If it is possible to be fond of Bach and Skryabin at the same time, what is there strange in the fact that a composer should prove capable of simultaneous subjection to the Cantor of St. Thomas's and the author of the Pathetic Symphony? It is true that Bach's profound music, with its eternal aspiration to the heights, its constant irruption into the azure realms of translucent, spiritualised beauty, is with much more difficulty brought into friendly alliance with the somewhat "everyday" (the expression is Skryabin's) productions of Chaikovsky's creative imagination than with the ecstatic raptures of the creator of "Prometheus," who, like Bach, yearned to break away from earth. It is the more curious that in the person of Taneev, on the lap of his original talent, the symbiosis of the influences of Bach and his predecessors with those of Chaikovsky was accomplished most simply and naturally. Chaikovsky was preëminently reflected in the structure of Taneev's broad, cantabile themes and melodies, whereas the old classical influences were expressed mainly in the methods of thematic development. What do we get as the result? A Bach with the severity and symmetry of his majestic contours toned down, or an "ennobled" Chaikovsky? We get neither. To put it more accurately: on an equal footing with moments of both kinds, Taneev's music is above all things rich—and these moments are most typical and most attractive—in an organic solution of elements at first glance so heterogeneous that from their combination something entirely new is produced, having little more resemblance to each of its components than water has to the original oxygen and

hydrogen. It may be said that it is just this significant heterogeneity of the substances entering into the combination that leads here, as in the case of chemical reactions, to a greater novelty and stability of the products of the synthesis in comparison with the elements of the synthetic reaction.

The subordination of Taneev to the old classics of Western Europe and to Chaikovsky is easily discernible. An attentive and repeated hearing of his masterly quartets and quintets leads us to a clear perception of these new musical moods, the result of the organic combination of the iron logic of the contrapuntal structures with the sentimental, subjectively-lyrical outpourings. It is far more difficult to detect the composer's own features. Is it possible that they are entirely defined by the faculty for combination only, as revealed in the cunning blending of themes; in the inimitable perfection of the analytical development which permits the composer to construct a whole symphony¹ from the melodic material united throughout by the affinity of the motifs from which it is built up; and, lastly, in the art of legitimately conjoining the complete artistic and creative individualities of Bach and Chaikovsky? I am equally persuaded of the obligation to answer this question in the negative, and of the extreme difficulty of formulating that answer with respect to its positive content. Taneev is, of course, a composer for whose art all those "overtones" and "undertones" of emotionalism referred to previously, all the psychological clutchings at anything that is not music in the strictest sense of the word, have a minimal significance. Or, *ad libitum*, let us reverse the statement: Taneev's music is music which reveals in itself the maximum estrangement possible (in view of the specification of its essential nature attained at the present day by the element of music) from any ideology, psychology, philosophy and the other "scaffoldings" of a free creative genius. Is not this ideo-psychological "minimalism" or, what is the same thing, musico-specificative "maximalism"—is not this the most important, most characteristic trait of Taneev's own individuality? It may be objected that the minima and maxima under discussion are, nevertheless, not absolute; the minimum is not equivalent to zero, the maximum is not expressed by infinity,

¹Taneev's three symphonies are known to me: the E minor, dedicated to Elena Sergeevna Taneeva and written in 1873-1874, whilst the composer was a student at the Conservatoire; the D minor, dedicated to Arensky and written in 1884; and the C minor, dedicated to Glazunov, and the only one published. In the quality of the music and the solidity of the technical mastery the C minor is considerably ahead of the others. The principles of the analytical development, the affinity of the motifs from which all the themes are constructed, are in this symphony most strictly observed, and endow the whole composition with a remarkable unity.

since the specification of some music, the approximating of its "content" to the contours of the actual musical forms, has not yet been converted into complete coincidence, even in the most extreme cases of such approximation. Perfectly true. But seeing that in Taneev's creative activity we have precisely one of the most extreme cases of the approximation of the musical content to the tonal forms, seeing that the "crevice" between the soul of the music and its tonal body with Taneev remains as small as is attainable in the present phase of the specification of the musical art—in view of this the psychological undertones and overtones still discernible in this music by our emotional ear do not lend themselves to fixation in exact verbal terms. The "metamusic" of Taneev's music is not formulated in the guise of reasoned schemes. It is wholly irrational, mystical, and mystical in the highest sense of that term.

Mysticism is a word which needs to be handled cautiously. In a certain sense everything is, of course, permeated with mysticism; everything within and without us is swathed in the impenetrable mystery of the inexplicable essence of things. Art is mystical in a more special sense. Here the mysticism is, so to say, of the second order, as there are infinitely-small and infinitely-large quantities of various orders. Art in its most mysterious process of creation and reception stands in the same irrational relation to our empirical world of things, feelings, thoughts, as does that world to the unknowable "noumenal" realities underlying it. But in the sphere of mysticism corresponding to art we find various degrees of height, various orders of it. Thus, music has long since been recognised as preëminently mystical in comparison with the other arts. The reason for this is quite comprehensible. Almost entirely deprived of support in the world of concrete things, in many cases very loosely connected with our feelings and passions, music of all the arts is supremely capable of astonishing the intellect by the remarkable lack of proportion between the small solid content of the tonal substance and its mighty power of reaction on the human imagination; between the transcendent quality of the musical substance and its very real faculty of exciting and agitating the hearts of men. On the one hand, you have certain incorporeal, imponderable visions, born of the mingling of heterogeneous aërial vibrations; on the other, enormous psychological effects of an entirely original character, only partly in touch with the domain of our ordinary ideas, emotions and wayward impulses. Could one help seeing in the musico-æsthetic phenomena of mysticism and magic a twofold mysticism and a twofold magic?

Lastly, in the domain of music alone can we establish considerable differences between the "grades" of mysticism. Magic is the inferior degree, mysticism in the true sense the higher. The more tentacles music thrusts out towards psychology, towards philosophy, towards the spheres of the other arts, towards all that is not music, the nearer (relatively, of course) a given musical production is to artistic syntheticism, to the "syncretism" of the ancients, to that original source of all the ramifications of human culture which afterwards attained such a high degree of differentiation and individualisation—the more kinship that production displays with the primitive magic exorcisms in which some historians discern the indubitable ancestors of music as an independent art. On the other hand, the fewer psychological undertones and overtones there are in the given music, the greater its rupture with all that lies outside music, the more intense its self-centralisation—the denser is the veil of distinctive, specifically-musical mystery, irreducible to any other concept, with which the essence of the music is invested, and the nearer do we approach to the kingdom of purely musical mysticism, of mysticism as the hidden force concealed within the actual forms. These considerations permit us to put forward the conditional classification of artists of the musical art into "magicians" and "mystics." The result is that those creators in whose art mysticism manifests its existence very definitely, with whom are strongly emphasised the points of contact of the musical element with nature (the element of descriptiveness), with the human emotions (the element of expressiveness), or even with abstractly-mysterious moods—those creators are nearer to the magic pole of the musically-creative psychology. Of such is Musorgsky, the "realist," in the foreground of whose art the grasping at the world of concrete things and feelings is so prominent that it is not given to everyone to perceive the purely mystical beauty of the musical content of his numerous tone-forms. Of such is Debussy, the "impressionist," who offers to the listener too "demonstratively" the vast gamut of every possible subconscious, vacillating and fragile emotion of the human soul. Of such is Wagner, the "myth-creator," who would have turned music into a means of translating the ideas of the mythological dramas from the language of reason into the language of feeling, but for the fact that his colossal, purely-musical talent always triumphed over the theories of the Bayreuth master. Of such is Skryabin, the genius who tenaciously aspired in his creative work to transgress the bounds of pure music, who persistently pursued the ideal of a synthetic art, the creations of whose music

are permeated through and through with brilliantly expressed mysterious tendencies.

Which of the gods of the musical Olympus should be referred to the pole of pure musical mysticism? Old Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, Reger, Glazunov, Taneev, Glinka and Rimsky-Korsakov. (It matters not that the last two cultivated preferably the musico-dramatic form of art; with both the symphonic moment is in the foreground, neither is inclined to surrender a musical mysticism spontaneously born, as it were, of the shifting of tonal lines and colours, for the benefit of the magic of expressiveness, descriptiveness, or even of a consciously-intended mysticism.) I purposely include in this group the old Low-Countrymen (so dear to the heart of Taneev's friend Laroche) who by their formally-technical virtuosity emphatically dried up musical mysticism. I do so in order to protect myself as completely as I can against any possible suspicions on the part of the reader that I put the talents of Bach and Glazunov on a level, or compare Beethoven with Taneev. It is not a question, so far, of talents, which can be gauged in so many different ways, but merely of one of those gauges; not of the comparison of complete artistic individualities, but of certain of their homogeneous aspects, of one of the conventional classificatory criteria on the plane of the irrational elements of music. And here, confining ourselves entirely to that plane, we shall have to admit that, in the above-mentioned group of composer-mystics, Taneev occupies one of the foremost places. If you do not agree with me, I ask you to name a musician—not necessarily one of the group, which you may consider too restricted—whose creative work is freer from any empirical "psychologism" or more absolute in its purely musical content.

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In recalling his first acquaintance with Taneev's musico-dramatic trilogy, *Orestes*, Rimsky-Korsakov expresses in his "Memoirs" his immense astonishment at the seeming contradiction between the manner in which that work was composed and its character.

Before setting about the actual laying-out of any composition, Taneev preceded it by a number of sketches and studies: he wrote fugues, canons and all sorts of contrapuntal inventions on the separate themes, phrases and motifs of the future work, and only when he had quite got his hand in with its fundamental parts did he proceed to the general plan of the composition, knowing exactly what sort of material

he had at his disposal and what could be constructed out of that material. Such was the method adopted by him in writing *Orestes*. It would seem that the result should give a dull and academic production, without a particle of inspiration, but as a matter of fact it proved to be the reverse in the case of *Orestes*; in spite of its rigid deliberateness the opera amazed by the wealth of beauty and expression." (A little before this the same writer says that *Orestes* "astonished" all of them by pages of "extraordinary beauty and expressiveness.")

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the composer of "Kitezha" is the last person whom one would suspect of sympathy with a prejudice, rather widespread amongst melomaniacs, in favour of a supposed contradiction between the rôles of the reasoning and technical element and free inspiration in the musical art. Rimsky-Korsakov knew very well that mature and finished artistic creations prove to be the result of direct intuition and deliberate labour in equal proportions; that to determine where one begins and the other ends is in some instances quite impossible. But he was astounded at an excessive ratio between calculation and inspiration, such as was the case with Taneev, though it has often led to the production of new and beautiful creations of art. It comes to this, in fact: art is degraded to the position of a handicraft; all sorts of contrapuntal dodges are composed without the least regard to the definitive problem. Of poetry there is not a word. Inspiration, the sacred rapture of creation, flashes of fancy, the free play of the imagination—all these are things for good-natured ridicule, and have nothing to do with serious composition;¹ it is doubtful whether they ought not to be forever erased from the dictionary, as vain and deceptive phantoms, merely masking the absolutely essential and really valuable in art—the combination of theme A with theme B in a directly inverted form in augmentation and diminution, etc., etc. And suddenly a miracle! The cunning counterpoints of the musical "artisan" are transformed into flowers of living poetry. The polyphonic fragments, composed after the style of purely technical exercises, are blended into a whole which gives an impression of "extraordinary beauty and expressiveness."

I confess that I cannot quite agree with Rimsky-Korsakov as to the expressiveness of *Orestes*. In it there is not a little purely musical expressiveness, for which some other appellation would be more fitting—artistic profundity, penetration, or something of that kind. The former term, in opera especially, is usually associated with the definite adaptation of the character of

¹This assertion does not in any way claim to be based on actual fact; it merely corresponds to Taneev's creative psychology as it presents itself to me.—V. K.

the music to the psychological situations of the actors. Of normal operatic expressiveness in *Orestes* there is not a great deal. For the most part it is schematised, overshadowed by the architecturally-plastic elements, which give it the character of oratorio.

In the worst cases there is noticeable in individual episodes of *Orestes* a simple lack of any correspondence between the music and what is happening on the stage. But actually there are many pages of "extraordinary beauty" in the work, though in this respect it must give place to the magnificent cantata "For the reading of the Psalm," that swan-song of the famous master. The tremendous triple fugue in F major with which the first part of the cantata concludes, the wonderful quartets of the middle section of the score, the final double eight-part chorus in D major, are specimens of the most perfect, inspired and noble music that has come from the pen not merely of Taneev but of Russian composers as a whole. And all this, forsooth, was written by the same "molecular" method, was born of a mass of separate little contrapuntal exercises worked out in the study! These calculations of the brain, these products of pure reason, were suddenly transformed into a creation full of enchanting poetry, profound artistic wisdom and moving pathos. And how close is the relation between that poetry, that philosophical profundity, that sublime pathos, and the music itself, the contrapuntal interweavings of Taneev's fugues! So close that it is simply impossible to speak of the "psychology" of this music apart from its technical structure. Here we have the loftiest mysticism of tone-creation, unperceived (alas!) by so very many of the adherents of obligatory emotionalism and idealism in music.

For these fanatics in psychologies, music is the richer in content the more clearly and exactly they can represent to themselves the emotional substratum of the composer's imagination in which it was generated. And for them music is transformed into tonal "arabesques," is treated by them as an "idle play of tones," as soon as that music dares to display a noble aspiration to approximate its content to the actual flow of the tonal forms; as soon as (instinctively gravitating, as it were, towards the manifestation of its real nature) it accomplishes an advance towards the ideal end fatally predestined for it by the logic of things—towards absolute self-sufficiency in the sphere of purely-musical beauty and profundity. For me all these reprimands on the score of frivolous arabesques directed at music in which it is difficult to find any content save that which is most closely connected with the music itself, even with the musical technique, with the harmonic and

polyphonic construction, with the melodic designs and the instrumental colours—these reprimands furnish a superfluous argument in favour of the delicacy, even the esoteric quality of that content and that mysticism revealed to us by music like Taneev's, i.e., music highly-specified in its essential nature, with a minimal gap between substance and form, feeling and counterpoint. Here the content and the mystical charm attain a refinement by no means within everybody's reach.

Mysticism is mysticism, but it is time to turn our attention to its qualitative aspect. Mysticism, whilst remaining such, may be intensely impressive and it may also be somewhat dull; may carry us away to a world of strange enchantments and may allure us from the earth to a realm of bare abstractions. The deciding factor seems to be that mysterious element of the human soul which we call ability, talent, or genius, according to the measure of it possessed by the given man. To what degree was it implanted in the soul of Taneev? Judging from the highest point attained by his creations, his talent at certain moments bordered on genius. To such moments must be referred the portions of the cantata mentioned above and the delightful Adagio from the C minor symphony. But if we estimate his creative powers by their average efforts, by his string quartets (the last are the most valuable) and quintets, by the beautiful ensembles for strings and piano, by certain superb songs ("Stalactites"; "When the Whirling Autumn Leaves"; "The Mask," rather slight, but with a rare refinement of finish), by the excellent pianoforte fugue which adorns the collection issued by the "Russian Music Publishers"—then this average level proves to be that of the possessor of an enormous talent, so powerful and brilliant that its significance cannot be depreciated by the fact that Taneev's compositions include quite a number of somewhat dull and feeble things.

The composer feels least confident in the sphere of song. The most perfect and poetical thoughts of the deceased master are those which he entrusted to the chamber ensemble and the orchestra, sometimes in conjunction with choral masses.

A comparison of *Orestes* with Taneev's cantatas proves beyond question that in working with combined orchestra and chorus he achieved more beauty, plasticity and mysticism when he was not embarrassed by the requirements of operatic expressiveness, when he could give a conventional character to the expression, approximating it to the logic of the purely-musical thought.

As a rigidly conservative musician in the tendency of his creative work and artistic sympathies (though at the same time able to produce compositions full of living beauty and pathos); as a classic who occupied an entirely isolated position in the family of composers contemporary with him, the majority of whom aspired to new harmonic and colouristic attainments; as a composer who seemed on the background surrounding his musical activity old-fashioned and anachronistic (but who could in his best works display in no uncertain fashion all the outward appearance and conventionality of the evolutionally-historical norms)—Tanev has often been compared with Brahms. The comparison is just. It only remains to supplement it by a few considerations with respect to Russian musical history. It is possible to regard the historical significance of Tanev to Russia as greater than that of Brahms to Germany. Now, Brahms merely maintained the classical tradition in German music at a time when that tradition was exposed to the onslaught of the neo-romanticists headed by Liszt and Wagner. The task of Brahms was incontestably a noble one, but its historical importance seems to me doubtful, since, firstly, in Germany the classical tradition has always been extremely solid and vigorous and able to defend itself; by its own powers, without special help from anyone, it has succeeded in resisting the attack of its foes, so that Brahms' appearance on the scene is a sort of "historical luxury." Secondly, Liszt and Wagner were imaginary enemies of classicism. Both of them have much of that classicism—the strict logic, the architectural symmetry, the plasticity, the proportionality, the classical polyphony, the general spirit of classical culture. With us in Russia the state of affairs is different. Our classicism was originated by a miracle, suddenly called to life, like some *deus ex machina*, solely by the individual will of the genius who created *A Life for the Tsar* and *Ruslan*. This sudden "classicism" of Russian art was an essentially revolutionary act and consequently not durable, since Glinka's descendants did not take the steps necessary to consolidate the positions he had conquered. The Russian community, which had stagnated for a long time in the impenetrable gloom of dilettantism, proved to be extremely tardy in coming to the support of the Glinka tradition. We remark that not only Dargomyzhsky and Serov but also all the representatives of the "new Russian school" (including Rimsky-Korsakov in the early period of his activity) here and there reveal dilettante traits. Anton Rubinstein himself, that prominent worker in the field of Russian musical enlightenment, in the rough approximation and poverty of

the facture of his productions fairly often extends a hand to the pre-Glinka dilettanti. When, then, did a genuine connoisseurship arise amongst us as a cultured tradition? Lastly, where did it root itself solidly in the fertile soil, rich in talent, of our musical life? There were two points of departure. One was the Belyaev circle. Here the principal rôle in the development of an important cultural moment in the musical history of our native land fell to the share of Rimsky-Korsakov, whose creative powers were fully matured and whose tastes and opinions on artistic matters were very definite. The other luminous point was Taneev. His services to musical culture are still far from being appreciated at their true worth. Taneev's friendship with Laroche, whose attitude towards the activity of the "new Russian school" was cool or even quite negative, in its turn made the adherents of Balakirev suspicious of Taneev himself. Nor was there an immediate improvement in their relations after the disruption of the Balakirev circle and the formation of the Belyaev group which was joined by many of the *ci-devant* "kuchkisty."¹

With regard to the "kuchkisty," it is now possible to state, without fear of insulting anybody's memory or disparaging the supreme services they rendered to art, that they were not entirely free from dilettantism. This means the rehabilitation to a considerable extent of the memory of Laroche, that very Laroche to kick whom was counted a sign of good breeding and progressive thinking half a century ago. Laroche's receptivity to anything new was sluggish and scanty in the extreme. In his attacks on Borodin, Musorgsky and other composers whom he disliked there is more of wit, literary dexterity, polemical skill (and sometimes abuse), than of love and consideration for art. And nevertheless he showed himself to be a jealous defender of the absolute values of musical culture, a precious trait which compelled Taneev to dedicate his very important treatise on "Movable Counterpoint" to none other than Laroche (to his memory). The brilliant memory of Taneev himself now, of course, needs no such "rehabilitation." It has enjoyed immense and universal esteem, especially during the latest period of his life and activity. For all that, a considerable number of the melomaniacs, and even of the professional musicians, still regard an acquaintance with his music as an unnecessary luxury. When will this attitude alter? When will Taneev's music—now looked upon as a luxury, or merely as ballast—be universally recognised as an element of pure and lofty

¹The members of the Balakirev circle; the term is derived from "kuchka," which means "a little heap" or "a little crowd."—S. W. P.

beauty, in which is concealed a source of profound and lively artistic joy? As I have previously stated, my personal conviction is that a time will come when his artistic heritage will be fully appreciated. As to how, when and why, I have already had so much to say that there is no need to repeat it here. And the books on Taneev will come. The first of them is before the reader, who will surely find fault with the author of these lines for a prolonged literary promenade around and about the name of Taneev, in view of the poverty of the material having an immediate bearing on the subject. I read what I have written and can see for myself that my approach to the personality of the Moscow composer has been very "indirect." But I cannot help its turning out as it has.

(Translated by S. W. Pring.)

THE USE OF MUSIC IN THE TREATMENT OF THE SICK BY AMERICAN INDIANS

By FRANCES DENSMORE

THE human organism is like an orchestra and man, to some extent, is its conductor. There are large rhythms in which the organism acts as a whole, and small rhythms in which individual organs go through their parts. Health is the normal balance of all these rhythms, like the playing of an orchestra in which each instrument does its part and keeps its proper relation to the others. Sickness may be compared to the sound of the orchestra "tuning up" and recovery to the change when the conductor taps his baton and the instruments swing into rhythmic unity. If the conductor should fail to appear, it might happen that the players after their discordant, independent flourishes, would fold up their instruments and go away. That would be like the death of the body. One after another its organs cease to act, the rhythms cease and life's music is over. Rhythm, which has so large a part in life, is little represented in the white man's treatment of disease. To the Indian, rhythm and song are essential factors in the treatment of the sick, as will be shown in this article.

Indian tribes vary in many customs pertaining to the treatment of the sick but music, in some form, appears in the customs of all tribes. Sometimes the Indian doctor pounds a drum or shakes a rattle, but usually he sings a song, which he believes came to him in a dream. He believes that a "supernatural visitant" gave him the song together with instructions as to certain actions that must accompany its use. These actions may, for example, be the stroking of the patient's body with a feather or with the tail of a deer or they may be some form of dancing or gesture.

Although the song appears so potent, it is not the song itself but the power put forth in the song that does the work. The Indian believes that he has within himself a mysterious power. He believes that every man and every animal, even the trees and objects in nature, has this power in a greater or less degree and that by fasting and self-discipline a man may augment his power, drawing strength from something that has a larger supply. For example, a man fasts to exhaustion and in a vision sees the thunder-bird, or a wolf or a bear, which says, "I have taken pity on you"

and promises to give him of its own special power, in time of need. To the man with inherent bravery is promised more courage in war, to the man of subtlety is promised occult wisdom, while to another is promised help and direction in the treatment of the sick. This additional knowledge and power is not given the man all at once. He is told to sing a certain song and do certain things and promised that, at the proper time, he will find this power flowing through him, this demonstration, however, being conditional upon his own rectitude of life and discipline of himself. This power, which we so little understand, is called "orenda" by the Iroquois Indians, but the more familiar term "medicine" will be used in this article.

It is interesting to note that, while "medicine" was often obtained from spirit-birds and animals, the strongest came from sources having rhythm and vibration. A Papago Indian said, "medicine is something like the heat vibrations that rise from the desert in summer." Another man of the same tribe said, "If a man gets his medicine around here (on the desert) it will not last long. If a man will have strong medicine, he must get it from the ocean or the mountains." We recognise rhythm in the pulsing of the ocean, but a query arises as to vibration in the mountains until we know the Papago belief that a mythical personage called Brown Buzzard "went over the highest and lowest mountains and dropped medicine into each mountain top." Brown Buzzard said "that because of this medicine there would be a roaring and noise in these mountains before a storm." From the mountains the Papago obtained songs used in a ceremony to bring rain, and in the treatment of two classes of diseases attributed to spirits of the dead.¹

The Makah living on Cape Flattery obtained medicine songs from the ocean, and the Plains tribes obtained songs from the thunderbird that causes reverberations in the heavens. The medicine power of the Chippewa centers in the "great water" and its emblem is a white shell. This power does not appear when the water is calm but when it is "seething,"—then the spirits come from the depths and are ready to impart their power to men.

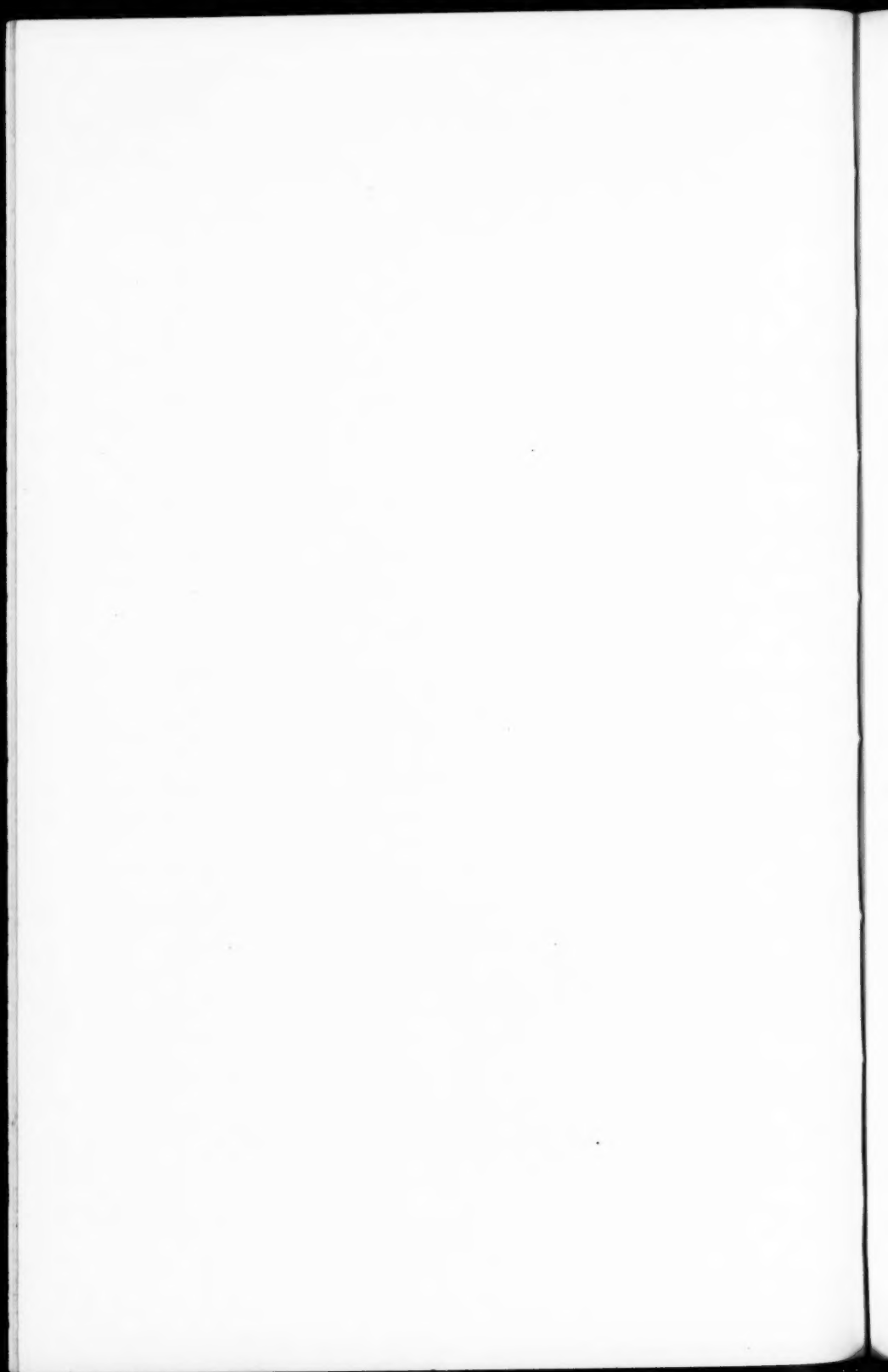
An absolute belief in his power was a characteristic of the Indian medicine man or doctor. He believed in the source of that power, he conscientiously fulfilled the conditions imposed

¹Data concerning the Papago, Yuma, Menominee and Makah Indians are from unpublished material by the present writer and are used by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, also material from the Indians of British Columbia. Data concerning the Chippewa, Sioux, Ute and Tule are from similar material published by that institution.



Owl Woman, a Papago doctor who claims that she receives healing songs from spirits of the dead.

(By courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology.)



upon him, and he felt no shadow of doubt that, when he sang, the power would flow through him and benefit or cure the sick person. Too great emphasis cannot be placed upon this confidence on the part of the Indian doctor and his effort to impress it upon his patient, yet he recognised the limitation of human life. A Ute doctor said he "never began to treat a case unless he was sure he could cure it." A Papago doctor said "she could tell in one night's treatment whether the patient would recover," and an Indian doctor in British Columbia said "when I see the sick person gradually fade away and disappear and only the clothes are there, then I give up." In these instances we see the common sense of the doctor, but there are other instances in which the treatment continues until the patient dies, the songs of healing merging into those of grief.

Among Indians, as among members of the white race, there are different personalities and tastes. Many Indian doctors are quiet and dignified in manner and in their treatment of the sick, while others give frantic exhibitions of their power, even requiring that the floor of a house be taken up so they can claw the ground and act like wild men when "obsessed by their power." The latter class of men are known as "conjurers" and (using hypnotism and ventriloquism) they claim to summon wild beasts into the teepee or cause the presence of persons living far away, their voices being heard in the darkened lodge. They cause themselves to be tied with thongs and free themselves by their power, or they make the teepee rock as in a tempest although the night is calm. These men have their songs, received in dreams, and claim to cure the sick, but the present article is concerned chiefly with the more conservative members of the profession.

Every Indian doctor begins his treatment with an effort to instill confidence in the mind of his patient. He tells his dream and says his treatment is always successful, then he begins to sing, and the affirmation is continued in the words of many healing songs. For example, a Chippewa song for a person unable to walk contains these words: "You will recover; you will walk again. It is I who say it; my power is great. Through our white shell I will enable you to walk again."

The instrument used most frequently with medicine songs is the rattle, which is generally regarded as a sacred object. This character is shown by the fact that, in the sign language of the Plains tribes, the sign for rattle is the basis of all signs indicating that which is sacred. The medicine man's rattle is usually a hollow receptacle containing small pebbles, shot or bits

of clay. A gourd rattle is thus used on the desert, a small wooden receptacle among the woodland tribes, and a carved wooden rattle by tribes living on the Northwest Coast, this rattle often being carved to represent the bird from which the doctor derives his power. The persistent rhythm of the drum or rattle is a sort of background, against which the peculiar rhythm of the healing song stands in relief. This instrumental rhythm is usually rapid and without accents although it was said among the Papago that the rhythm of the rattle must be in accordance with the instructions received by the doctor in his dream. Some doctors are accustomed to shake the rattle four times sharply before they begin to sing, while others give a long "roll" or tremolo, changing to an even rhythm of the rattle when they begin to sing and continuing this to the end of the song. Two strokes of the rattle are usually given in the time of one quarter-note of the melody, these strokes being of equal force.

In some tribes the doctor gives material remedies and sings to make them effective, while in others he depends entirely on his power and songs, giving no remedies. Every family has a supply of herbs for minor ailments and it is understood that a doctor is called only for serious illness. In some tribes the doctor makes the diagnosis, but in other tribes there is a special class of men who are consulted first and who have the responsibility for the case. Thus a Papago Indian suffering from boils on the neck might go to a diagnostician who would say "Your trouble is caused by the jack-rabbit. You must go to So-and-so, who knows the songs given by the jack-rabbit for such cases." Other diseases were said to be caused by the quail, badger or deer and were treated with songs given by those animals. If the patient did not improve he went back to the diagnostician, who said he must be suffering from two sorts of disease and must find a man who knew the other sort of songs. Among the Menominee a diagnostician decides whether the sick person shall be treated by an herb doctor or by a conjuror, which suggests a discrimination between organic and nervous disorders. It is interesting to note that a Yuma doctor makes his diagnosis, in part, by laying his hand on the patient's flesh and waiting until he "gets a certain sensation in the palm of his hand," after which he moves it to another place. Many Indian doctors place their hand over the location of a pain when singing for its cure. Night is considered the most favorable time for treating the sick and, in many tribes, a treatment is not given in the daytime unless conditions make it imperative. The night is quiet, the long hours are safe from interruption, and the calm

of nature seems to assist the doctor in his task. The owl is prominently connected with the treatment of the sick, it being said that "an Indian doctor should be like the owl, very gentle in manner and low in voice."

Health and religion are closely connected in the Chippewa and related tribes, their doctors belonging to a secret religious organization known as the Grand Medicine Society (Midewiwin) which has for its purpose the securing of long life. The words of their songs are chiefly concerning the source of their power but one contains the following words,—“We ask long life for you, that is what I myself am seeking for you.” In these tribes there appear to be no songs for definite ailments, but the doctors had a marvellous knowledge of medicinal herbs which was transmitted from one generation to another. Songs were sung when these remedies were being prepared and, often, when they were administered in order to make them effective.

The Sioux Indians used herb remedies for the sick but had songs for different ailments. Thus a person suffering from heart trouble was given a decoction of loco weed and a song with the following words was sung as the remedy was administered:—“Something sacred you will eat, now you will walk.” The bear was supposed to reveal particularly good remedies as he has such good claws for digging roots and is himself such a strong, vigorous animal. Wild lettuce is one of the herbs whose medicinal use is said to have been revealed by the bear, and when a Sioux doctor administered this herb he sang four times a song addressed to the bear calling him “father.” The words of this song are “Father, send a voice, a hard task I am having.” The recording of this song on the phonograph was interspersed with groans supposed to emanate from the patient. In studying this subject among the Chippewa and Sioux a large number of plants were obtained together with descriptions of their use, the plants being identified by Paul C. Standley of the U. S. National Herbarium. A comparison of the Indian uses of these plants with their use by the white race reveals some interesting similarities, while many herbs used by the Indians have been discontinued or never tried by the physicians of our own race.

An Indian doctor living near Chilliwack, British Columbia, said he had a song for each disease that he treated and that he gave no material remedies. He bore the name of Tasalt, inherited for many generations in his family, and was respected by both white people and Indians. He recorded the songs which he used for treating smallpox, fever, hemorrhage from the lungs, palsy

and other diseases. His power was so great that he did not forbid the weeping of relatives during his treatments. Many Indian doctors believe this "weakens the will of the patient" and retards his recovery. When Tasalt was treating a sick person, his wife sang and beat on the drum. The Indians living on the west coast of Vancouver Island, some of whose songs were recorded at Neah Bay, have an interesting society composed of women who go to a sick person and sing, or the sick person is brought to their gatherings.

Remarkable cures were related as being wrought by this singing group. The words of one of their songs are: "All the songs that follow will be as helpful and soothing as this." Another was intended to put a person to sleep.

An interesting Indian doctor known as Charlie Wilson is a member of the Yuma tribe, living near the town of that name in southern Arizona. According to the native custom he was formerly a specialist, his field being the treatment of persons suffering from gun-shot wounds in the chest with resultant hemorrhage, the patient usually being unconscious when the treatment was begun. His treatment was limited to the singing of four songs, each sung four times, the entire procedure lasting about an hour. While singing, he circled around the patient, tapped the man's head, blew in his eyes and ears, directed the song into his ears, and rested about five minutes between the renditions of the song. His first action was a rush toward the patient. He said, "When I charge toward the patient my full intention is that he shall recover consciousness. That is my feeling when I sing the first song." In each song he mentioned some living creature, saying "these respond when called and exert their power to help the sick person." The second song was intended to check the hemorrhage and in it he mentioned (or called upon) an insect believed to have power over the fluids of the body. The third song, intended to restore motion, mentioned a particularly lively insect that "hops around a great deal," and the fourth song mentioned a kind of buzzard with white bars on its wings that flies very high, often passing out of sight. It is believed this buzzard has great power and that, in addition to its own power, it exerts a power over the insects mentioned in the other songs, making them effective. The Yuma doctor said that, after singing the four songs, he "asked the sick man how he felt and the sick man had always replied that he felt better." This doctor required the relatives of the sick man to be cheerful and move about in a natural manner during the treatment.

The Indians formerly believed in a cause of disease unknown to us,—the “magic” of a sorcerer or worker of evil. His methods were said to be varied and included the placing of poison in a man’s footprints or putting evil “charms” on his person or among his belongings. The substance thus used might be an actual poison or it might be an object endowed with evil power by the medicine man. If an Indian felt that he was being thus afflicted, he consulted a doctor whose first duty was to identify the man who was working the evil. When this was done, the treatment became a contest between the “medicine power” of the good and the bad man. In old times the working of evil charms was greatly feared among the Indians, but the belief in it has practically disappeared at the present day.

An interesting comparison with the customs of northern Indians was made possible by the recording of two healing songs used by the Tule Indians of Panama. A group of these Indians was in Washington, D. C., and the writer recorded such a song in connection with a study of their music. This song is a sort of “endless melody,” soothing in character, and sung to a person suffering from headache. Another Tule song was for the treatment of sick children and another was sung by the medicine man when gathering his healing herbs. The words of all these were very poetic and were addressed either to the sick person or to the plant that was being gathered, the latter song telling the plant that it must be sure to heal the patient. These songs had a compass of only four or five tones and contained no recurrent phrases, the melody wandering in gentle rhythms with frequent sustained tones.

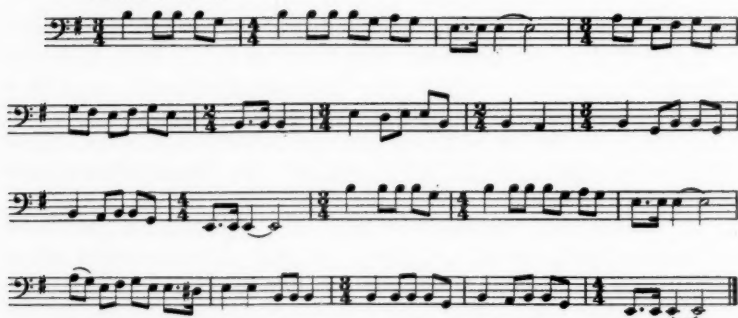
After studying the songs of many medicine men in many tribes, phonographically recorded, it is possible to make some general statements concerning them. Considering them as a whole, it appears that the intention of the medicine man is to soothe and quiet, not to stimulate the patient. The reassuring words and the quiet of the night hours in which the treatment is given would assist this end. In contrast is the noisy performance of the “conjurer” already mentioned, and the fact that the incessant beating of the drum or shaking of the rattle would not soothe a person of our own race. This observation is based on the actual structure of the melodies. Only one song is distinctly stimulating and that is a song given a man for self-treatment. It is a Chippewa song composed by a bed-ridden man who cured himself by singing it. He sent tobacco to the members of the Grand Medicine Society and asked if they could help him. In response they made him a little drum and he beat on it while he

sang this song. The words mean "In a dream I was instructed to do this."

Chippewa Healing Song

Voice ♩ : 118
 Drum ♩ : 118
 (Drum in 8th-notes)

Recorded by Odenigun



A Sioux medicine man named Brave Buffalo received a song in a dream of a wolf, and he sang it "for the cases that are worst at night." The rhythm is strong and steady yet not monotonous as triple measures are introduced at intervals during the song. The words mean "Sunrise may you behold."

Sioux Healing Song

Voice ♩ : 84
 Drum ♩ : 72
 (Drum in 8th-notes)

Recorded by Brave Buffalo



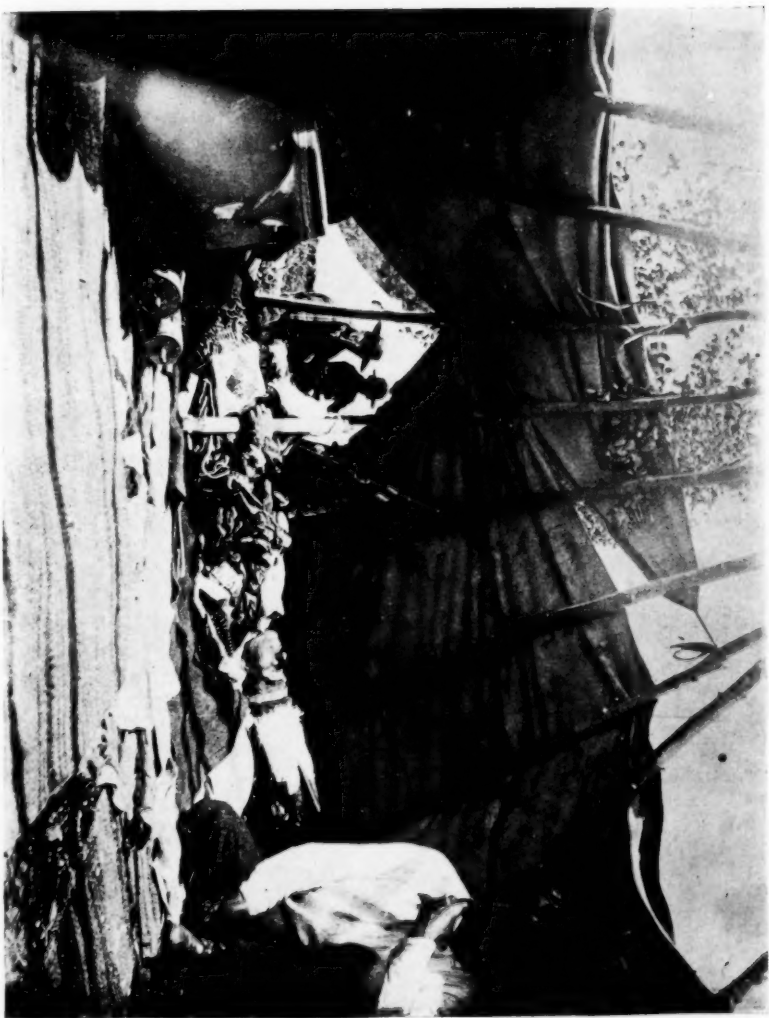
From the Menominee we have a song with the words "The Four Spirit Women in the east help me all night," referring to the treatment of the sick at that time. This was the song of a man who received his power from the Mud Turtle.

Menominee Healing Song

♩ : 60

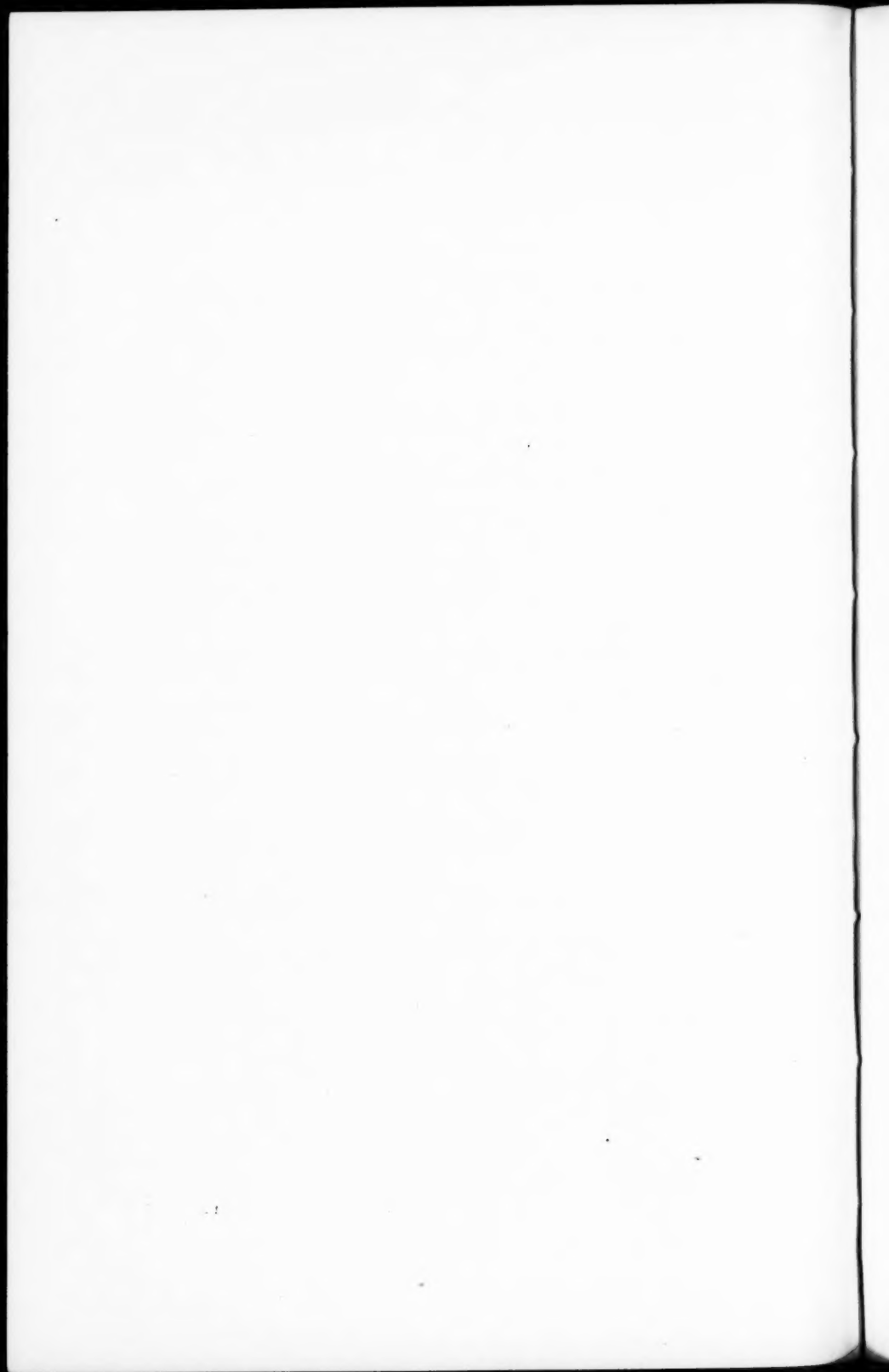


A medicine man of the Northern Ute recorded a series of nine songs which he used consecutively in treating the sick. He



Flat Mouth, Chief of Chippewa, laid out for burial.

(By courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology.)

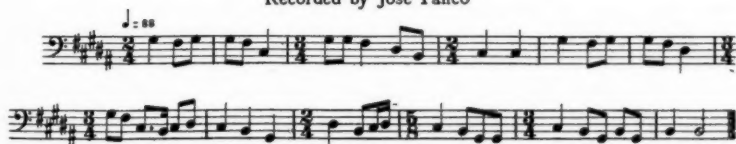


received his power from a "little green man" (dwarf) who lived in the mountains. One evening was sufficient for a cure, and he said, "I always tell the sick person that he will get well because *I know it is true.*" The chief interest of his songs lies in the sequence of keys which is as follows:—E flat major (3 songs), B flat major (3 songs), G major (3 songs). While all the tones of the key did not occur in these songs the keynote and third were clearly emphasized. The playing of these chords on the piano will show a cheering effect as they progress. With two exceptions the songs began in double-time, but, according to Indian custom, there are changes of measure-lengths.

Two songs from the Papago Indians will be presented, these Indians living near Tucson, Arizona. These are taken from a long series believed to have been given by the deer for the treatment of persons afflicted with a cough. The first is a gentle, soothing melody while the last, taken from the latter portion of the series, is animated and lively. The words are connected with the mythology of the tribe and are apart from our present interest. The words of the next song mean "Sandy Loam Fields, on top of these lands Elder Brother stands and sings. Over our heads the clouds are seen, downy white feathers gathered in a bunch."

Papago Healing Song (a)

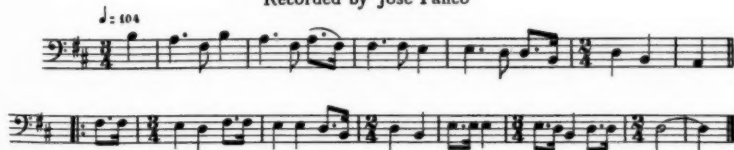
Recorded by José Panco



In the next song we have the words, "Young children trying to sing to *bahwi* flowers. How can they sing to *bahwi* flowers and bring rain?"

Papago Healing Song (b)

Recorded by José Panco

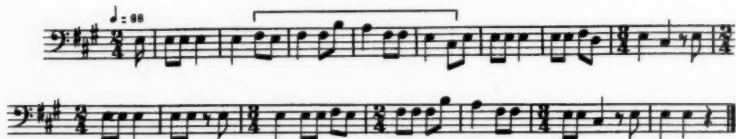


Charlie Wilson, the Yuma medicine man, and his four songs have already been described. The first of these songs is in the

key of F major and the last three are in the key of A major, an interesting sequence of keys. The characteristic of these songs is a rhythmic phrase which occurs in them all and is indicated by a bracket in the transcription. Instead of being a short, set melody, each of these songs is so extended that it is impossible to state exactly where repetitions of the melody begin, on the phonograph record. The transcription is from the fourth song which mentions the mighty soaring buzzard.

Yuma Healing Song (middle portion)

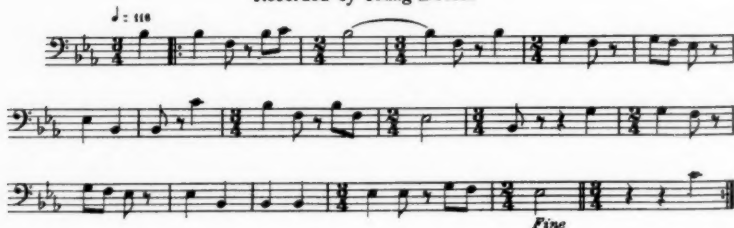
Recorded by Charlie Wilson



The final song of this group is from the Makah, a tribe living near the end of Cape Flattery, in Washington. They are seafaring people and, in the old days, were accounted the most expert whalers on the coast. This song belonged to Santiano who died many years ago, and it was recorded by one of his friends, a hale old man who told many wonderful tales of Santiano and his power. If the condition of the patient were not serious, Santiano sang alone and one or two songs were usually sufficient to relieve the sick person, but in cases of very serious illness he wanted the relatives and friends to sing with him, thus adding their power to his own. Santiano treated all sorts of illnesses by singing and the exercise of his power, giving no material remedies. This song was inherited by Santiano from a relative who received it from the East Wind. The words are in a mysterious language called a "dream language," understood only by the person who received the dream but perpetuated with the melody. Such words are carefully learned by rote, with no attempt at an understanding of their meaning.

Makah Healing Song

Recorded by Young Doctor



A prominent thinker once asked, "Is it not the purpose of all primitive music to produce some form of hypnosis?" Without attempting to answer that question, we note that the Indian doctor sings songs with peculiar rhythms, often containing recurrent phrases that would tend to attract and hold the attention of the patient. We note also the soothing, gentle character of many healing songs when separated from the native manner of rendition and shown in musical notation. From information accompanying these songs it appears that the purpose of the medicine man was to remove discomfort, after which the sick person was expected to go to sleep. The means used in many instances are repellent to our thought and unnecessary to describe in a consideration of the music.

Whatever may be our opinion of the Indian doctor we must admit that the Indians were a particularly healthy race and that the use of songs instead of herb-tea was not wholly at variance with the trend of therapeutics at the present time.

BIZET AND SPANISH MUSIC

By JULIEN TIERSOT¹

CARMEN, the work of a musician born in Paris, composed on the novel of a Parisian author, adapted for the Opéra-Comique by Meilhac and Halévy (names that save the necessity of asking whether these authors are "good Parisians"!) has for half a century enjoyed the prestige of disseminating throughout the world the spirit of Spanish music. M. Raoul Laparra, a "Hispanizing" musician recently said: "*Carmen* came; its sun dazzled, insolent of aspect. . . . Bizet's work has powerfully set forth one of the features of typically Spanish music." Need we likewise recall the boldly expressed opinion of Nietzsche, who saw in *Carmen* the emanation of Mediterranean music, recognizing therein "the *limpidezza* of sunny lands," and feeling "its southern sensibility, brazen, ardent—a truly African gayety"? How could it be that a young artist who had never left Paris and its environs except to dwell in Italy for the period required by the *prix de Rome*, and returned thence in haste, bent solely on "making a career," should have written a work whose art has an effect of such intensity and immediacy?

Certain it is that Bizet possessed a genius especially fitted for assimilating the accents peculiar to peoples with whom he himself had no affinity. His music to *l'Arlésienne* is thoroughly Provençal—and this result is not due simply to the fact that the theme of an ancient Noël and the melody of a dance from the time of King René were utilized, for there exudes from the work as a whole a savor of the soil that emanates from each of its parts. And yet Bizet had never been in Provence, except merely to pass through by rail. As for Spain, he never went near it.

It was, therefore, out of the workings of his unaided imagination, probably vivified by reading other than of Prosper Mérimée, that he was able to endue himself for the time being with a Spanish soul. With regard to the musical forms, he could not invent them. From what sources, then, could he have drawn his models? This is what we shall try to find out.

First of all, here is a trace of documentary evidence which, slight though it be, is possibly not to be despised.

¹Written for the fiftieth anniversary of the first representation of *Carmen* (March 3, 1875) and first published in *Le Ménestrel*, 1925.

In the library of the Conservatoire there was formerly an old employee well-known to those who frequented the place some thirty years ago and long before. In his official relations with so many masters who applied to him for books, he had hit upon the idea of making a little collection, of quite original sort, of musicians' autographs; when a "prix de Rome," or a virtuoso in vogue, or a successful singer, came to consult some book in the library, he set aside the application-slip then made out, and thus found himself in possession of specimens of handwriting and signatures forming a collection not bereft of interest. He showed them to me one day; among them was a slip that bore something more than a name and a title, for on it was written an entire phrase, a veritable bit of correspondence. In a somewhat crabbed but quite familiar hand I read a sentence to this effect:

I request a list of the collections of Spanish songs in the possession of the Library.

(Signed) Bizet.

Je demande communication des recueils de chansons espagnoles que possède la Bibliothèque.

(Signé) Bizet.

What collections of Spanish folk-songs could have been laid before Bizet? There could have been but few in France before 1875. The only one with which he might have become acquainted in the library of the Conservatoire at the time when he was writing *Carmen* was one which had already been published in 1872, under the title of "Echos d'Espagne."

This work, compiled to give dilettanti an idea of the divers varieties of Spanish songs, answers that purpose fairly well. Certain criticisms might be made as regards details of presentation—sweetening of melodies, reduction of the notation to formulas, some piano-accompaniments lacking in character and obsolete in style, but it must be acknowledged that the choice of songs is interesting, generally judicious, and sufficiently sincere. There may be found specimens of the different species of folk-dances in Spain: Seguidillas, Boleros, Tirañas, Habaneras, an admirable Malagueña of astonishing freedom in form and vocal flexibility, the Jota Aragonesa, and a Polo, to which last we shall revert, and which already enlists our attention by reason of a remark in the Preface concerning it. "The pieces composing this collection," so it reads, "are not by known authors, with a single and

remarkable exception, the admirable Polo composed by the celebrated Garcia."

The piece itself, when its turn arrives to be placed in the collection, is accompanied by a formula authorizing its publication given by "M. Manuel Garcia (fils) et Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia."

Let us, however, without devoting more time to this point, now give our attention to the score.

After some introductory scenes which, however vivid their color may be, can pretend to be nothing more than charming French music, *Carmen* makes her entry.

It was the custom at that time that the leading lady, on her first entrance upon the stage, should begin by singing a grand aria. Bizet made no exception to this rule. All his biographers have told us that for this situation he wrote a piece concerning whose character and form most of them disagree—which is not surprising, seeing that nothing is extant of this first essay; at all events, when tested by rehearsals, its effect did not measure up to the author's intentions or to those of its interpreter, Galli-Marié; so it had to be rewritten. The story goes that Bizet rewrote it some thirty times, without satisfying the cantatrice. Is the authenticity of the anecdote beyond a doubt? I cannot help thinking that it has done duty in other times and places. For example, it was said that Mozart, while composing *Don Giovanni*, was obliged to rewrite the duo "*Là ci darem la mano*" countless times because the baritone could not be satisfied. The trouble is that the autograph score shows no trace whatever of such a *rifacimento*; that the number is perfectly in place therein, and bears no marks of intercalation, erasure, or overpasting; Mozart, therefore, composed it the first day as it now stands, and never changed it in the least. Does not this also apply to *Carmen*? That should be investigated. But Bizet's manuscript is not known to us, and I do not find that it has been studied by any biographer. I will merely state the fact that a reminiscence of *Carmen's* entrance-aria—no less than twenty-five measures—is brought in at the act-close, at the moment when the *enfant de Bohème* throws off her fetters and escapes; so it must be admitted, in case this form of the aria was adopted as a last resort, that the end of the act, an excellent bit of stageplay, was likewise revised—and that seems quite improbable. In short, without dilating on Bizet's more or less well-founded hesitations, let us hold fast to the actual fact—that he put in the mouth of *Carmen*, for her entrance-aria, a song that he conceived to be of Spanish origin.

In the score the number is entitled "Habanera." We are referred to the foot of the page, where we read: "Imitated from a Spanish song. Property of the editors of *Le Ménestrel*."

According to the traditions noted above, Bizet, while occupied in composing his work, heard a lady sing this melody, which struck him as well suited for his purpose; he jotted it down, harmonized it and orchestrated it in his own fashion, and had French words fitted to it; and, thanks to this air of exotic cast, the type of *Carmen* was fixed with the first notes. But in the course of the representations the theme was recognized; it was not a folk-song, but a romance by a fully identified contemporary author—Yradier.

Others have had a similar misadventure. At that period much thought was given to the picturesque in music, but on that subject not a few wrong notions were current. In particular, it was supposed that everything bearing this character was derived essentially from some popular and national tradition, and that it was impossible that a theme realizing this idea should be the personal product of a determinate author living among us.

Some years later than *Carmen*, Léo Delibes composed *Coppélia*. The ballet-master who was working with him sang him a dance-tune which he hastened to adopt and which had great vogue under the title of "Crakoviak." Moniuszko, on hearing it, asserted that the theme was his, and proved it.

The last movement of Lalo's *Rapsodie norvégienne* commences with a figure of well-marked contour, brilliantly brought out by the trumpet. Lalo did not doubt that it was a Scandinavian dance-tune. However, when Grieg came to Paris and heard the *Rapsodie*, whose performance was expected to give him particular pleasure, he was, on the contrary, excessively irritated—for his temper was none of the best—by recognizing in this finale the theme of one of his own piano-pieces, to which Lalo had merely added a few sharps to lend it a more "genuine" color.

In truth, all things considered, the individual genius is after all most apt to create characteristic forms. It may be that, in order to do so, he must experience exterior influences, but the result is none the less invariable. It has been said that Chopin was the incarnation of the soul of Poland. This I do not dispute—far from it; but it was not by imitating the songs of the people that he assimilated the national spirit; for when we compare the Polish songs with the inspired creations of the artist, it is borne in upon us by indisputable evidence that in these latter, far rather

than in the folk-songs, the intense thrill of the national soul may be felt.

Yradier certainly does not deserve to be ranked among the masters; yet this musician of Spanish America had so absorbed the impressions of his environment that he could seize and record intonations and rhythms sufficiently different from those of European music to afford a superficial satisfaction to amateurs of exotic sensations. He was intermediary between the anonymous authors of folk-songs and the veritable creators of art. The collection of his songs, published in France as "*Fleurs d'Espagne*," appeared at just the right time; it supplied a need; and so some of the pieces it contained enjoyed, toward the end of the Second Empire, a fashionable success. Alphonse Daudet, who declared that he loved "every kind of music—the learned, the naïve, that of Beethoven, that of the Spaniards of the rue Taitbout . . . folk-songs, the tambourine, the zigzag bowings of the Gypsies," was peculiarly disposed to accept this fad. One of his first romances, "*Fromont jeune et Risler aîné*," is intertwined from beginning to end with the refrain "*Ay Chiquita!*" by which he characterizes a person of fairly stupid sensuality; he found it in the Yradier collection. Bizet, his collaborator on *l'Arlésienne*, cannot be acquitted of yielding, in a measure, to this influence.

He could, therefore, without fear of miscarriage, introduce this song into *Carmen*; and, in fact, the result did not prove him wrong, because, from a "theatrical" point of view, his intercalation was effective. Besides, Bizet did not limit himself to copying the melody literally, and we have also been apprised that he obtained it through oral tradition, freely transmitted. All in all, as far as color and movement are concerned, the Habanera is well placed where Bizet set it. But if there were nothing else Spanish in *Carmen*, the work would not have merited the good name that it rightly enjoys.

It is in the following pages of the score that we must seek out, primarily, the traces of this essential spirit.

We shall not find them immediately, for no one could hope to discover them in the duo between Micaëla and Don José. But as soon as Carmen reappears and enters into action, the character of the music is instantly adapted to that of the personage.

The entire rôle of Carmen in this first act consists in singing songs. Arrested for an offense committed outside the scene, she outfaces the authorities, singing impertinent refrains under their very nose:

Tra la la la la la la la!
 Coupe-moi, brûle-moi, je ne te dirai rien. . . .
 Je brave tout: le feu, le fer et le ciel même.
 Tra la la la la la la la!
 Mon secret, je le garde et je le garde bien. . . .
 J'en aime un autre et meurs en disant que je l'aime.

Think you that these lines were drawn by Meilhac and Halévy from their own inspiration as the authors of *La Belle Hélène*? Should you have a remnant of doubt in the matter, you have only to consult the book by Prosper Mérimée himself that contains *Carmen*; you will then find the translation of a poem in dialogue by Pushkin, "Les Bohémiens," in which one of the characters, a woman, sings thus:

Vieux jaloux, méchant jaloux, coupe-moi, brûle-moi, je ne dirai rien. . . . J'en aime un autre; tu ne sauras pas son nom. . . .

After all, Bizet was not the first musician who knew the words of this Gypsy song. Liszt, in his essay "Des Bohémiens et de leur Musique en Hongrie," had already cited it, again following Pushkin, finding therein structural analogies with what Byron called "A Tale," and giving a translation of it much like that of Mérimée:

Vieux époux, barbare époux,—égorge-moi, brûle-moi—je suis endurante, je ne crains ni le fer ni le feu.

Je te hais, je te méprise.—C'est un autre que j'aime, et je meurs en l'aimant.

The music to which Bizet set these little couplets—*coblas*, one would say, if one had to do with a Spanish song—ingenuously expresses their spirit. Its ternary movement is in full accord with what we know of the ordinary rhythm of Spanish music. . . . This rhythm is still more insistently employed in the developed song-number that follows after—the Seguidilla "Près des remparts de Séville," which is in admirable style, and which, at first hearing, gives a vivid impression of Spanish song, in all respects far superior to the Habanera.

But what is the basis for this impression, and how much do the themes of these two numbers owe to folk-song? In order to form a clear idea, we must return to the "Échos d'Espagne," whence Bizet derived his patterns.

The songs he found there offer few varieties of type, and some of them much resemble each other. First there is a series of Seguidillas, then come Boleros, both of these in ternary time and moderate movement. More rapid, although not very animated,

are the *Tiranas*, written in 3-4 time. Two *Habaneras* are in binary rhythm, the triplet on the first beat alternating with two eighth-notes on the second—the characteristic rhythm of this hybrid type, already familiar to us in *Carmen's* entrance-song. The *Habanera*, however, as its name implies, is not a pure Spanish song. We return to more genuinely indigenous specimens with some *Rondeñas*, and the *Polo* that finishes the series, whose movement is swifter (in 3-8 time), with a formula for the accompaniment derived from the guitar, in uniform rhythm and a tonality which, we would also remark, is generally that of the minor key based on the dominant. The *Malagueña*, the fine freedom of which was noted above, presents the same modal peculiarity. And we have a half-score of *Jotas*, a very lively dance in major, whose principal instrumental theme, alternating with the vocal parts, is nearly the same throughout, the rhythm again being 3-8.—The patriotic songs ending the collection are negligible, being quite unrelated to the folk-songs of Spain.

What we have found out concerning these songs during the fifty years that separate us from Bizet has furnished us with interesting side-lights, especially with regard to the rôle of the guitar in folk-song. This rôle is almost more important than that of the voices. The instrument not simply accompanies the melody, but sets and reinforces the rhythm of the dance either by appropriate figures or by chords that are always pretty much the same, truth to tell, being formed essentially by the repetition of notes struck on the open strings; these chords support the figurations of the chanterelle, as well as those of the voice, but their peculiar function is to mark the rhythm and, never stopping, to form a solid ground for the ensemble of the musical structure. As for the melody, properly so-called, that is brought in only from time to time in concise phrases, variations of two short melody-lines; when the voice pauses the guitar goes on without a moment's interruption; then the vocal air again returns to float upon the instrumental stream, and so onward to the end. Sometimes, too, the voice pours out long roudades that seem almost independent (at least with respect to rhythm) of what one hears from the instrument; nevertheless, despite this seeming freedom, it invariably chimes in at the right instant and when the voice finally stops the instrument does not delay its own conclusion.

Bizet knew nothing of these forms, so different from all that was familiar to France at his time. So we find, in *Carmen*, none of these vocal embroideries sung by women seated around the dance-hall, accompanied by guitars and rhythmized by hand-clapping;—

such as, without leaving Paris, we have been able to hear on certain occasions, when troupes of Spaniards came hither to exhibit the dances and games of their country. Still, what information he possessed enabled him to lay hold of some important melodic and rhythmic features, and these he assimilated excellently; his intuition did the rest. First of all he grasped the fact that all this Spanish music is in ternary rhythm. For us this fact has been confirmed by learned works written by modern masters native to the Peninsula; whether the product of learning or of instinct, all their music follows this type. The French artist conformed thereto, so it would seem, without effort; nature was his sole guide. Borrowing—as he likewise did—the characteristic rhythm of the Spanish songs, with certain peculiar intonations, he was able to write songs of striking verisimilitude, for the end of the first act. Nevertheless, on closer examination, one can see without difficulty that nothing is more remote from the popular tonality than, for example, the *Seguidilla*, so rich in harmony, whose supple contour rests upon a series of modulations that change the tonality with nearly every measure. The inventive genius of the well-trained musician, together with his profound penetration of the folk-soul whereof he made himself the harmonious interpreter, thus combined in the realization of a creation at once objective and subjective—a result equally happy from either point of view.

The remainder of the score, with all that it contains of color and intense life, confirms these conclusions beyond the shadow of a doubt.

A more realistic interpretation of the scene of the *posada* would have offered us the spectacle of Spanish dances with an accompaniment of vocal arabesques and guitars; instead, we have Bizet's music; and yet, despite all differences, it creates an illusion of reality and life by the animation of its rhythm, the brilliancy of its themes and resonance, and, above all, by its vital fire. The song of the "Dragon d'Alcala" is not at all Spanish, neither is it popular in form; but, vivid in color, spirited, robust, it is well calculated to fill the place of a soldierly song such as a real brigadier would have sung on his way to meet his sweetheart. And then, in the duo between Carmen and Don José, Bizet resolutely casts his models aside; were it not for the castanets, Carmen's dance would afford no hint of the locality in which the action passes; here the music even forgoes its favorite ternary measure. It is, therefore, the dance "in itself" that this scene presents; and, as moulded like the rest by Bizet's genius, its homogeneity with the ensemble is perfect; the warm and vivifying atmosphere of the

South never fails to make itself felt.—Similarly in the third act, where one does not hear the least refrain of the smugglers' song; Bizet, not knowing any such, did not care to invent one merely to "show off." As for the fourth act, in the final duo he offers us a powerful résumé of this tissue of qualities, condensed in a number whose very exteriority is due solely to the wholly subjective invention of the author.

However, at the beginning of this last act, there is a purely orchestral number quite outside the action, which, by reason of its musical character, largely contributes to create the sense of local color wherein the entire progress of the work is bathed. Its heading is simply "Entr'acte." A long time ago I remarked that its theme is so strongly impregnated by the character of the Spanish dances that (as I said) "one might hesitate to believe that Bizet composed it." A more thorough examination has made it possible for me to segregate what the composer owes to foreign models.

We know that, for his acquaintance with Spanish folk-songs, Bizet never had any other means of information besides that offered by the collection of "Échos d'Espagne." Let us reëxamine it. In the series of Rondeñas we have already noted the constant phenomenon of an obstinate 3-8 rhythm, whose formula is first proposed by arpeggio'd chords on the guitar, in eighths, touching alternatively the notes of the dominant chord and those of the tonic, the former enjoying a preponderance which it maintains down to and including the last measure. At the end of this instrumental prelude a nasal song enters to hover over the supporting harmonies, descending degree by degree until it in turn recedes to the lower dominant.

The most characteristic of these songs is the one terminating the series under the title of "Polo." As observed above, a foot-note explains that it was taken from an opera by Manuel Garcia, *El Poeta calculista*. The notation as given in the collection might suffice us, and it would be permissible to accept the information afforded with confidence. But would it not be better if we could verify its correctness by consulting the work in question?

And, first of all, what is this *Poeta calculista*?

The title, at least, of the work is not unknown; artists' repertoires, biographies of Garcia, and histories of Spanish music, mention it as that of a tonadilla composed at Madrid in 1805. Garcia was then thirty, and had never been outside of Spain. A musician by instinct, having also profited from childhood by every opportunity that offered for the cultivation of his gifts, he had

won precocious successes as a singer and, at the same time, as a composer.

From the eighteenth century onward, the tonadilla had had great vogue in Spain. Both in form and spirit the works of this genre appear to have been a variety of those intermezzi of the Italian bouffons which have played their part in history. It may be, however, that they were in no wise derived from these latter, and were themselves the continuation and development of a national tradition; the employ of intermezzi was as wide-spread on the early Spanish stage as on the Italian. But, above all, the tonadillas possess a character and an accent quite peculiar to themselves. Their poetical texts depict familiar personages, like those of the bouffons, but which, being national types, present themselves in a different aspect and light. Their music is made up of songs, and, although composers of greater or less renown have attached their names to them, it is easy to believe that the use of popular melodies and dances was not forbidden.

All Garcia's youth was passed in composing and singing these little works. Among them is listed *El Poeta calculista*, produced at Madrid in 1805. It is distinguished by a decidedly rare peculiarity. The tonadillas are usually pieces in one act and for two characters, occasionally more; *El Poeta calculista* has but one. It is, therefore, a monologue, a monodrama—"unipersonal" (so it reads in the title). *Nota bene*, Garcia wrote it for himself. When, a short time after the above date, he decided to leave his native land and seek his fortune in Paris, he did not hesitate to present himself in this very work, and won brilliant success in it (1809). Fétis and Castil-Blaze, his contemporaries, agree in attesting the enthusiasm he awakened by "this Spanish music, the first that has been heard in Paris.—Four numbers repeated at the first representation, later five. A duo for tenor and soprano, in which Garcia sang both parts."—A success resulting in such exigent demands on the part of the public was well calculated to exhaust the singer; after several performances he was obliged to renounce further repetitions of this all too triumphant achievement.

One of the numbers was the song "Yo che son contrabandista," which one of the authors above cited calls a "fameux air," while another states that it had become popular all over Spain. It is the very one we are looking for.

What shall we do to find it? The works of Garcia's youth, still in manuscript, are difficult to get at, and even in Spain it is readily asserted that they are lost.

However, we need not go so far afield to discover the song in question; the autograph manuscripts of Garcia are with us here in Paris. They were kept in the family by his daughter, Mme. Viardot, until her death; at this juncture her heirs, fearing the dispersion of a divided inheritance, adopted the sensible plan of donating them to the Library of the Conservatoire, which already owed to the generosity of Mme. Viardot its most precious treasure—the autograph manuscript of *Don Giovanni*.

In the Library the collection of Garcia's works is not quite complete. But, fortunately for our quest, *El Poeta calculista* does happen to be contained in one of the volumes. The score, whose title-page comprises author's name, subtitle, and date: "Unipersonal . . . par Manoel Garcia. En Madrid, Año del Señor 1804," is written on a stitched fascicle of oblong paper (which does not comprise the entire volume), and consists of twelve numbers; some are indicated only by their tempo (*Allegro non tanto*, *Largueto* [sic]), others bear characteristic titles (Bolero, Caballo, even Polaca). No. 5, Caballo, is, as its first line indicates, the one that forms the object of our research. We have now to quote its essential features.

It starts with an orchestral prelude that faithfully reproduces the Spanish rhythm whose prevalence we have already noted:



This figure is repeated eight times in succession, at first in its naked simplicity, then accompanied by some notes in various instruments. The reverse arpeggio of the first chord, beginning above on the note *B*, descends from octave to octave till it touches the low dominant, *E*. After these nineteen measures, the vocal melody enters, here are the first two lines:



With each measure, the bass constantly marks the dominant *E*.

The ritornello (abbreviated) recommences after the twice repeated exposition of the melody; then comes a modulation to the relative major, with this undulating figure in the voice-part:



The development proceeds normally, with the return to the principal key and the usual reprises. The voice carries its vocalises into a high pitch, then falling, in two reprises, to the dominant, while the instrumental accompaniment obstinately repeats its arpeggio, stopping on the same degree with a chord across all the strings.

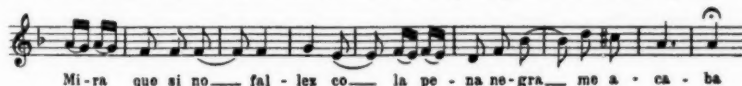
Now let us return to the work, the mention of which induced us to undertake this research. And we have merely to state that—this is not at all the one we want! There are, doubtless, analogies in form and spirit between the Polo given in the “Échos d’Espagne” and this Caballo which was said to be a copy of it; but all the same it is not the same piece. An authoritative allegation, forsooth!

However, it will not do to abandon the trail, and we shall see why directly. While waiting, here is another that may possibly bring us nearer to the goal. The “Échos d’Espagne” referred us to the *El Poeta calculista*. More recent information tells (not less vaguely) of another work by this same Garcia, *El Criado fingido*; likewise a tonadilla, and written a year earlier than the one we have occupied ourselves with. Less fortunately, the score has never been discovered, and so it does not figure among the collection of Garcia autographs. Nevertheless, we are not wholly without information regarding it, or at least regarding the number that interests us. A modern historian of Spanish music, Raphael Mitjana, having studied the tonadillas of Garcia, had occasion to transcribe the Serenade in this *Criado fingido*, and thus afforded us an opportunity of examining this fragment of the work. The piece bears a singular resemblance, in places, to the Caballo in *El Poeta calculista*. Furthermore, and this touches us yet more nearly, it is the identical music of the Polo as given in the “Échos d’Espagne” and known to Bizet.

It begins with the same instrumental chords in guitar-style, based on the dominant, which the preceding piece had shown us to be the customary procedure. The vocal melody speedily enters in similar 3-8 time:



A second motive, in the relative major, presents this figure:



Further on appears this ornament in legato notes:



Less developed than the preceding one, this song, after leaving a continuing impression of minor vocalization based on the dominant, halts abruptly on the tonic—an inopportune ending, whose platitude is deceptive. The version in the “Échos d’Espagne” did not lapse into this error; it conforms to the modality of Spanish folk-song as authenticated by nearly all the other documents.

Before attempting to draw, from these divers collations, our conclusions concerning the Entr’acte in *Carmen*, I should like to offer a few more observations.

Whence do these Spanish folk-songs derive their highly characteristic physiognomy? First of all, from that *je ne sais quoi* that distinguishes the spirit of various races—a something whereof it is often not easy to discern the ultimate source; but also from particular forms all the easier to define here because they recur in almost identical shape in all songs of a given type. We have already noted most of them as the analyses progressed. To begin with, the uniformity of ternary rhythm, which, in the last examples we studied, narrows down to a rapid 3-8 time with the simple eighth-note as a rhythmic unit. From this a steady, vigorous rhythm is spontaneously evolved. Then there is the constant employment of the same instrumental figure, a guitar-accompaniment in equal notes touching alternately the arpeggios of two chords, the tonic and dominant. Lastly, and chiefly, the preponderance of this latter degree. This important peculiarity in modal structure would seem to confirm the hypothesis of the Moorish origin of this music, music still prevalent in all the southern provinces of Spain.

In the natural division of the octave into two parts apparently unequal, although they are in reality only the two halves of the same whole, the tonic is felt by us occidentals to be the master-note, the foundation of the entire harmonic structure. Otherwise the orientals; most of their sonorous aggregations throw into strongest relief the note set a fifth above our tonic; and this note becomes the tonal centre to which all the other notes gravitate. It is persistently repeated in their songs, either by the voice or in the chords of the guitar; upon it rests the finale, the conclusion. Why should it not be thus? Theoretically, the note placed in the

centre of the octave is as important as the one at either extremity. It is also lawful, in marshalling the tones, to take it as point of departure or of closing. This being so, it is time wasted to seek in the repertory of rare and learned terms after horrendous words to distinguish these tonalities—words of imposing sound, but which (supposing one understands them at all) frequently serve only to propagate wrong ideas. Consequently, we shall not designate the modes of Spanish music as “Dorian” or by any other term borrowed from Greek or Gregorian music; the vocabulary of modern music suffices. These melodies are simply conceived in the minor mode, wherein the attraction of the leading-note is especially imperious; moreover, we can assert that their scale is based on the dominant, for this note has a marked supremacy both in the development and the conclusion, this latter being accomplished on the chord of the dominant, note of the tonic—what the treatises on harmony call the semicadence (half-close) in opposition to the full cadence (perfect close). This peculiarity suffices to bring out the diversity in physiognomy; and because of it the Spanish songs possess a character other than that of other Latin regions which have never been subjected to the same remote influences.

This study prompts us to bring forward yet another observation. We undertook our investigation thinking that we should discover in the folk-songs the secret of the Spanish character of Bizet's music; and behold, in the two cases that have just presented themselves we had to do only with music by Garcia. Now, is it a fact that he was the author of the two songs of which the extracts above noted have revealed the characteristic aspect?

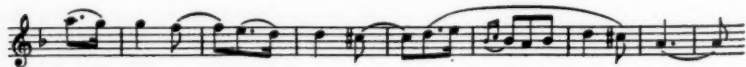
At the outset we should remark that Garcia, when these works were written, was merely a popular musician, whereas he was later to become, as a singer, the protagonist of a great school of art. Of obscure birth, and brought up in Seville, it is said that Gypsy blood ran in his veins. He had not yet emerged from the environment to which he was bound by atavistic ties, when he composed the tonadillas for his own singing. Properly speaking, these works belonged to the domain of popular art. Their authors were undoubtedly musicians of only slight cultivation; but, composed for the people, they naturally moulded themselves in popular style, and it is easy to imagine that the airs sung on the streets would find admission to them just as our *pont-neufs* did into the early French comedy-operas. Might not this have been the case with the songs that Garcia sang so well, and with which he won triumphs attested by the applause of the populace?

Fétis, whose article on Garcia in his "Biographie des Musiciens" may be described as a continuous eulogy, writes on this very question of *El Poeta calculista*, "It is in this that was intercalated the famous song since become popular throughout Spain: 'Yo che son contrabandista.' His authorship of this original melody has been contested, but wrongfully, for he really composed it."—Here we have a magnificent affirmation which appears, however, quite bare of proof. This contest over the authorship shows, at the very least, that it was said, in Spain, that this number was an intercalated folk-song. Those who said so were in a better position to know, than Fétis.

The other number—the Serenade in *El Criado fingido*—was still more widely known; we have testimony to this effect in its presence in the collection published in France fifty years ago, and it has turned up recently in other collections of Spanish songs.

Indeed, the two songs so greatly resemble each other that it was possible, as we have seen, to mistake the one for the other. The fact is that, on comparing them, one is inclined to consider them two variants of the same original. These two songs are not only alike in movement; they have the same theme, the same basic weft, the same rhythm, the same forms of accompaniment, the same particular tonality; and all these are true attributes of Spanish folk-song. Would you dwell on the differences to be found between the entrance-points of the vocal parts? That is a very small matter, and if Garcia's rôle in the composition was confined to them, we can say that his part in the invention was infinitesimal. The two vocal motives, derived from the harmony, and both decidedly weak as to characterization, are not "creations"; they can be considered only as variations of one and the same harmonic theme; what they are they owe to the folk-spirit that begot them.

Now, Bizet went to work in precisely the same manner when he composed the Entr'acte in *Carmen*. Possessing himself of the same basic weft that Garcia had embroidered, taken from the above-mentioned source, he composed upon it a new variation—and how vastly superior! Compare the last-noted theme of the Polo with this theme of the orchestral number in *Carmen*:



The general movement, the gait, the cadence, all these are similar; but the invention of Bizet has a singularly greater amplitude.

Beneath this phrase, nasally intoned by the oboes, the violins, imitating the guitar, pick their three-eighths to the measure on the dominant and tonic chords, the former predominating as in the authentic models. The subordinate figurations gleaned from the songs are utilized in forming ingenious and animated designs. Even the general aspect is similar in the Spanish songs and in the French number. Yet this latter is not a transcription pure and simple. Pursuing without pause its chords, always the same, the great guitar constituted by the ensemble of the stringed instruments ends its *pizzicato ostinato* by the obligatory fall to the dominant—an ending which, by its derangement of convention dear to the public, is no doubt the cause that the number has never been applauded. But the artist's conscience imposed this ending upon him; and this conclusion of the musical development contributes mightily—though many auditors are quite unconscious of the fact—to fastening upon us the impression of this exotic environment and of this national life whose evocation forms the chief charm of *Carmen*.

Others besides Bizet, seduced in their turn by the color, the movement, the picturesqueness of Spain, have likewise sought to combine their expression in musical tableaux;—Chabrier, with his *España*, shimmering with reddish yellow gleams; Rimsky-Korsakoff, already in advance of his compatriot, Glinka; nearer to us, Debussy, Ravel, Laparra, not to speak of the Spaniards themselves. Such is the wealth of art-material in this land, whose resources are as inexhaustible as its attraction is irresistible. To it Bizet gave himself heart and soul. Though he had never visited Spain, he knew it through keenest intuition—he divined it. This constitutes no mean addition to his merit; and it is thanks to this intimate, though physically remote, emotional experience that *Carmen* possesses the vitality which has made it the most widely known French work in the world of to-day.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF SACRED MUSIC IN FRANCE

By ANDRÉ CŒUROY

IN one of the last articles he wrote (*Souvenirs*, in "La Revue Musicale," Oct., 1922), Gabriel Fauré asks what is to be understood by the term "Sacred Music."

The music we hear daily in the churches often provokes severe criticism. On the other hand, there are certain choir-schools in Paris and the provinces that signalize themselves by the performance of works truly worthy of their destination. This superiority, however, is not conclusive for everybody. Some composition of lofty conception and pure in style may seem, according to individual opinion, replete with or lacking in religious sentiment. What music is sacred? What music is not? The attempt to settle the question is hazardous, considering that however profoundly sincere a musician's religious feeling may be, he will express it through his personal impressionability, and not according to laws that cannot be precisely formulated. Any classification in this sphere of ideas has always struck me as arbitrary. Would it be affirmed, for example, that certain sacred works of César Franck's, among those of loftiest inspiration wherein one feels the wafting of seraphic wings, are (precisely because of their suavity) absolutely free from sensuality? Conversely, in Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, has not the child-voice soaring upward alone in the chant "Gloria in excelsis Deo" an effect of wondrous purity? And because, in this same Mass, the text of the *Agnus Dei* inspired him to accents of ineffable tenderness, shall it be said that Gounod profaned that text?—If I have cited the example of these two great musicians, it is because the religious style of either has so often been contrasted with that of the other, and also in an endeavor to demonstrate that when we have to do with works truly musical and beautiful, it is fairly impossible to point out the distinction between those that are sacred and those that "smell of brimstone."

Should we consider only such works as were intended for the church, and among these works those whose style and sentiment might decently be termed "religious," we should risk reaping a meagre harvest. Since the Renaissance, Catholic faith has not always very happily inspired our musicians. It has never been wholly able, when enlisting the aid of music, to resist the influence of symphony or opera; it has not feared to stray (according to the harsh dictum of Vincent d'Indy in his "César Franck"), "into the shameful depths wherein live and move the so-called 'band-master' productions."

TENDENCIES OF SACRED MUSIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A remark of Reicha's in his "L'Art du Compositeur dramatique" is often quoted: "We fancy that the ancient Church music in the style of the celebrated Palestrina is not acceptable in our century. This style, wanting in musical ideas, songfulness, symmetry, grace, variety, can interest us but slightly. It should, therefore, make room for a new style."—Alas! This "new style" was too often only that of Adam's "Noël."

The early nineteenth century is very poor in sacred music worthy of the name; Cherubini has long been regarded as its last representative, together with Lesueur, with whom he in 1830 shared the functions of superintendent and composer to the chapelle of Charles X. Many, however, were the fabricators of sacred music. A mass was included among the obligatory study-pieces to be sent from Rome by winners of the *prix de Rome*. There were swarms of Te Deums, motets, canticles and oratorios, adopting the forms of the dramatic style, and far more suited to the theatre than to the church.

GOUNOD

With Gounod the point of view, despite all, remains the same. At the time when he dwelt in the Villa Medici, Fanny Mendelssohn described the youthful musician penetrated with religious exaltation (for a while he attended the Seminary at Rome). The offices of the Sixtine Chapel attracted him. At first he found the liturgical music empty ("anti-sexual," as he said); but little by little it captivated him to such a point that he tried later, though unsuccessfully, to convert Sarah Bernhardt to Catholicism. (He was more fortunate with the virtuosa Nevada, who, yielding to his urgency, was baptized in the church of the Passionist Fathers, avenue Hoche.)

Allured from his youth by the religious type, Gounod studied Palestrina and Bach, wrote sacred compositions, and accumulated material that he utilized till the end of his career. The number of his sacred works is considerable, but the religious art of Gounod is too often worldly. Divine love found, in him, no other mode of expression than profane love. But it would be too unjust to judge him by his *Ave Maria*. This so sadly decried piece has an excuse—it was not intended as sacred music. Seduced by the lines of Lamartine:

Le livre de la vie est le livre suprême. . . .

On voudrait le fixer à la page où l'on aime.

(The book of life all other books is far above:

We fain would linger on the pages where we love.)

which Gounod thought might touch the heart of Rosalie Philidor (granddaughter of the musician), to whom he felt himself inclined, he adapted them to the music of Bach's Prelude. Fearing trouble, the young lady's mother substituted (with some difficulty) the words of the Ave Maria for the verse of Lamartine. She showed her adaptation to Gounod, who retouched his original version so as to fit it fully to the new words.

Gounod's sacred music has been disparaged as corresponding too closely to chasubles cut *à la* violin-case. For all that, he had long cherished ideas of his own about it. It was he, the adorer of Mozart, who wrote in 1841:

I have heard Mozart's *Requiem*, which I find very beautiful as music by Mozart, but very much less beautiful as sacred music, I mean, music made for *le bon Dieu*. He speaks to Him just as he speaks to us, and in all conscience, that will not do. In that music there are phrases that have more than their hat on their head, and it is not thus that one enters into a church.

Indeed, has fair judgment ever been rendered with regard to the real effort made by Gounod to approach early tradition? The numerous Italian, Spanish and American bishops who have interdicted his works in a body for their churches, as too theatrical, might have made some exceptions: the *Messe de Jeanne d'Arc*, the four-part *Ave Regina*, the motets of the *Seven Last Words*, and the posthumous masses. The fact has not been sufficiently considered, that he sincerely desired a return to simple and truly religious music. When Bordes, in 1892, announced the publication of an *Anthologie des Maîtres religieux primitifs*, he sent in his subscription with a letter saying:

As a matter of course you will inscribe me among the subscribers to this interesting and *salutary* publication; it is time that the standard of liturgical Art should replace in our churches that of the profane cantilena, and that the *musical Fresco* should proscribe all the marsh-mallows of Romance and all the sugarplums of piety that have too long been spoiling our stomachs.

Of a truth, Gounod himself was not averse to spoiling our stomachs with sugarplums of his own make. But, in proportion as he detached himself from the stage, he made an effort in the last period of his life to return to healthier traditions. He died before writing the *Salve Regina* which he had promised for the singers of Bordes, and which, he said, was to be "such as I have not yet written."

CÉSAR FRANCK

One has often asked oneself why César Franck, the most religious of modern musical creators, should have left only church-compositions that do not bear comparison even with the works of greatly inferior musicians. Why did not Franck, in his choir-loft at Ste. Clothilde, succeed in being the initiator of a renaissance?

All the commentators have remarked that his style of church-music properly so-called (period from 1858 to 1872) is inferior to his style of chamber-music or symphonic music.

Several explanations have been advanced. Charles Bordes discovered the reason in the relative ignorance of the master concerning the polyphonists of the Palestrina epoch. According to Vincent d'Indy, Franck had been constrained by reason of the poverty of musical resources at Ste. Clothilde to compose in haste the masses and motets required for celebrating the Catholic festivals! For Systermans, his romantic religiosity, his highly individual manner of radiant uplifting toward a God of goodness, light, and joy, was incapable of accommodating itself to the rigid discipline of the texts;—and this explanation is not devoid of psychological probability. The fact is, that César Franck's sacred music does not attain the effect aimed at. The musical value of the *Messe à trois voix*, in which repetitions abound, is of the second order; the Offertories, despite their fervent flashes, like the *Psalm CL*, can hardly gain a foothold in the liturgical repertory. Franck's veritable religious music is in his organ-pieces, *La Rédemption*, *Les Béatitudes*.

His organ-compositions belong to a period nearly parallel with his church-music properly so-called. They attain to a height of religious fervor akin to that of his oratorios. Franck undertook the writing of *Les Béatitudes* about 1870. He had finished the Prologue and the first Beatitude, when the war surprised him. He began the second number during the siege: "The heavens are far! the earth is dark! There shines no ray"; and soon thereafter the third: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The Beatitudes were not finished until 1879, and the first complete performance could not be arranged till two years and a half after Franck's death (by Colonne, on March 19, 1893). At intervals during the composition of the Beatitudes he wrote *Rébecca* and *Rédemption*, this last being, as it were, a synthesis of the Beatitudes. Seraphic Beatitudes! Luminous Redemption! wherein the Devil sings as naively as the Angels. Although the words are theatrical, the music is not so throughout; conceived in

the atmosphere of churchly chant, it assimilates its modes; these are indeed the Gregorian tonalities adroitly mingled with a fundamental diatonicism and a polyphonic chromaticism that give it its lasting savor. But Franck's finest religious music will never be known to us; it was that which he improvised on the organ at Ste. Clothilde. Liszt departed from the church in amazement, invoking (so d'Indy reports) the name of Bach in a comparison that was beyond all dispute.

If Gounod and Franck did not succeed in breathing new life into sacred music, was Saint-Saëns able to do so? or Théodore Dubois? This was the period when organists and chapel-masters paid more attention to the grace of the melody than to Latin prosody. And this melody lent an ear to echoes from Italy, and willingly bent itself to the requirements of the singer who was to endow it with wings. Of this sort were the twenty motets of Saint-Saëns, published in 1870 by Piégl. Toward the close of his life Saint-Saëns returned to this style of composition, whose influence is felt to a certain extent in the *Motu proprio* of 1903, in the *Ave Maria* dedicated to Canon Perruchet, and in the Offertory for the festival of All Souls' Day, *Iustorum animæ* (1903). Chilly pomp, or theatrical exaltation—such was the stamp of his great religious works.

In spite of all his sincerity—did the sacred music of Théodore Dubois advance the cause much further? The musical output of Dubois recommends itself by its abundance and its variety. He had a predilection for sacred music, and it was in this domain that he showed what he could do. From early youth he discovered a vocation for sacred music. In 1867 he brought out an imposing oratorio, *Les Sept Paroles du Christ*, which immediately won him genuine repute. Together with this work, whose sincere inspiration commands respect, must be mentioned, as similar in nobility of sentiment, his *Paradis perdu*, the *Marche héroïque de Jeanne d'Arc*, and the *Messe Pontificale*. These are works of considerable extent, into which the composer has certainly put the best that was in him. Beside these are ranged hundreds of works more modest in scope:—Motets, cantiques, offertories, and miscellaneous pieces of sacred music for organ, for voices with or without accompaniment, for various instruments (either soli or concerted, or with chorus), and, finally, masses very diverse in extent and quality. All this time he was also writing for the stage, and his church-music is not specifically different from his dramatic music.

This capital defect of sacred music towards 1875 aroused certain clairvoyant, tenacious and resolute souls to combat it.

THE GREAT DIDACTIC CURRENTS

Choron (1772-1834) was the precursor. In 1811 he was entrusted with the reorganization of the *maîtrises* (singing-schools for choristers); in 1817 he founded the *Institution Royale de Musique classique et religieuse*, whereof the church of La Sorbonne was the centre. He recognized, in sacred music, a magnificent form of art; but he was also Director of the Opéra, and in his mind sacred music could not as yet differentiate itself from the theatrical forms. The school, flourishing under his supervision, disappeared with him. But his tentative was not in vain; from the plans matured by Choron emerged the notable—and too little noted—work of Niedermeyer.

Niedermeyer was the veritable initiator of the renaissance of sacred music in France—a renaissance of intelligent taste and sane enthusiasm rather than of creative triumphs. Niedermeyer's own works, which bear a relationship to the religious paintings of Paul Delaroche, are not suited (with one or two exceptions) to serve as models. Saint-Saëns lauded him for having "broken the mould of the antique and tasteless French romance" with the melody *Le Lac* (Lamartine), which cleared the path for Gounod. But what he had at heart was the restoration of plain-song or, rather, of its performance, then left, in the churches, at the mercy of incapacity and bad taste. His idea was to conform modern harmony to the ancient modes, conserving its character to plain-song while opening new paths to harmony. The problem remained, to teach this system and train disciples. With his modest personal resources Niedermeyer founded in October, 1853, the School that bears his name, where chosen pupils received, with the rudiments of classical education, thorough musical instruction, imparted chiefly with an eye to the professions of organist and chapel-master.

This school of religious music was destined to institute a complete separation between the study of sacred art and the study of secular art. Its founder determined that each of the branches of church-music should be the object of special instruction; he established special courses for the elements of music—solfeggio, singing, choral singing, plain-song, organ, accompaniment, figured bass, harmony, counterpoint, fugue, composition, instrumentation, history of music.

The school was attended from the start by thirty resident pupils, whose general supervision, moral and religious education, and literary instruction, were entrusted to the clergy of St. Louis d'Antin.

By a decree dated Nov. 26, 1853, a certain number of free scholarships were created, to be reserved for young men to whom the episcopate might think proper to draw the attention of the government. These scholarships were much sought after. During the last years of his life Niedermeyer devoted himself exclusively to his School. He taught plain-song and musical composition there, together with the advanced course on the piano (later entrusted to Saint-Saëns). Harmony was taught by Dietsch, counterpoint by Carlini, and organ by the expert Wackenthaler, who was succeeded, after his premature decease, by Loret, organist at Notre Dame des Victoires.

After Niedermeyer's death in 1861 the School was managed by his son, followed by his brother-in-law Lefèvre, followed in turn by the latter's son-in-law Huertel, co-director with Perilhou. It could pride itself on having instructed musicians like Fauré, Gigout, Messager, Expert, Eugène Gigout (1844). The last-named married Niedermeyer's daughter and became a professor in the School, where he formed excellent organists.

Niedermeyer had also founded, in 1857, a journal, *La Maîtrise*, of which d'Ortigue became editor-in-chief. The mission of this journal, an adjunct of the School, was to aid in maintaining sane liturgical traditions, Gregorian and musical. The impulse had been given, and Charles Bordes could appear.

From his years as a pupil of the Dominicans of Arceuil, Bordes had been nicknamed "the choir-boy" (*l'enfant de chœur*) because of his chubby face. Even while studying composition under Franck, he was employed in a bank. In 1887 he became organist at Nogent sur Marne. In 1889-90 he was commissioned by the Minister of Public Instruction, Ernest Duruy, to collect the folk-music of the Basque provinces; and this music, as he himself acknowledged later, helped him to understand Gregorian melody. In 1890 Bordes relinquished the organ at Nogent to become maitre de chapelle at the church of St. Gervais, where Canon de Bussy accorded him full liberty. "What a lovely nave to make music in!" exclaimed Bordes. Thence issued all his sacred compositions—the works of a creator and of a proselyte. After a performance of Franck's Mass (with the aged musician himself at the organ), and of Schumann's posthumous mass, he engaged, with the encouragement of Abbé Perruchet, in a campaign for Palestrina. The first battle, joined on Maundy Thursday of 1891 with Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* and Allegri's *Miserere*, ended in victory. This triumph was repeated next year (R. de Castéra gives details in his "Dix Ans d'action musicale"). An article in the *Figaro* (not

wholly unconnected with Albéric Magnard) attracted the attention of polite society to this serious, but not austere, endeavor. To continue his campaign, Bordes created the *Chanteurs de St. Gervais*. In the beginning they numbered only twenty-four, and this number has never been materially increased. They formed no part of the singing-school of St. Gervais, but an independent association whose meetings were held, nevertheless, in a designated part of the church-edifice. They were also heard in other Parisian churches; they participated in the concerts of the Société Nationale, at the organ recitals of Alexandre Guilmant at the Trocadéro, in the concerts of Eugène d'Harcourt. To remain true to the device of his singers, *Estote fortes in bello et pugnate cum antiquo serpente*, Bordes embraced the idea of founding a powerful review and school; the periodical was *La Tribune de St. Gervais*; the school, *La Schola Cantorum*. The indefatigable Bordes undertook tours with his singers; he organized sacred-music conventions, and conventions for popular art at Rodes in 1895, at Niort in 1896, at St. Jean de Luz in 1897, and at Avignon in 1899. In the Vieux-Paris section of the exposition of 1900, where the chapel of the Corporation of Musicians, St. Julien des Ménétriers, was reconstructed, he instituted "Petites Heures de St. Julien" (Little Hours with St. Julien). Thereafter he added, to the Chanteurs de St. Gervais, a vocal quartet, the soprano being Mlle. Marie de la Rouvière, the alto Mme. Jarvis de la Mare, the tenor Jean David, and the bass Albert Gébélín. Overspent, prostrated, deeply hurt by the attitude of Canon de Bussy's successor, who in 1902 turned the Chanteurs out of the church whose renown they had assured (an act of injustice not repaired until 1906 by Abbé Gauthier), Bordes suddenly collapsed; a stroke of paralysis disabled him at Strasbourg in December, 1903. His left arm was wholly crippled, but his mind remained lucid and his will tenacious. Some months later Bordes received from Pius X the Brief that repaid him for all his efforts. He immediately resumed his propaganda, organized musical festivals for Pentecost, 1905, at Clermont-Ferrand, and in September installed himself at Montpellier, where he founded in rue Saint Ravy a new Schola whose activities were remarkable. But the end was near; on Nov. 8, 1909, Bordes died at Toulon, having directed three days previously, at Montpellier, the rehearsals of the mass "Douce mémoire." A marble plaque with medallion honors his memory in a chapel of St. Gervais, and on the wall of the first Schola at Montpellier may be read:

**Hic Carolus Bordes Scholam Cantorum instituit.
In memoriam amici discipulique monumentum posuerunt.**

A devoted servitor of sacred music, Bordes himself composed but little, but that little of fine quality. No lover of French music can afford to disregard the spirited dialogue on the evangelical text:

Domine, puer meus jacet in domo paralyticus.

Here the Centurion and Christ express themselves in turn through choruses in 4, 6 and 7 parts, with an art of which it has rightly been said: "It is Orlandus Lassus *redivivus* in the twentieth century." On the same level may be placed the Gregorian cantiques, selecting for notice, if one must select, those of the *Mariæ* composed on antiphonal themes of the Virgin.

Bordes' labors were, above all, practical. "La Tribune de St. Gervais," whose first number appeared Jan. 1, 1895, declared his Credo in four articles:

- (1) Execution of plain-song according to Gregorian tradition.
- (2) Reinstatement of the music in the so-called Palestrina style.
- (3) Creation of a modern sacred music.
- (4) Improvement of the repertory of the organists.

THE SCHOLA CANTORUM

The executrix of this program was the Schola Cantorum under the earlier title of "École de chant liturgique et de musique religieuse." A revivification of the ancient Schola of St. Gregory, it was inaugurated on Oct. 15, 1896, at the corner of the rue Stanislas and the boulevard Montparnasse. Adjoining the chapel of the church of Notre Dame de Nazareth, it then occupied only a ground floor and one story. History tells how Bordes, assisted by Vincent d'Indy and Guilmant, launched his venture with 37 francs 50 centimes in his pocket. Vincent d'Indy wrote:

It is of set purpose that I bestow on Bordes the title of Founder of the Schola, for, although he was pleased to do the master Alexandre Guilmant and myself the honor of associating us with his work, it is to him, and to him alone, that credit is due for the conception and happy realization of the idea—the creation of a school in which respect for the art should be the sole spring of action, and where all should be devoted to the service of music, and not, as in most conservatories, with music at the service of all.

Affiliated with the Catholic institute since 1897, the Schola was transferred in 1900 to No. 265 rue St. Jacques, where it still is, with the more general title of *École Supérieure de Musique*. In the discourse that he delivered on this occasion, Vincent d'Indy insisted on the part that sacred music ought to play in the program of the institution:

All, singers and instrumentalists, as well as composers, will be expected to study more or less profoundly, and at least to be familiar with, Gregorian chant, the medieval liturgical melodies, and the religious works of the epoch of vocal polyphony; for in my opinion no artist has a right to ignore the way in which his art developed; and as it is an established fact that the basis of every art, of painting and architecture as well as of music, is of a religious nature, the students will have nothing to lose and everything to gain by familiarizing themselves with fine works from that period of faith, the ensemble of which will be for their minds like a primitive stock wherefrom shall sprout in after-years the growth of modern social art.

With regard to sacred music, which was its founder's point of departure, the Schola, while extending its activities to all branches of music, has not neglected this essential domain. It has established a Publication Department (*Bureau d'Éditions*), which has published an "Anthology of Polyphonists of the Sixteenth Century," and the innumerable compositions by masters and pupils of the Schola.

The soul of the Schola is Vincent d'Indy. Like Bordes, his practical labors outweigh, in the religious sphere, his musical works. A pupil of Franck, whose score of the *Rédemption* he had conveyed in 1873 to Liszt and Brahms, he was organist for a time at the church of St. Leu; nevertheless, he has written nothing for organ but a *Prélude et petit Canon* (1893) and a *Grand Prélude* (1913). But he has enriched the style of sacred music with his *Sancta Maria* for two voices, his imposing *Deus Israel*, and (as we shall see) by his campaign in favor of Gregorian Chant and by his dramatic scores.

Parallel with the above, the restoration of Gregorian Chant has continued during the entire second half of the nineteenth century. The principal work of Dom Pothier, *Les Mélodies Grégoriennes* (publ. 1880), forms the corner-stone of this renaissance. It was Dom Pothier who settled the orthography and interpretation of the ancient neumes; it was he who fixed the rôle of the Latin accent and of the phrasing in liturgical melody; it was he who actually devised the method of musical paleography for whose development was founded, under that name (*Paléographie musicale*), a *Revue* (1888) whose editor-in-chief was to be one of his own pupils, Dom Mocquereau. Divergences of opinion were making themselves felt in Gregorian circles, when Dom Mocquereau, assuming the sole direction of the publication—after Dom Pothier's departure for Liguré, later for St. Wandville—formulated his specific rhythmic doctrine. Pius X, an ardent partisan of the Gregorian restoration and an adept in the principles of Dom

Pothier, took the wise course of announcing, by his *Motu Proprio* of Nov. 22, 1903, his intention of reforming the vocal music of the Roman Church by leading it back to its sources. The following year an international commission, presided over by Dom Pothier, was charged with the preparation of an *Édition Vaticane* of Gregorian Chant on the basis of the Solesmes editions published by Dom Pothier in 1895. In 1908 the first volume of the Gradual was sent to the Pope. In 1909 the *Officium pro Defunctis* appeared, and in 1912 the Antiphonary containing the chant of the *heures du jour* (Canonical Hours). At present, disciples are carrying on the master's work; Dom Mocquereau presides over the destinies of the monumental *Paléographie musicale*; Amadée Gastoué is professor of Gregorian Chant at the Schola Cantorum, and has written numerous definitive essays. Gregorian Chant, traced back to its sources, can now be revived in all the churches, but divergences of interpretation have provoked heated discussions. For example, Abbé Besse (1870-1923), by applying the method of Georges Houdard (1860-1913), has taken his stand as an avowed mensuralist. Whether he is in the right or in the wrong, we shall not attempt to decide. But from the viewpoint of art as art, the performances of the choir of Franciscans which he founded and directed have attained perfection of style; as Maurice Brillant expressed it, they rediscover "something of the eternal oriental seduction," notably in the rapid vocalises of the Alleluia. Others, like Deschevrens or Lhoumeau, who are also mensuralists, have solved the problem in different fashion. Maurice Emmanuel has laid down the doctrine that "the chants of the Roman Church (down to the tenth century at least) are based on a rhythmical beat in which regularity and isochronism play a part analogous to that which they take in the rich and elastic Greco-Roman metrics." In a collection of Syrian and Chaldean melodies Dom Jeannin, maintaining the almost exclusively Asiatic origin of Gregorian music, appears to furnish an argument for these theories, while once more raising the question of the origin of the modes. In the opposition we find the "Benedictine School." Faithful to the principles of Dom Pothier, Dom David pays homage to the "oratorical rhythm," a rhythm that is free but not anarchic, adapted to the movement of the text. Dom Mocquereau, without being a mensuralist, introduces into this system differences of values that are more precise and clean-cut, and more exact rules (his interpretation appears to be that of the diocese of Paris). They agree in recognizing that the "Benedictine hypothesis" is, at all events, the most workable in practice.

There has recently been founded in Paris an *Institut Grégorien*. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris established, on Dec. 5, 1923:

(1) An *Institut Grégorien*, whose home is in the Catholic Institute of Paris, and whose aim is the permanent instruction of Gregorian Chant and its accompaniment according to the Solesmes method, together with instruction on the organ;

(2) An *École de Chantres* (Precentors' School), devoted to the training of professional precentors for the parishes;

(3) An *Association de St. Grégoire*, serving to group the Scholæ and singing-schools of the diocese with a view to promoting the restoration of singing and music in the churches in conformity with the Motu Proprio of Pius X;

(4) A *Commission de Liturgie, d'Art et de Chant sacré* to care for the publication or revision of liturgical books in the diocese, to enforce the observation of the rules for the liturgy in religious ceremonies, to insure the application of the directions of the Motu Proprio concerning sacred music, and to control, solely from a liturgical point of view, the interior furnishings of churches and chapels in the diocese.

THE INSTRUMENTALITIES OF SACRED MUSIC: ORGANISTS, CHORISTERS, SINGING-SCHOOLS

Fame has been the recompense of Bordes and d'Indy. She has shown more reserve toward Alexandre Guilmant, to whose work is due the magnificent éclat of the French School of the Organ. But this result was obtained—as Félix Raugel demonstrates in his excellent work "*Les Organistes*" (1923)—only after a long period of elaboration; consider the non-existence of the organist's art in France at the time when Beethoven composed his Mass in D.

After Boëly (d. 1858) and Benoist (d. 1878), the teachings of Franck bore fruit in the group of Dallien, Letocart, Libert, Tournemire and Vierne as writers of broadly conceived organ-works. But can we forget all they owe to Father Franck's collection, *L'Organiste*?—a modest, intentionally simple collection wherein true Christian faith finds expression, counterbalanced (to our regret) with an eye to public favor by Boëllmann's *Heures Mystiques*, whose author died (1897) at thirty-five before fully finding himself.

Boëllmann was a pupil of the Niedermeyer School, in which, thanks to Eugène Gigout and Périllhou, organists of talent have been formed. Eugène Gigout is not merely a remarkable pedagogue; he is an excellent composer who has published a considerable number of organ-works, in particular an *Album Grégorien* (300 interludes), and "100 Pièces" in the ancient modal tonalities.

Among his pupils are numbered Bellenot, Le Boucher, Lacroix, Planchet.

The example and teachings of Ch. Widor, organist at St. Sulpice since 1869 and Franck's successor as teacher of organ in the Conservatoire (for six years), have been no less fruitful. In his organ-works Widor has shown himself at his best, more especially in his Ten Symphonies, the most famous of which are the "Gothic" (composed in honor of St. Ouen de Rouen) and the "Roman" (dedicated to St. Sernin de Toulouse), each being a paraphrase of a liturgical chant, *Puer natus in Bethlehem* for the former, *Hæc dies* (Easter) for the latter. Several pupils of Franck's later years finished their training under the direction of Libert, L. Vierne, and Tournemire; and all the graduates of his class, A. de Vallombrosa and the rest, might be noted.

Widor's labors at the Conservatoire have been carried on by Alexandre Guilmant, and to him, and later to Eugène Gigout (from 1911), is due the honor of having definitively formed the younger French School of Organists. His attachment to his pupils inspired the generous foundation of an annual award in favor of the graduates of his organ-class. It can be said that the whole life of Alexandre Guilmant will stand as a wonderful example of an existence consecrated to a disinterested cult of art. This patriarch of the organ, born in 1837, died on March 29, 1911, in his villa at Meudon. On the day of his funeral, as the body was carried out, one of his pupils, G. Jacob, executed the chorale "Aus tiefer Noth" by J. S. Bach on the fine organ of the music-hall in the presence of all the master's pupils.—Guilmant was a fertile composer; he published numerous organ-pieces in various styles: eight organ-sonatas (two with orchestra), three masses, also psalms, motets and cantiques in Latin, French and English; a lyric scene, *Balthazar*; a symphony-cantata, *Ariane*; a revised edition of the Five Masses by Du Mont (1610-84), which he provided with a harmonization in the taste of the period. One of his chief claims to glory is his revival of the cult of the liturgical organ by his masterly improvisations on Gregorian themes in the service (his *Versets d'Hymnes* in Op. 65 keep alive a splendid echo of these), and by the publication of the monumental *Archives des Maîtres d'Orgue*, undertaken with the aid of André Pirro. To the above we must add the collections entitled *Répertoire des Concerts du Trocadero*, *Le Concert historique d'Orgue*, *L'École classique de l'Orgue*. Guilmant was one of the greatest and most modest organists who have ever lived. His pupils (Decaux, Bonnet, Jacob, Dupré, A. Philipp, Quef, A. Collier, etc.) have done honor to his instruction.

During this time the maîtrises and the chorales were also developing. Who does not know by reputation the celebrated maîtrise of Canon Moissenet at the cathedral of St. Bénigne in Dijon? The *Fêtes de Noël* (Christmas festival music) there are incomparable. Who can ever forget the mystical and musical import of the *Adeste Fideles* as interpreted under the direction of René Moissenet? The Maîtrise of St. Bénigne is the work of Canon Moissenet, and this maîtrise, the foremost in France, bears comparison with the most celebrated—those of Aix-la-Chapelle, Munich, Cologne, St. Paul in London, Westminster Abbey, or the ancient maîtrise of St. Synode of Russia, formerly directed at Moscow by Arkhangelsky. Cardinal Perraud was fond of saying that "the simple psalmody of Vespers by the maîtrise of St. Bénigne was worth the journey"; and Mgr. Landrieux, in an eloquent discourse, emphasized the fact that Canon Moissenet, previous to the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X, had felt the need of reform in the disorderly sphere of sacred music. He knew how to restore this music, invaded by a false theatrical taste, from the remote time when he was teaching his youthful singers at the school of Notre Dame de Beaume.

The voices of the maîtrise of Dijon have arrived at a pitch of perfection that surpasses even the beauty of the singing of the Papal choir. The maîtrise of Dijon does not execute chants during the office; it chants the office. It does not turn away from the altar; it is guided by the altar, and continually brings back the attention to its liturgical function. Far from keeping it in the background, it reinforces it by adding the splendor of its song to the magnificence of the ritual, whence it receives in turn a consecration, as it were, that lends it the power of an apostolate. It has an effect on the soul; it imparts a religious thrill even to those barren of faith.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the choral societies of France now devoted to sacred music. The Chanteurs de St. Gervais, at present directed by Paul Le Flem, carry on the work of Bordes. The Chorale des Franciscaines de Saint-Germain-en-Laye, founded by Abbé Besse, was the first in France to produce detached numbers of Honegger's *Le Roi David*. Of more recent date is the *Manicanterie¹ des Petits Chanteurs à la Croix de Bois* (1907), *La Société Hændel* (founded in 1908 by Raugel and Borrel), *La Société des Amis des Cathédrales* (1912), *La Cantoria*, *La Chorale Religieuse*, *Les Chanteurs de la Sainte-Chapelle* (1924).

¹Singing-school for choirboys.

THE FORMS OF SACRED MUSIC

Some one has remarked that the difficulty of writing a mass has protected this domain of church-music from the assaults of amateurs. But that is to imply that all those which are written are good. Hence, vast embarrassment when one would try to have a modern mass sung. Among those composed during the last fifty years scarce a score can be found that are worthy to be set beside the eighteen Gregorian masses.

In the foremost rank shines Fauré. Among his works sacred music occupies a more important place than is ordinarily seen. In January, 1866, Fauré was organist at the church of St. Sauveur in Rennes; in 1870 he became accompanying organist at Notre-Dame de Clignancourt. Then he took the organ at St. Honoré d'Eylau, then at St. Sulpice; substituted for Saint-Saëns, during his travels, at La Madeleine, where he was at first maître de chapelle (1877), and later (1895) on the bench of the great organ. His Low Mass (for 3 women's voices and organ) has been rightly characterized as "Franciscan." The serenity that breathes in it and illumined his whole being inspired him, in 1887, to write his divine *Requiem*; in this he does not cause the trumpets of the Last Judgment to resound; he turns away from the threats of the *Dies Irae*, dear to Berlioz; but he expresses the blest repose after the long journey; it is not the appeal of despair, it is not the cry of anguish, but a hymn of hope, an harmonious song whose aim is less to deplore the earthly end than to celebrate the awakening life of heaven. Neither the *Requiem* of Alfred Bruneau, a later work (1889) nor that of Saint-Saëns, an earlier one (1878) can be compared with his, despite their divers merits. But each of these represents a type of the modern mass; a type at once expressive, oratorical, and decorative.

To the expressive type of Fauré may be reckoned the exquisite a cappella mass for three voices by André Caplet, called the *Messe des Petits de St. Eustache La Forêt*. A leaning to the oratorical type is shown by the masses of Widor and Vierne. The decorative type is represented by the Alsatian composer Erb with his grand vocal and instrumental masses, or by the youthful Paul Berthier.

Less suited than the masses to defend themselves against the cohorts of the musicasters, the motets are the prey of our maîtres de chapelle. Who among these has not written a *Panis Angelicus* for solo or duet, or three or four equal or mixed voices, with organ, violin, or violoncello? By reason of its apparent facility, the motet-form has been cultivated too exclusively and within too

restricted lines, to the detriment of Gregorian numbers of the mass. Worst of all, it has affected ill-considered adaptations in imitation of Gounod's *Ave Maria*. We know of an *Agnus Dei* adapted from the entr'acte of the *ferme* of *l'Arlésienne*. There is a *Regina Cæli* adapted from a theme in the *Pêcheurs de Perles*. There is an *Ave Maria* on the *Méditation* in *Thaïs*.

Through the activities of Bordes this genre was endowed with new life. From 1888 onward we note how composers of the younger school followed his example in the writing of motets. Florent Schmitt's first work is an *O salutaris* (1891); Lalo also wrote one, as well as Litanies of the Holy Virgin. Chausson left a number of motets (unpublished, except an *Ave verum*); Duparc, a *Benedicat vos Dominum*. During the same period (1884-1906) Fauré wrote twelve motets, almost all of which are worthy of his melodies; of these the *Regina Cæli* of Roger-Ducasse show the influence. The group of La Schola brought a useful contribution to this movement. Since 1889 Déodat de Séverac has written two delicate motets (*Sub tuum* and *O salutaris*). The reaction against sensualism has vigorously manifested itself in the motets of Vincent d'Indy and his pupils. We now have a "scholastic motet" peculiar to La Schola. It aims at a new rhythmical flexibility through the employment of Gregorian themes or the rhythmic variation of the liturgical anthem.

This tendency finds parallel manifestation in the *cantique* (canticle, or sacred song). In 1921 Canon Besse, one Tuesday in Pentecost, organized a community meeting for popular sacred song with the praiseworthy intention of creating among the populace a "habit of choral singing" and of "elevating and in some sort ennobling, by means of suitable harmonization, the popular cantiques." Interesting discussions have arisen on the question as to how far "the populace" is capable of practically realizing this ideal. That the people are not ripe for choral singing, as some maintain, can be admitted without much hesitation. These discussions have at least been beneficial in calling attention to the disparaged genre of the cantique.

What esthetic value do the most-used cantiques possess? Canon Besse, who published in collaboration with Abbé Legrand a book entitled "*Vieux Cantiques, nouvelles Romances*" (Boud, 1924), writes: "It has been said far too often that they are valueless. On closer examination one finds several of an artistic character. Many are well written, made in workmanlike fashion." But he was not in the wrong in emphasizing, at the same time, the enervating uniformity of some of these "short-winded melodies"

that constitute certain cantiques. Indeed, all persons of taste agree in seeking to eliminate "the stupidities" from the repertory of cantiques and in recommending, with Alexandre Cingria, that artists should abstain from cultivating this sentimental and literary taste for the feelings and reminiscences of childhood. The dawn of a saner period of art is heralded by the great reform of Pius X.

In a class by themselves are the four cantiques by Déodat de Séverac. Before him, Charles Bordes had opened the path; soon afterward, Vincent d'Indy advocated the "Gregorian cantique." Certain modern "Gregorianists" have taken a notion to write cantiques without measures, in which the non-rhythmized music depends altogether upon the verbal delivery, thus going back to the earliest sources of liturgical music. One may criticize the quality of the Gregorian adaptations, yet without going so far as to say, with M. de la Tombelle, that "these cantiques constitute a point of departure for secular music." It may be admitted that they are "a genuine novelty in sacred music."—Numerous recent collections have been born of this tendency. The *Pentecosten* of Vincent d'Indy (1921) are 24 popular Gregorian cantiques for the season of Pentecost. That same year Guy de Lioncourt published *Vingt et un Cantiques* of Gregorian inspiration for the principal seasons of the liturgical year, with a skilful blending of modern tonality with medieval modality. Side by side with these original works have appeared collections like the *Selecta Cantica*; these cantiques, selected by Abbé F. Brun, have an important preface by Vincent d'Indy on the Gregorian canticle. In this preface d'Indy sharply rejects the traditional cantiques, the ancient tunes of which found a firm and temperate defender, at the Congress of Strasbourg, in the person of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. The director of the Schola denounces "the indignity and disrespect introduced into the celebration of the Holy Offices by the intrusion of a music proper to the theatre or café-concert, and of still lower extraction," thus echoing the remarks he delivered at the Congress of Paris (Dec., 1922), where he pilloried as a public malefactor the author of the *Minuit Chrétien*, and termed this Noël the "song of a drunkard."

Per contra, Abbé Besse, in his preface to *Nos Cantiques populaires* (19 canticles chosen from among the best traditional canticles), sees nothing improper in the adaptation of the words of a canticle to a secular air. A hard-pressed missionary (he says) makes use of a popular tune, to avoid burdening his flock with the tedium of reëducation. Not every tune is popular, and to win

popularity through a tune does no harm. He recalls that the Church borrowed from the pagans a certain number of themes—or entire melodies—which it has “Catholicized.” Furthermore, Abbé Besse is violently opposed to the Gregorian canticle, to which he takes exception as not awaking a true echo in the popular soul.

A connecting-link between the cantique and motet, and the larger choral works, is furnished by the short choruses that form such luminous points in the works of André Caplet, whose recent decease, following the deaths of Debussy and Fauré, means a grievous loss for French music. Caplet's sacred music is not sufficiently known. The prayers on French texts (*Oraison Dominicale*, *Salutation angélique*, *Symbole des Apôtres*) were born of the War. Their spiritual beauty is even surpassed by the *a cappella* chorus *O salutaris*, an exquisite cantilena of ethereal construction, companioned by a *Pie Jesu* and *Pater noster* for solo voice, chorus and organ, a *Panis angelicus*, and a *Tu es sacerdos*. The *Croix douloureuse*, a tragic and impassioned poem, is a setting of a text by D. Lacordaire. Caplet deliberately forgoes sumptuousness of effect, and in *Le Miroir de Jésus* he achieves a masterwork. A year (1924) in which appeared two such important works as *Le Roi David* and *Le Miroir de Jésus* may be underlined in the annals of our sacred music and of our national music. A curtain opens and discovers three young girls clad in white, the announcers of the musical mystery that “André Caplet adorned with music.” Their swift vocalises set forth the title of each tableau. Behind them, dark forms respond in prayers to the strophes sung by the principal voice to the words by Henri Ghéon. A small string orchestra and two harps sustain the triptych of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary: a mirror of joy, evil days, glory. Musician and poet subordinate their accustomed virtuosity to the sacred subject. The short stanzas are suave and chaste, and the music interpreting them dissembles its art behind the veil of emotion. Since Mozart, perhaps, no one has achieved such simplicity mated with such sublimity. While the Virgin Mother murmurs her tender, dolorous drama, from the Annunciation and Visitation until her Assumption after suffering the Calvary of her Son, the music, in brief commentary, evokes by means of deep harp-tones or even (supreme felicity!) by a silence the stations of Christ bearing His cross. No trace of instrumental solicitation, but an unerring instinct for the placing of accents; no trace of vocal seduction, but an admirable transition of the music through measured declamation—to song. Religious fervor and perfection of art mutually sustain each other

in attaining that equilibrium which stamps great works. Withal, no trace of theatricality; one cannot think without a shudder of what certain church-musicians of an oratorical bent would have made of such a subject. In this *Miroir de Jésus*, surest mastership has made itself the servant of moving artlessness.

Employing far more ambitious means, the larger form of the Psalm has rarely attained a strongly emotional quality. Exceptions are those by Florent Schmitt and Lily Boulanger.

Schmitt's *Psalm XLVI* dates from Rome, 1904. In an explosion of ardent joy there proclaims itself a biblical enthusiasm that is well-nigh brutal, followed by a sacred dance and a grandiose chorale ("Parce que le seigneur est très élevé et très redoutable"), and a brief symphonic meditation which gradually restores tranquility. Then, after a weirdly mysterious *decrescendo*, the melody of the beginning, presented in contrary motion, depicts the divine Ascension ("Dieu est monté au milieu des chants de joie") with the puissant call of the brasses. The musician's inmost feeling is revealed in the ancient versets, whose energy and warmth have vivified this strong work, which, truth to tell, is less religious than biblical and oriental.

It is, on the contrary, unmixed faith that sings in the psalms of Lily Boulanger, *La terre appartient à l'Éternel; Du fond de l'abîme; Ils m'ont assez opprimé dans ma jeunesse*, with their alternating accents—elegiac, heroic, suppliant, resistant, resigned. The wonder is to see how this child (1893–1918) could find these thrilling accents to which the heart can not remain insensible. In losing her only a few days before Debussy, France lost a great soul.

Still more ambitious works, the Cantatas and Oratorios, invoke the dramatic element, and usually display the defects of the stage without having its life. A volume would be needed for the enumeration of the Sacred Dramas that have appeared during the last fifty years in France. However, it was not given to a composer of the Catholic faith to create the modern oratorio which attracts the crowd and likewise obtains the suffrages of musicians, but to the Protestant Arthur Honegger with *Le Roi David*. Protestant religious music has, in general, remained straitly attached to the psalms born of the Reformation, to the chorales of Lutheran and medieval origin; of original works its productivity has been meagre. Still, we should notice the works of the two Bosts, of Cœsner, Huguenin, Haudebert and Charles Koechlin (especially his five-part chorale on an ancient choral theme). In Honegger's music there is almost nothing specifically Protestant (unless it be his somewhat sombre lyricism), as was already shown in his *Mort*

de Ste. Alméenne, a "mystery" in two tableaux on a text by Max Jacob. Its value lies in the largely human grandeur of its inspiration. *Le Roi David* is a veritable oratorio in the grand style, in five "degrés" whose twenty-six numbers are bound together by a text by René Morax; it is the imagery of David thrown off in a swift, broad fresco. First appears David the shepherd-lad with his virile song (No. 2) and the encounter with Goliath. Then it is David the commander, conqueror of the Philistines, acclaimed by the populace in procession (No. 5) and celebrated by songs of soul-stirring poesy; lyricism emerges in the undulations of the psalm "Ah! had I the wings of a dove" (No. 9). On the third "degré" it is the chieftain; a music bare of ornament, but weighted with evocations, depicts the warlike potency of the Camp of Saul (No. 10), followed by a no less stimulating Incantation (No. 12) of the Witch of Endor, and a March of the Philistines (No. 13), in whose twenty-one ponderous and imperious measures there breathes all the savagery of the Orient. Contrasted with the foregoing is the lyric episode of the Lamentations of Gilboa, ending the third "degré" with dolorous melancholy. On the fourth "degré," David is King. Two cantiques, the first joyous (No. 15: *De mon cœur jaillit un cantique*), the second (No. 16: *Cantique de fête*) eminently poetic with the undulation of the solo soprano above the murmurous quarter of women's voices, precede one of the culminating numbers, the Dance before the Ark, which fills no less than 35 pages of the score for voices and piano, with its minglings of orchestral music, declamation, vocal soli, and choruses, and its advance through harmonic attrition and rhythmic shocks to the expansion of a luminous chorale in F-sharp major (a tonality dear to Franck). In the sequel, astounding contrasts supervene;—the white delicacy of the Chant de la Servante (No. 18), the pitch-black bitterness of the Psalm of Penitence (No. 19), the sombre glints of the psalm "Je fus conçu dans le péché" (No. 20), the dazzling freshness of the Chanson d'Ephraïm (No. 22). We cannot even mention all these treasures. From "degré" V, David the Prophet, we note The Death of David, crowning the whole with a confidence of progression fairly astonishing when we remember that the work was written to order in two months (Feb. 25 to Apr. 26, 1921) by a composer of nineteen. This rapidity of production explains certain inequalities of style more apparent on analysis than during performance; for this music acts with immediacy and irresistible power, thanks to the musician's privilege of combining eloquence with lyricism—an eloquence born of an ardent emotionality that overflows despite repression. *Le Roi David* is,

if not the most original, at all events the most powerful of Honegger's creations, and one of the most remarkable contemporary works of religious inspiration.

Such works the stage also offers. Paul Dukas has pointed out that, on account of the confusion of classes and styles, dramatic works like *Parsifal* or *La Légende de St. Christophe* embody more of religious dignity than many an oratorio or motet catalogued as "church-music." The example set by Vincent d'Indy's *Légende de St. Christophe* (1920) is, indeed, significant and unusual. Even more than his *Fervaal*, whose Christian dénouement employs a theme borrowed from the Catholic liturgy, the *Légende* pertains incontestably to sacred music by reason of its book, written by the composer himself on the ancient recitation which he transforms into a vast symbol through his musical inspiration, so wholly Christian, and through certain themes and procedures: forms revived from ancient oratorio or the choruses of Palestrina, motives borrowed from the Gregorian repertory;—but all this with a unity of mood that demonstrates the long road we have travelled since the *Polyeucte* of Gounod (1878), whose author said, "My opera can be performed on a concert-stage by singers clad in black"; an oratorio whose style (e. g., in Act I, with the baptism of Polyeucte) conforms to the worst type of opera (in Act III, pagan festival with ballet, and—*Roman*—waltzes and mazurkas), again becoming an oratorio in Act IV (the prison) and Act V (the torture), when Polyeucte intones the *Credo*.

As a general thing, dramatic composers who are induced to treat or touch upon a religious subject content themselves with employing this procedure of borrowing; in this class (to mention only the most recent in the innumerable list of lyric dramas) are *Le Rêve* of Bruneau, the *Noces Corinthiennes* of Henri Büsser, *Dans l'ombre de la Cathédrale* by Georges Hùe, *Les Dieux sont morts* by Charles Tournemire, or *Nerto* by Ch. M. Widor.

But all these only lead up to the sovereign grandeur of inspired genius, and this inspiration breathes in *Le Martyre de St. Sébastien*, by Claude Debussy. Debussy always strongly felt the appeal of Catholic emotion; even in *La Damoiselle élue*, a youthful work, there are "Christian" effects. In the period of full maturity (1911) he composed Villon's *Ballade à Notre Dame*, perfumed with piety, and the choruses of *St. Sébastien*. The celestial choirs of the final tableau (Paradise) are the loveliest music and worthy of the church. He utilizes, in a spirit conformable to religious tradition, a chorus on the words of Psalm CL. It is, moreover, a remarkable example of responsive writing; the alternation occurs regularly

at an interval of a semi-tone; the tonic of the first chorus becomes the leading-note of the orchestral response. Dissociated from the text, these broad chords, these placid lines, would be perfectly in place in the sanctuary; their pure beauty is eternal.

THE MOTU PROPRIO AND ITS IMPORTANCE

Such examples prove how greatly sacred music can profit by keeping in touch with secular music, and *vice versa*. The widespread reaction to the Gregorian publications is known to all; it instantly overleaped the religious sphere to extend over music in general. Thenceforward Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Fauré, d'Indy, Ravel, all took a notion (according to Felix Raugel's expression) "to seek in Gregorian art for the enchanted secret of rhythmical flexibility." Conversely, works like *Le Martyre de St. Sébastien*, *La Légende de St. Christophe*, *Le Miroir de Jésus*, and *Le Roi David*, besides their intrinsic musical value, present an interest of the very first order for the future of sacred music; for they show how it may utilize modern acquisitions in technique for sacred music in the true spirit of the Motu Proprio of Pius X. The Motu Proprio has instigated a movement heralded by adventurous precursors. Doubtless it has not invariably been obeyed to the letter. Theatrical music and bad music have not disappeared from the churches (and in part the public is at fault—a certain public of "wealthy and tyrannical" Parisians delightfully drawn from the life by Maurice Emmanuel in his "Histoire de la Langue Musicale"). Neither has it always been exactly understood; there are some rigorists who would like to interdict all sacred music that is not Gregorian, forgetting that the Pope very wisely admits modern music on condition that it be seemly. In a French conference at the Congress of Strasbourg in 1921 M. Amédée Gastoué very clearly set forth this point of view. The qualities of true sacred music (so said Pius X) are found in admirable proportion in classic polyphonic music, more especially in that of the Roman School, which, in the sixteenth century, attains highest perfection in the works of Pierluigi da Palestrina, and since then continues to produce compositions excellent both liturgically and musically. Classic polyphony may be wedded most successfully to the supreme model of all sacred music, which is Gregorian plain-song; and for this reason it deserves to be joined with this Gregorian melody in the most solemn offices of the Church, such as the Pontifical rites. But (so adds Pius X) "the Church has always recognized and favored the progress of art by admitting to the services

of the cult all the good and beautiful creations of genius throughout the ages, always, however, in conformity with the liturgical rules. Consequently, the most modern music has likewise been received into the churches when it offers in its compositions an excellence, a seriousness, and a gravity that render it not unworthy of the liturgical functions." (Motu Proprio, par. 4 and 5.)

We gladly bear witness that some youthful clairvoyant spirits have grasped the full importance of this problem.

"It is not forbidden," says J. Samson, "to introduce novel procedures into the Church; we should even be pleased to think that sacred art should lead the van in art, as in former times."

In an admirable report, read at the Paris Congress for Sacred Music in 1922, Paul Berthier observes that sacred music has been less venturesome than the sister arts of religion. "If it must be praised therefor," he concludes, "let us add that some new researches, even some bold attempts, would not be amiss." He thus joins M. Gastoué in the conclusion that it is necessary to employ, in sacred music, certain novelties in writing proper to secular music. There is no danger—as the Motu Proprio expressly recognizes—in employing for church-music the acquisitions of a Debussy or a Ravel. This is proved by the works of André Caplet, and there is no doubt that secular musicians, even the advanced, could contribute efficaciously, within the limits expressly defined by the Motu Proprio, to this necessary evolution. Sacred music need not be timid; timid in the use of melodic and rhythmic procedures, in variety of harmony and combinations of voices, of groups and of instruments; timid in the choice made by choirmasters of works for interpretation. Assuredly, a strong effort should be made. But the number and vehemence of the controversies (on Gregorian chant, the canticles, etc.) demonstrate the vitality of sacred music and show that since the beginning of the century—after the magnificent effort of Bordes—the love for this music has waxed apace.

The efforts are decentralized; *maîtrises* and *scholæ* are springing up in every corner of France, together with the "Gregorian Days," the "Liturgical Days," the grand conventions for sacred music. The movement is growing slowly, but unchecked, as Pius X foresaw: *Si farà adagino adagino, ma si farà.*

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

ORCHESTRAL TONE-COLOR, PAST AND PRESENT

By EDWIN HALL PIERCE

THERE is a familiar and not wholly fanciful comparison between the various sorts of tone at the command of the orchestral composer and the pigments which a painter sets on his palette, but it will not do to push the analogy too far. The painter, at the cost of a few shillings, may add any sort of color he chooses to his working outfit and afterward retain it or dispense with it as he sees fit: orchestral instruments, on the other hand, must each come to use in the hands of a player who has devoted years of his life to the task of mastering the technic of his particular instrument, and who depends on it wholly or partly for his livelihood. We find then that the gradual growth of the symphony orchestra into its present well-defined form has not been altogether determined by abstract musical requirements, but has been influenced to a greater extent than commonly supposed by certain questions of sociology, economics, and even fashion.

The orchestral scores of Haydn stand unique in one respect—his orchestra would be considered a complete and well-balanced medium of musical expression even at the present day (though technically termed a “small orchestra,” as lacking trombones and tuba, having only two French horns instead of four, and requiring a less numerous body of strings), and *he calls for no instrument which has since become obsolete*. Since his day we have added to the orchestra but have seldom subtracted from it. (By “his day” I mean his customary usage: in point of fact, there have been instances chronologically later than Haydn, of the use of certain instruments which have since become obsolete—for instance the ophicleide in Mendelssohn’s “Midsummer Night’s Dream” music.)

Haydn, then, may be said practically to have standardized the orchestra as follows:

First and second Flutes (sometimes only one).

First and second Oboes.

First and second Clarinets (absent in his earlier works, being a new invention at the time).

First and second Bassoons.

First and second French Horns.

First and second Trumpets.

Kettle Drums (one pair).

First Violins.

Second Violins.

Violas.

Violoncellos.

Double Basses.

In his "Military" symphony he adds Bass drum, Snare drum and Triangle. For completeness, we should mention the fact that it was customary for the leader to sit at a harpsichord or piano and play while conducting, but this instrument does not appear in the scores and was rightly considered as something outside of the regular forces of the orchestra. It was probably a mere hang-over from the days when orchestras were less complete, and the wonder is that the unnecessary custom persisted so long. (It was still in vogue in England when Spohr went there as guest-conductor in 1820, but he did away with it, using only the baton.)

As all students of orchestration know, an orchestra like that just described is capable of being divided into several complete and independent choirs of contrasted tone-color, and, in fact, Haydn often made use of this device. The strings alone form one complete and splendidly homogeneous body of tone; but in order to be of sufficient fulness to balance the wind section, they must be more or less numerous on each part. In our present large orchestras, which include four or more horns, three trombones and tuba, and not infrequently three instead of two flutes, oboes, etc.; sixteen first violins, fourteen seconds, ten or twelve each of violas and violoncellos and six to ten double basses are none too many. Yet with Haydn's modest allowance of wind-instruments, a satisfactory effect was obtained with fewer strings—say six first violins, four seconds, and the others in proportion.

The second complete choir is formed by the wood-wind, the third by the brass, supplemented by the kettle-drums. The French horns, however, blend equally well with the wood-wind choir. The flute, now commonly of metal, was always of wood in Haydn's time, and is still classed with the wood-wind by reason of its character of tone.

WHY HAVE CERTAIN INSTRUMENTS BECOME OBSOLETE?

As in the world of Nature, so among musical instruments, hundreds of species have come into existence, but comparatively few have survived the lapse of ages. There has been a constant "weeding-out" in progress, coupled with a sort of "survival of the

fittest." To maintain a permanent existence, an orchestral instrument must fulfil several different requirements, which I shall endeavor to enumerate, or, if it happen to fail in some one of them, it must needs be preëminently excellent in the others:—

1. It must be of good tone, efficient mechanism, and capable of being played in tune.

2. It must fill a real and essential need in the make-up of the orchestra.

3. The need which it fills must be one of a constant or at least frequent nature, so as to offer promise of adequate employment for the player.

4. It must be capable of certain effects which cannot be obtained from other instruments in standard use.

5. It must not have been superseded by newer instruments which fulfil the same functions in a musically superior manner.

6. It must not be so easily deranged in tuning or mechanism as to be unreliable in use.

7. It must not be so deficient in power of tone that it cannot be heard when combined with reasonable freedom with other instruments of the orchestra.

Taking up one by one a few of those orchestral instruments which were once in vogue in the orchestra but which are now entirely obsolete, we find it possible to refer the cause to one or another of these numbered statements. Let us begin with the Viol, which existed in several sizes, forming a string band analogous to the "strings" of to-day. A complete set was called a "chest of viols" and was usually part of the furnishing of a wealthy home, much as is a grand piano in these days. The music used, however, was often that written for concerted *voices*, madrigals being frequently published with the sub-title "Apt for Voices or Viols." Those who have been so fortunate as to hear Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch perform on the viol—for he has staged a limited revival of this and several other old instruments—will testify that its tone is beautiful and sympathetic; but it is lacking in power and incisiveness, and has been superseded by the more brilliant and efficient instruments of the violin family. Only the double-bass (in the flat-backed variety) remains practically identical with the old viol. Were it attempted at the present day to replace our modern strings with the old family of viols, the latter would simply be swamped by our present wind-section. It is interesting to observe how Bach, who lived in the latter part of the transition-stage, and used violins, as a rule, occasionally calls for the viols, but treats them with great discretion. In his "St. John" Passion Music, he

uses two *viola d'amore* in two numbers, in one of which there is also an obbligato for the lute, of which we shall speak later. It is significant that in both these numbers the violins, etc. and all the wind instruments, are silent. In one other number he uses the *viola da gamba* (the predecessor of our modern violoncello), and during the greater part of the piece the other strings are silent: when they *are* used, the *viola da gamba* part is reënforced by the organ, and perhaps the basses. (It is not always possible to tell exactly what instruments, other than the organ or the harpsichord, Bach intended to have play in that part styled the "Continuo.")

So much for the strings. Coming now to the wood-wind, we will give a thought to the *oboe d'amore*—an oboe lying a third lower than the ordinary one, and probably differing from it little save in compass. In the work just mentioned Bach uses it occasionally in place of the second oboe, apparently because he needed a few lower notes, rather than with any view to special tone-color. In another part of the same work he uses two *oboi da caccia*, writing for them in the alto clef as non-transposing instruments. These, in spite of their name, were not large oboes, but small bassoons, having the same relation to the larger instrument that the piccolo has to the flute. It is probable that they had a characteristic tone-color, but neither this nor their compass could have been widely different from our present *cor anglais*. The few notes of lower compass which they possessed might be rendered on the ordinary bassoon. Evidently both the *oboe d'amore* and the *oboe da caccia* fell into disuse because they came too near duplicating effects possible with more commonly used instruments. The Basset Horn, essentially an alto clarinet with somewhat extended downward compass, and used in some of the scores of Mozart and of Mendelssohn, doubtless fell into disuse for a similar reason. The Serpent, a deep wood-wind instrument more powerful than the bassoon, but rough in tone and imperfect in intonation, was at one time an instrument of some importance in spite of its defects. Handel expressed his opinion of its lack of charm by remarking that it was probably not that serpent which tempted Eve! It was driven out of use by the invention of the Ophicleide, a brass instrument with cupped mouthpiece and keys, but that in turn has been replaced permanently by the much more mellow and flexible Bass Tuba.

The Harpsichord, as mentioned above, was often used in a *ripieno* way with the orchestra, but the Pianoforte, a more powerful and expressive instrument, ultimately displaced it there as in solo

work. With the more complete development of the orchestras, the piano itself dropped out of the game, except as a solo instrument for concertos, though there are several examples of its being introduced with a real independent part, for special effects. One of the earliest examples of such use is in Berlioz' "Fantastic Symphony": one of the most recent is in Respighi's "Pines of Rome," in which it plays a notable rôle in adding to the tone-color in various ways.

The Lute, an instrument very familiar to us in the verses of poets, but otherwise practically unknown in this day except through the activities of Mr. Dolmetsch and a few others with a taste for antiquarian revivals, was a plucked stringed instrument, more varied and powerful than the guitar, and doubtless capable of great beauty, but having certain drawbacks which contributed greatly to its falling into disuse. For one thing, it was so hard to keep in tune that the tuning of a lute became a standing joke. Bach uses it once in the "St. John" Passion Music, as an obbligato to a bass solo, in connection with two viols. (Doubtless *violins* would have upset the balance of tone.) The part is written on two staves, and in present-day performance can be rendered on a harp, or on one 'cello and one viola, pizzicato. The present-day introduction of the Banjo into popular dance-orchestras, as well as certain experiments of Percy Grainger's with a multiplicity of guitars suggests that there is a certain latent desire for the tone of plucked instruments in connection with orchestral forces; but for the most part composers have been able to satisfy themselves and their hearers in this respect by the device of an occasional pizzicato of the bowed instruments. The sound of the plucked instruments, while not identical with this effect, is too near like it to really justify any radical changes.

This part of the discussion might be greatly extended, but enough has been said to arrive at the point: Are there any instruments, especially some of more recent introduction, which are likely to become obsolete in a generation or two? It would not be unwise for a composer to ask himself this question, comparing the various causes which have led to obsolescence in the past. Does the Saxophone really furnish any indispensable tone-color which could not be obtained from the Clarinet or (in the lower part of its compass) the Bassoon? Does the Celesta of Mustel, with all its delicate charm, find many adequate occasions of use? Does the Heckelphone fill any long-felt need? I do not presume to give an answer to these and similar questions, but they are worth considering.

VARIOUS HANDLINGS OF ORCHESTRAL FORCES FOR TONE-COLOR

The main thought with the early composers for orchestra, educated in the polyphonic school, was *melodic line*—not a melodic line, to be sure, such as might be accompanied with chords or figuration, after the style of Italian opera at a certain period—but the skilful and intricate blending of as many different and independent melodic lines as there were voice-parts (using the word “voice” in its technical contrapuntal sense), the whole being unified by the use of canonic imitation of various sorts. The use of tone-color as a means of artistic expression seems to have occurred to them only in rudimentary shape. There is a parallel to this in the history of painting—the early masters, in most cases, first drew an outline in some brownish or grayish color, putting in the shading in the same, until they had practically a finished painting in monochrome. Then, after laying it aside for a sufficient time to dry thoroughly, they completed it by laying on semi-transparent glazes of the colors desired. In those days it was said, and truly, that the first thing a painter must know was how to *draw*, but in the course of centuries came an entire change in technical method, and the saying is now revised to read—“must know how to *paint*”—which is something more than the obvious platitude that the words might seem to express—it means that he must understand the art of applying color directly in masses and surfaces, as distinguished from line-drawing.

Wagner, Richard Strauss and other masters of modern orchestration work in large masses of tone-color, though they are by no means destitute of intricate polyphony. Debussy, in spite of the fact that he deals more with subtle and delicate effects—for instance, his occasional approximation to some of the damper-pedal effects of the pianoforte—has preëminently a flair for tone-color as a means of expression. Haydn and Mozart already understood the combination or contrast of masses of tone-color, but though they used it in a masterly manner, melodic line was still of supreme importance. It would be difficult to discover, in Haydn's or Mozart's symphonies, a passage which depends *wholly* on tone-color for its effect.

To a musician versed in reading orchestral scores, the most casual sight of a score by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert conveys a different impression from that of a score by, say Tchaikowsky. These older composers think in terms of three choirs—strings, wood-wind and brass, which may play singly and antiphonally, or may play together. In the latter case, it will

commonly be that if one rehearses each choir separately he will find the harmony complete in each, whereas in the modern scores the chances are that if one choir has the harmony complete, in another the melody may occur doubled at the octave and fifteenth, while the third choir may have some counter-melody or some quite independent form of figuration. (This, of course, is to speak in general terms: many exceptions may be found to this statement.) Tchaikowsky, too, will often emphasize some little portion of a melodic phrase in the strings—even a single note—by a temporary doubling with some wind-instrument—a brilliant and colorful effect found but rarely in the classical composers. (Edward Lalo is also a past-master of this little artifice.) In the Chamber-Symphony of Schönberg there is absolutely no attempt to divide the forces into self-complete, contrasting masses, and, although there are occasional powerful unisons, octaves or double-octaves in motion, each instrument is a significant individual voice; just as in a fine string-quartet, the whole advances in wonderful intricacy of structure, but by no means in confusion. The only drawback is that the ear at length becomes wearied by the too constantly shifting variety, and longs for a point of repose which never arrives.

Speaking of points of repose in orchestration—it is well worth while to ponder seriously on the good judgment Bach displayed in his longer choral works. He uses his full orchestral forces only in the weightier choruses: his recitatives are mostly accompanied by the organ alone (in the "St. Matthew" Passion, however, the words of Our Lord are accompanied by the string-quartet, just as in sacred art painters used halos): his arias generally are accompanied by organ, or by strings, with one or more obbligato instruments—a flute, an oboe, a violin, sometimes even a trumpet, etc., according to the character of the sentiment. Then too, as Bach's style is normally very polyphonic, at certain points he introduces a chorale in which the voices appear in simple, solid harmony. Occasionally, it is true, the orchestra has contrapuntal figuration in these chorales, but more commonly it simply reinforces the vocal parts in a simple manner. The result of this combination of procedure is, that while keeping the proper artistic unity, the performance of a work two or three hours in length partakes more of the character of a miscellaneous concert, as regards variety, and although any single number is perhaps inferior in variety of tone-color to a modern work by some master of brilliant orchestration, the great work *as a whole* is far superior in variety. The same is true of many of Handel's works, when not

too radically altered by the modernized orchestration supplied by later hands.

While considering the orchestral treatment of Bach and Handel, it will be in place to remember the fact that in their day immense choruses were still a thing of the future, and although their orchestras were ample in numbers in proportion to the chorus, yet they would be deemed scarcely more than chamber-orchestras at the present day. We know that Bach quite commonly had a chorus of but twelve singers, with an orchestra of sixteen players: Handel, in England, had larger forces, yet nothing that would be deemed specially impressive in numbers at the present day. Handel's simple and massive choral style, with its preponderance of concord, takes very kindly to mass effects; but it is questionable whether the same is true of Bach's works, which in spite of all striking dissimilarities to the style of our most advanced modern composers, have still a great affinity with the most modern musical thought, in their intricacy of structure, and their fearless employment of discord. It may not be out of place to digress a little here in order to discuss the effect of great or small multiplication of unisons.

EFFECT OF NUMEROUS INSTRUMENTS IN UNISON

That there is "inspiration in numbers" is a psychological fact so well recognized as to be proverbial, yet it is possible to over-estimate its importance, and at any rate it is largely a relative matter: twenty players in a small hall may give the same impression of adequate sufficiency as two hundred in a huge auditorium. But, in particular, the question arises, just how much the actual effect of tone increases by the multiplication of instruments or voices in unison on each part. Knowing that one pound and one pound make two pounds, and that one inch and one inch make two inches, the average person would jump to the conclusion that two violins in unison would make twice the tone of one violin, and that sixteen would make sixteen times as much, yet this is absolutely not the case. Tone is the result of regular vibrations communicated through the air, producing alternately minute condensations and rarefactions of the same. These vibrations do not advance in a wavy *line*, as the uninitiated might suppose from the casual examination of a "graph" representing a musical tone, but in a wave-front of approximately spherical shape. The distance from any one wave to the next, for a tone of any given pitch, is known with great accuracy, as is also the speed with

which they advance through the air. In order for two tones in unison to unite in such a manner as to produce double the volume of tone, certain conditions would need to exist, of so minute and exact a nature as to be practically contrary to fact: the tones would need to start from exactly the same point with their wave-phase exactly coinciding. Should they start from the same point with their waves differing by exactly half a wave-length, *silence* would result, but both cases are equally impossible in fact. What really happens, is that the separate wave-fronts as they meet, start a new series of wave-fronts in a resultant direction, thus filling the air fuller of vibrations, but not of vibrations necessarily more intense, except to a certain limited degree. Further, even suppose it were possible by adding unisons to obtain a real arithmetical addition of the amount of tone, it is by no means certain that the human ear would accept it as such, for the auditory nerves have their limits, in the matter of responding to outward excitation.

This explains why a solo violinist, for instance, can readily be heard above the numerous violins of an accompanying orchestra—not that his tone is twelve or sixteen times more intense, but simply that it is more intense than that of any *one* of the orchestral violins. The vibrations of his tone have a superior amplitude: that of twelve or sixteen ordinary players in unison, only a superior complexity of resultant vibration. A pine-tree seventy feet high will show out plainly in a grove of similar trees fifty feet high, and this is equally true whether the grove consists of six or of sixty trees.

It follows, therefore, that the tone of a considerable number of instruments in unison is not necessarily better, *or even louder*, than that of one. It has a certain fullness and sense of perspective, which is, generally speaking, a desirable quality, but even this reaches its limits at about the numbers at present found in the string section of the usual "grand orchestra." The occasional experiments which have been made with an abnormally large orchestra at mammoth festivals, have been more remarkable for the sensational size of the undertaking than for any real gain in quality or grandeur.

A brief resumé of the development of the orchestra up to the present day might be made as follows:—

I. Small, unstandardized groups, of not over a dozen or twenty instruments, in which the composer chose (within the limits set by circumstances) those instruments which seemed most fitting for the particular nature of the work in hand. The

harpsichord (or in some cases the organ) had an important bass part, called "continuo," either with or without the thorough-bass notation, to which the player was expected to add the correct chords.

II. The standardized "small orchestra" of Haydn, as described earlier in this article, which might consist of twenty or thirty players. The piano in use as a *ripieno* instrument, in most cases.

III. Emancipation from the use of the piano as a *ripieno* instrument. Increase of the number of horns to four, and of each sort of wood-wind from two to three. Addition of three trombones and tuba. Occasional use of harp and various other exceptional instruments. Great increase in the body of strings, in order to give a fullness which might in some manner balance the *tutti* of wind.

IV. (At the present date.) A wide-spread tendency to return, in principle, to the varied and unstandardized grouping of the early days, though the choice of instruments is modern, as well as their method of treatment. The piano again much in use, either *ripieno* or with an independent part.

V. A tendency to develop a small standardized group, about of the size of Haydn's orchestra, but calling for more of the instruments in vogue at the present time, and less for those which, while not yet actually obsolete, are cultivated more rarely. Thus, the so-called "Theater Orchestra" grouping demands only one flute, one oboe, one bassoon, but uses the trombone and trumpets (or cornets) far more constantly and freely. Good scorings for such an orchestra may find performance even in many of the smaller cities, where owing to the expense and difficulty of assembling players for a grand or even a conventional small orchestra, the performance of orchestral works in the usual scoring would be an impossibility. (The present writer has composed two symphonies for this combination, both of which have had successful public performance from manuscript.)

SPECIAL AND UNSTANDARDIZED GROUPINGS

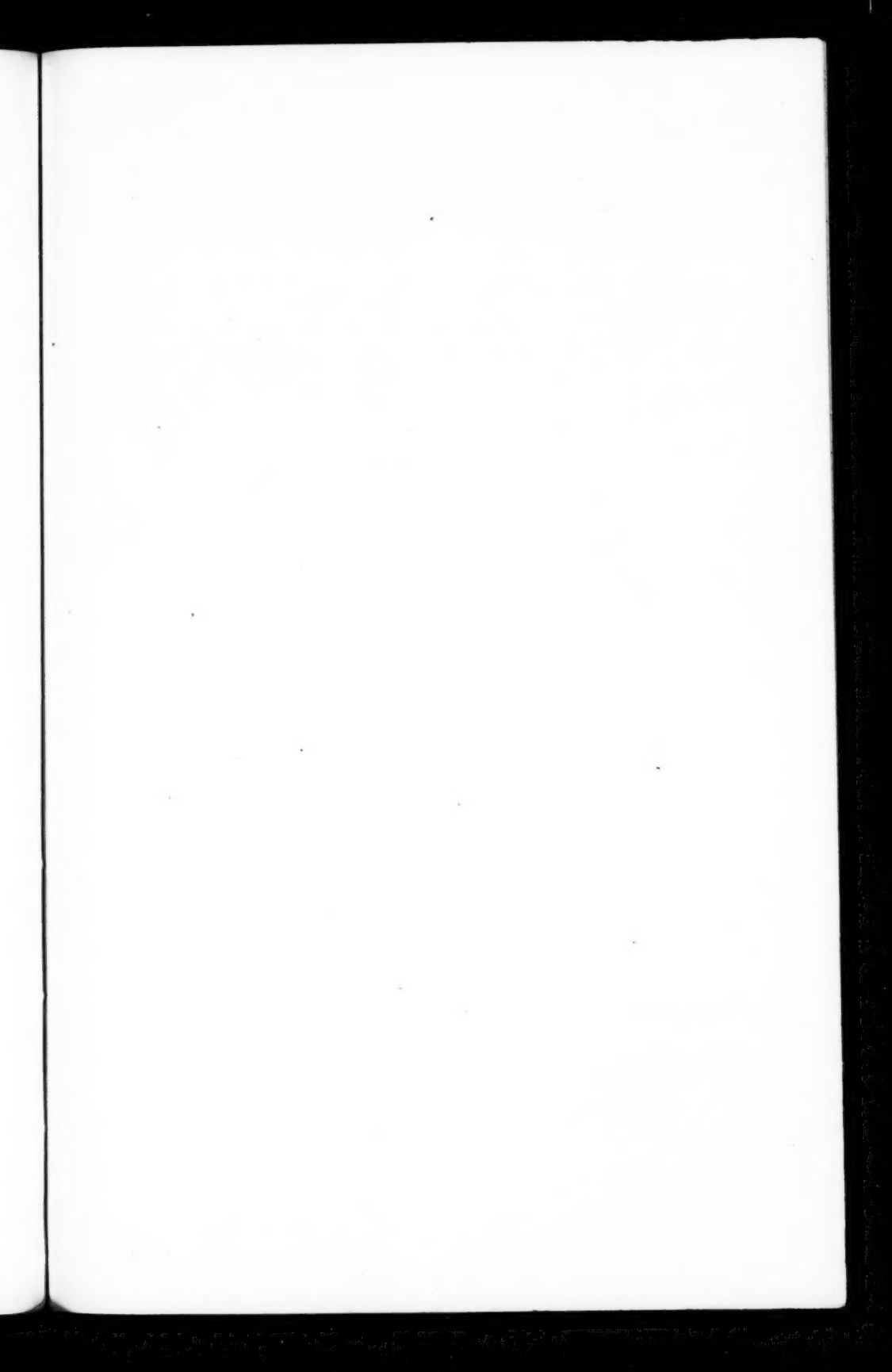
These include works for the so-called "Chamber Orchestra"—a term which does not as yet connote any standardized choice of instruments, but only a group composed of a number of string and wind-instruments, usually with only one player to a part. This gives each player a fuller opportunity for individual expression and the exhibition of virtuosity but, of course, demands

a far different method of scoring. Among such works, all more or less recent, we may mention (besides the Chamber Symphony of Schönberg already alluded to): Křenek's "Symphonic Music for Nine Instruments"; Frederic A. Stock's "Rhapsodic Fantasy" for chamber orchestra; Charles Martin Loeffler's "Canticle of the Sun" for voice and chamber orchestra; Frederick Jacobi's "Two Assyrian Prayers" for voice and chamber orchestra; Alexander Tansman's "Sinfonietta" for a double quintet of wind and string instruments, piano, trumpet, two trombones, kettledrums and other percussion instruments; Arthur Honegger's "Concertino for Piano with Orchestra," the latter consisting of strings, two trumpets and one trombone; Serge Prokofieff's "Quintet" for oboe, clarinet, violin, viola and double-bass, which the composer himself chooses to class as orchestral rather than as chamber music; Maurice Ravel's "Trois Poèmes" for voice accompanied by string-quartet, two clarinets, two flutes and harp; Aaron Copland's "Music for the Theater," scored for double string-quartet, contrabass, two trumpets, trombone, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, piano and percussion. This list might be largely extended, of course, but we have enumerated enough to show the trend of the times. It is difficult to mark with accuracy the dividing line between chamber-music and orchestral music of this particular sort: possibly we would not be far amiss if we counted in certain older works as belonging to this classification—for instance, Saint-Saëns' "Septuor for trumpet, string-quintet and piano"—and, if that, why not Beethoven's well-known Septet, and Schubert's Octet for clarinet, horn, bassoon, first and second violins, viola and contrabass.

The reader will be struck with the fact that no two of the above combinations are for the same group of instruments. This makes for commendable variety in treatment and the discovery of novel sonorities, but imposes a troublesome hindrance in the way of frequent performance, as one must organize and train a special group of players for each separate composition. In the mind of the present writer, it would seem that there is a wider field of usefulness for some small standardized combination, not in the line of chamber-music, but permitting a reasonable doubling of string-parts along with a variety of wind-instruments not too great in their aggregate volume. Percy Grainger has put forth several works admirably fitted for an orchestra of this description—his "Mock Morris," "Handel on the Strand," etc.

The writer is keenly aware that in order to cover the subject of this article completely, he should have made detailed mention

of several points on which he has scarcely touched, for instance, the change in treatment of the brass instruments which came about through the completion of their chromatic scale through the invention of valves; the occasional use of exceptional instruments (some of them newly invented), such as the Xylophone, the Celesta of Mustel, the Heckelphone and certain other wind-instruments, and the use of a more varied supply of percussion instruments and noise-imitation devices. The use of the piano as an orchestral instrument (not as a *ripieno* instrument, nor as a solo instrument, but for the sake of its orchestral tone color), is also worthy of more detailed attention. He has also left untouched the peculiar orchestration of the so-called "Jazz" orchestras, although in part it displays an almost diabolical cleverness, as a subject demanding an article by itself. His main purpose has been to trace the history and the true significance of the rapidly increasing vogue of the "Little Symphony Orchestra." To do this at all adequately, however, it was necessary to cover a good deal of ground, as the whole thing really harks back to the usage of Bach and of Handel.





Jean Sibelius.

(By courtesy of the Library of Congress.)

THE 'NATIONALISM' OF SIBELIUS

By WATSON LYLE

IN his own country Jean Sibelius, the Finnish composer, is regarded as a figure of national importance. He enjoys a very substantial pension voted him by the Finnish Diet, and on more than one occasion he has been the recipient of public testimonials, monetary and documentary, of the esteem in which his countrymen hold him; and all, one may add, because of the reputation he enjoys of expressing national aspirations, and national characteristics, in terms of his art. An examination of a considerable part of his output, some of which remains unpublished or is inaccessible outside his own country, leads to the conclusion that this nationalistic label has acquired something of a leaden weight for the artist to whom it has been affixed, and that—latterly, at all events—it has been more cramping than stimulating in its effect upon his inspiration. But more about this aspect of his music presently.

Sibelius was the first Finnish composer to achieve an international reputation. Finland had other composers of some eminence before him—the director of the Conservatory at Helsingfors, where he at first studied composition, was one of these, Wegelius by name—but their fame remained within that shut-off corner of Northern Europe where it was born, attained to its zenith, and subsided. But one must, of course, remember that in these far-off days, the early eighteen-hundreds, there existed political and transport difficulties for the predecessors of Sibelius, in his own country, that had ceased to operate when the creative powers of this composer began to attract notice.

The birth of Jean Sibelius occurred on December 8, 1865, at Tavastehus, Finland. As a child his musical bent was apparent, but he was not at first educated for the art in which he has achieved fame. Instead, he received a legal training in his own country, and in Sweden, which after-events proved to be so much wasted time. Indeed, during these impressionable years the deadening effect of his education in the atmosphere of the law, upon his natural imaginative gifts, may be responsible for the self-consciousness in his music, and his personality, although he is, physically, a tall, erect figure of a man. To the same cause may be due a certain formality in dress and manners, and the severity

of countenance that individuals of a retiring nature are wont to assume as a kind of barrier between themselves and strangers.

As the young artist reached maturity his consuming love for music, irresistibly swept aside other plans for his future and in 1882 he entered the Conservatory of Helsingfors. The influence of its director, Wegelius, to whom reference has been made, may have stimulated the strongly national bent in the music of Sibelius, and have encouraged him, ultimately, to shed the æsthetic suasion of his later studies in Berlin under Becker and Bargiel and in Vienna under Goldmark and Fuchs. His studies in Germany, however, proved invaluable in giving him a greater command over technical resource in composition, but for a time they also exercised an unfortunate (and practically inevitable) influence in cramping his freedom of expression, and in Teutonising his style. Years later, long after his return to his native land and the consolidation of an individual style of writing, we meet with occasional reversions to this early environment in the form of blocky, vertical harmony, in whole patches of filling-in in the orchestration on the old-fashioned principle of giving all the players something to do whether or not it happened to be the clearest way of expressing the ideas of the composer.

The earlier works of Sibelius are unoriginal—the six *Impromptus*, Op. 5, for piano, might have been written by Grieg—and, as I have indicated, an examination of the scores of his orchestral compositions shows that several years elapsed ere he completely cast off the shackles of his sojourn in Germany, and allowed his own individuality unhampered scope in his constructive methods. This emancipation occurred at the period of thirty-seven to forty years of age, leaving him with his acquired technical facility as the servant of his muse. Long before this (about 1890), soon after his return from Berlin, his fellow-countrymen hailed him as a composer specially gifted to express their national qualities by means of his music. Those in authority recognised this in a very practical way by granting him an annuity so that he might devote himself to composition free from pressing monetary worries. Again, on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, the Finnish nation acclaimed him, and a first performance of his Fifth symphony was given at Helsingfors to celebrate the festivity. Ten years later, on his sixtieth birthday (in 1925), the President of the Republic of Finland bestowed upon the famous musician the Grand Cross of the Order of the White Rose of Finland, and the Finnish Diet voted an increase of 50,000 marks in the pension granted at his fiftieth birthday, thus bringing it to 100,000 marks. More inter-

esting than all this, as a sign of popular affection and admiration direct from the people, was the sum of 270,000 marks subscribed by all classes, of which 150,000 marks were offered Sibelius for his immediate use. Such appreciation of a composer during his life-time and by his countrymen is without parallel.

Only Time, the great arbiter in all estimates of æsthetic values, can decide whether this financial and moral incentive has enabled the composer to realise his artistic self better than if he had been left to his own devices, and had been compelled to earn the immediate wherewithal to live in some of the by-paths of musical life, until his work as a composer brought sufficient return to enable him to discard other sources of income. Many of the great ones of music, past and present, have contrived in some such way to follow their aspirations in art.

Sibelius has certainly worked hard to merit the confidence reposed in him by his countrymen. He has kept with them their implied faith in him as a composer of nationalistic expression, an ideal that concurs with his abiding love for the lakes, canals, islands and mists, and miles upon miles of forests alternating with the stretches of marsh, and flat wastes of the country that is homeland alike to him and to them. He has an unusual ability for translating into terms of music these natural features of the countryside—the shimmering waters, the strange echoes in the forests, the bird-calls, and the depression emotionally conjured by the desolation of areas of waste-land, and the ghostly veiling of objects by mist and fog. In fact, it is by emotional suggestion quite as much as by musical realism (i. e., the direct representation of natural sounds by means of music) that his art becomes an expression of his country, and the psychology, the prevailing sadness, that is a legacy of hundreds of years of oppression of his countrymen by more powerful nations. He is more truly "national" in such music than when he uses music of folk-song origin, or of the folk-song type, as the material from which to fashion a symphonic poem, or an orchestral suite.

Very often he employs tunes suggestive of the rustic dance, the crowd of village-folks waiting to be ferried across a river or lake, or by the drawbridge of a canal, or the more heroic strains associated with some ancient saga; but I cannot see that this practice (as is frequently contended) of itself gives to his music the hall-mark of national expression. The mere use of even a genuine folk-tune—and many of the themes employed by Sibelius in this way are admittedly not of folk origin—does not impart this characteristic to a composition.

Nationality in music, when it manifests itself at all, goes deeper than that. It springs from an innate love of country, and it is this quality in the music of Sibelius, and not his frequent use of folk-tunes that makes for his international reputation as the first great, racially-distinct, Finnish composer. His symphonic poem "Finlandia," Op. 26, No. 7, is sometimes regarded as an example of his strong, nationalistic expression, but whilst it is certainly based upon thematic material of the folk-song type, its constructive manner, and, to an extent, its emotional content, are dominantly Teutonic. Measure after measure is filled by commonplace harmony, such as reiterated chords of the 6-4 and 6-3, which produce an effect of turgidity upon the listener. They serve the purpose, however, of establishing the rhythmic assertiveness that imparts a certain national flavour to the work. Thus it happens that whilst "Finlandia" is emotionally (in rhythm) Finnish in expression, the prevailing idiom is of a kind (Teutonic) which made it easily comprehensible outside the borders of that remote corner of Europe in which it originated. Though many of the later works are framed in a musical language which necessarily sounds exotic to ears attuned to an idiom that has become international, they are more distinctively national in emotion and spirit, than either "Finlandia," or "En Saga," Op. 9 (1903), two works that cannot really be said to represent their composer at his individual best. "En Saga" ("A Tradition") with its hackneyed, though adequate, technique is even more enmeshed in alien influences than the later "Finlandia." There is a tremendous difference between the lack of originality evident in the technical resource of these two works and the marked individuality of the Third and Fourth symphonies, for instance.

There is an effort at escape from extraneous suggestion in the Second Symphony in D (dedicated to Axel Carpelan; written 1902; pub., 1903), an impressive work in which the assertion of individual and national traits is apparent chiefly in the rhythm and harmonisation of the themes. In the second movement the manner of writing becomes decidedly polyphonic, with a comparative freedom from the heavy Germanic style that is worthy of Bach. Early in the movement two agreeable little tunes appear to be holding an animated conversation, and it makes for the feeling of continuity in the work that the composer introduces one of them into the fourth movement of the symphony, a finale that is instinct with the rugged, direct expression of Sibelius when sheer intensity of emotion causes him to forget his self-consciousness.

The mood of "Sturm und Drang" seems to come more readily to Sibelius than the outlook that is illumined by humour and wit—such as we find in Debussy, Ravel and Bliss, to instance but three of the moderns in whose music this saving grace is a refreshing quality. But in commenting thus one must remember differences of nationality. Sibelius in his gayer moments reminds one of Beethoven in jocund mood—a rather graceful Beethoven, it is true, but a personality who is merry and jolly in the rustic, down-right fashion that represents a phase of gaiety widely different from the rapier finesse of a spontaneous wit.

A good deal of homely good-humour of this kind, and a generally optimistic mood pervades the three movements of the short Third Symphony, Op. 52, in C, which dates from 1907, and is very appropriately dedicated to a genial British composer, Granville Bantock. Although slighter and briefer than the Second Symphony, the Third is notable for a greater diversity in expressional means coupled with increased technical facility. The opener manner of writing recalls the second movement of the preceding symphony, and its prevailing mood of confidence is at variance with the tendency of Sibelius (in his music) to dwell upon the sombre and the awesome. The two first movements of the Fourth Symphony, Op. 63 (1911) in A minor (dedicated to Eero Järnefelt) are lyrical, and imbued by a delicate poetic imagery that conveys to the ear an impression of the national characteristics of the composer's native land. Particularly in the second movement we seem to hear, afar off, the fluting of shepherds, and the calls of birds. The heavier manner of Sibelius, however, becomes again evident in the third, and during part of the fourth movement, in which the emotion is blatantly vigorous; but nevertheless the work concludes with a resumption of the poetic mood that dominates its commencement. The Fourth Symphony received its first performance at the Birmingham (England) Musical Festival of 1912.

As mentioned earlier in this article the Fifth Symphony, Op. 82, was performed for the first time on December 9th, 1915, at the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the composer in Helsingfors. It was not published, however, until 1921. It begins, *Tempo molto moderato*, with a confident theme on the brass, over a timpani roll. This establishes the mood of assurance which is maintained by a secondary theme that is heard in the wood-wind over an agitated accompaniment for strings, and the emotion becomes considerably intensified before a section, *Largamente*, prevails. It is ushered in by muted chords for trumpets and

trombones over timpani, against which subdued tonal screen a poignant theme, *f* for strings, supported by wood-wind and horns, sounds effectively clear. A brief coda, from the material of the opening theme precedes the announcement of a waltz theme on wood-wind, with horns, trumpets, and light accompaniment upon the strings. This theme is greatly varied in treatment, both in harmonization and instrumentation, and so skilfully is the interest sustained that the slightness of the material is not apparent before a recapitulatory section, indicated *Presto*, with certain allusions to earlier material, brings the movement to a brilliant finish with a modified statement of the opening theme.

The waltz rhythm referred to is an example of the dance element, sometimes (as in this case) of nationalistic savour, which appears in the absolute music of Sibelius, at times, in much the same way that it does in the music of Tschaiakowsky. There is nationalism, too, in the *Andante mosso quasi allegretto* of the middle movement of the Fifth Symphony. Here, against a mass of subdued tone-colour (tied chords on clarinets, bassoons, and horns) at the second half of Measure 5, there enters quietly, but none the less tellingly, *pizzicato*, a sinuous theme of simple, folk-song type, on strings. The mood is solemn, but there is a contrasted theme of lighter, but still tranquil character.

An introductory figure, and one a few bars farther on, in the *Allegro molto* that constitutes the last movement, recall the first theme of the opening movement. As we have seen, thematic cohesion is evident throughout the construction of the symphony, and in these binding allusions, between first and last movements, there is a gesture to cyclic style. The final movement is frankly a rondo, with its chief subject heard at Measure 5 from the violas, accompanied only (at first) by violins I and II. There is, of course, episodic material, including an important subsidiary theme, and, in the course of its re-appearances the principal theme assumes a mystical significance before an elaborate presentation of the subject-matter brings the symphony to a conclusion in a series of detached, *ff* chords, *tutti*.

Reading through the score of this finely-knit work one is impressed by the growing power of the composer to express himself in direct fashion. More and more his manner of writing favours the polyphonic style and discards Teutonized harmony of the blocky type.

The Sixth Symphony, in D minor, is a comparatively short work, in four movements, and is dated 1921 (pub., 1923). It is strongly individual, and the nationalism in it takes shape as we

find it, for example, in "Die Dryade," as an expression of the atmosphere of the countryside, rather than of the humanity of the composer's native land. The form does not adhere strictly to classical tradition. Sibelius goes further in his economy of statement of material, and there is again the closely-knit constructive manner to which attention has been directed in the Fifth Symphony. Whether that creative vein has been followed still farther in the Seventh Symphony, dated 1926, I cannot say, as I have not yet had occasion to study the score.

In the Concerto for violin and orchestra, Op. 47, dedicated to that brilliant flame of violinistic genius that so quickly burnt out—Franz von Vecsey—and published in 1905, there are three movements, *Allegro moderato*, *Adagio di molto*, and *Allegro ma non tanto*, and Sibelius has clearly written with an eye to the claims of violin *virtuosi*, in matters of technical display, whilst by no means ignoring the lyrical qualities of the instrument. We find this specially apparent in the principal theme of the first movement, announced by the soloist after a quiet orchestral tonal background has been treated. The mood is confident, and the romantic style that pervades the concerto soon becomes apparent. There is a secondary theme of contrasted character, with development of the material, preceded by a series of *cadenze*, along classical lines. The middle movement is brief, but poignant, whilst the last movement has a fascinating, lilting theme, a melody of purely violin character, with which the soloist enters at Measure 5.

Programme music has received a good deal of attention from Sibelius. Numerically his works of this genre greatly exceed those that come under the category of absolute music. They range from the simplest type—song-form—to the more involved expression of a programme derived from folk-lore and literary sources, and include incidental music written for dramatic productions, and one opera, the first purely Finnish work of the kind, "The Maid in the Tower," produced at Helsingfors in 1896.

There is an early example of this dependence upon extraneous suggestion in the Suite for string orchestra and timpani, "Rakastava," Op. 14, the "programme" of which is based upon the *Kanteletar*, a collection of Finnish folk-lyrics that follows the still more famous *Kalevala*, the national epic, published in 1835 by Dr. Elias Lönnrot, and taken from the rich store of folk-lore and popular poetry collected by him in the course of his travels amongst the country people in Finland. The "Rakastava Suite" is in three sections, *Rakastava* (The Lover), *Rakastetuntie* (The Path of the Lovers) and *Hyvä iltaa; Jää hyvästi* (Good even, Beloved;

Good-bye). The music of the first and third is in romantic style, delicately coloured in tone, and contains many moments of lyrical beauty. The middle section is in the typical country-dance style of the kind beloved by Sibelius, and apparently nationalistic in inspiration.

The *Kalevala* has been largely drawn upon by Sibelius for transmutation into terms of his art. He has written three lyric pieces for pianoforte on the *Kylliki* episode in it, and two orchestral compositions, "The Swan of Tuonela" and "Lemminkäinen's Home-coming," Nos. 3 and 4 from Op. 22 (1901). In the latter, a *Legende* for orchestra, we have an example of the ability of the composer to make a direct appeal to the imagination of the listener, and create an effect of spaciousness, and of the mood heroic, by quite simple means.

To this vein of sentiment in Sibelius, if not immediately to the *Kalevala*, may also be attributed the beautiful and popular "Karelia" Suite and Overture, as well as the vivid little sketch of peasant life, for orchestra, "By the Drawbridge," Op. 66, No. 2 (1913), in which a vigorous peasant dance-measure seems to indicate a waiting crowd, and a melody of quasi-pastoral type, lightly orchestrated, contemplation of pastoral scenes.

The "Karelia Suite," Op. 11, for orchestra was published in 1906. The idiom throughout has a strongly nationalistic bias, whether in the echo type of melodic figure that forms the basis of the delicately scored *Intermezzo*; in the vigorous, and unconventional rhythmic sway of the *Alla marcia*; or the light and agreeable folk-song element that pervades the *Ballade*, the central number of the suite. Yet, despite the distinctive national inflexion of the music, in listening to it we are conscious of the skilled technician rather than the inspired writer.

But this is an impression that the composer of programme music can hardly avoid creating. It is in the very nature, in the need for symbolism of some kind, imposed by the limitations of an extraneous programme, no matter from what point the pictorialism is approached. It may be tackled, as Beethoven did in his Third Symphony, the "Eroica," on an idealized plane; or, to go from the sublime to the realistic, as Strauss does with his wind-mill and sheep-bleating imitations in "Don Quixote" (and by similar stark crudity in others of his big works which need not be particularised here); or, to mention an instance from a composer who adopts the middle course—de Falla in his "Noces dans les Jardins d'Espagne," and in the music of the ballet from "El Amor brujo." No matter how it is faced, this problem of programme

resolves itself into considerations of technical facility, informed and spurred on, more or less, by imaginative vision. Sibelius, like de Falla, follows the middle course—a blend of idealism and realism—in his music of this genre. It seems hardly necessary to say that this is the only point of contact between the art of these two, otherwise, utterly dissimilar composers.

For one thing, adherence to classical form means much to Sibelius, in which respect he resembles Strauss; but it cannot be said that in the working out of his ideas, in the use he makes of his thematic material, he attains in his programme music to the poetic vision glimpsed by the German master in "Tod und Verklärung" and "Also sprach Zarathustra." No; the inspiration that comes to the aid of the Finn in his preservation of the balance between idealism and realism draws its sustenance very largely from what one feels to be the outcome of a life-long communion with Nature. There is much evidence of this in a charming tone-poem "Die Dryade," Op. 45, No. 1 (1910), for orchestra. Here a plaintive little melody, heard from the violins, seems to indicate the nymph waking from slumber in some leafy nook of the woodlands. Stretching her limbs, she sets off in pursuit of a butterfly, the melody being elaborated, and becoming more animated to suggest her gambols. So far, so good, and, to that extent, conventional. And then we come to a clever effect in the orchestration by means of which Sibelius, by a stroke of genius, as an outcome of complete remembrance of a visual impression of a natural phenomenon, conjures to the imagination of the listener a vision of the play of sunlight upon the leaves of the trees, and of shafts of radiance piercing the shadows beneath them. His method of creating this illusion, it may be remarked, is entirely different from that of Debussy in his "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune."

There is more obvious symbolism, and a lower creative level in another poem for orchestra, "Der Barde," Op. 64 (1914), which is in the nature of a concerto for harp and orchestra, or perhaps one ought rather to say, a fantasia, since the form is distinctly free. The strong and dignified theme, which evidently symbolises the Bard, is frequently reiterated by the harp, the orchestra being chiefly occupied with elaborations of it. One can well imagine the wanderings of the harpist over the countryside, singing at each resting-place the saga that is fitted to the impressive theme which provides the central interest in the poem. There is plenty of opportunity for technical display on the part of the soloist. "Die Okeaniden," Op. 73 (1915), is an interesting but by no means

arresting work. Sibelius has been mainly concerned with the creation of an amorphous tonal atmosphere which is managed by quite conventional free movement in strings and harp against tied chords for brass and wood-wind. The melodic interest is not great and the poem, in fact, lacks spontaneity measured by the standard of its creator's best work. It is dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel.

A juxtaposition of the ready-made, and inevitably born confronts us in the incidental music written (1899) to the Swedish drama "König Kristian II," by Adolf Paul. In it is an Elegy that is particularly notable for the poetic beauty of conception, followed by a Serenade of thoroughly conventional type and a Ballade that can only be described as rowdy. A similar inequality occurs in the Suite for small orchestra, Op. 51, written to the drama of Hj. Procopè, "Belsazar's Gastmahl" ("Belshazzar's Feast"), although it is of much later date—1907. There are four numbers, "Oriental March," "Solitude," "Nocturne," and "Khadra's Dance," and with the striking exception of the second the writing is frankly hackneyed although always technically effective and of changeful interest. "Solitude" is quite brief—as, indeed, are the other numbers of the Suite—but it is an exquisite, and strongly individual, little mood-picture of the solitude most familiar to the composer, the solitude of miles of lakeland and flat country. It could not possibly have been written by anyone else, whereas the others, as Saint-Saëns might have said, could "have been turned out by any well-equipped musician." They are thoroughly adequate for their purpose, but they lack distinction.

The suite for orchestra "Scènes historiques," although bearing the Opus Number 25, was not published until 1912. The first number consists of an Overture built upon the slight material of a horn-call and is of no outstanding interest, but the second, merely entitled "Scena" is, like the "Solitude" of the "Belsazar Suite," thoroughly representative of Sibelius at his most inspired. The scene conjured for us is of a sequestered stretch of country, one of the solitary places, almost, of the soul; but that it is material, is evident from the introduction of bird-calls, and echoing sounds that can only represent natural reverberations. This little piece is lightly scored, and the command of tone-colour for the impression of light and shade, is charmingly managed. The third number, "Festivo" is a bright and lively sketch of a country fair. The construction is more elaborate than in the other two numbers and the thematic material is developed along formal lines. It makes an effective conclusion to the work.

Less successful than "Festivo" along conventional lines is another brief sketch for orchestra from Op. 66, "Die Jagd" (The Chase), published 1912. It begins in distinctive fashion—considering the awful temptation to use hackneyed thematic material presented by such a title—but Sibelius, like many other good composers and true who have before him attempted to portray the sport of Diana in terms of their art, soon falls into the conventional thrall of the programme, which again gives us unoriginal inspiration expressed by a facile musician. The characteristic third number of this same Opus, "By the Drawbridge," has already been described, whilst the middle number is a "Minnelied" (1913). This tender little love-song has more of pathos than passion in it. The scoring for the instruments, among which a harp is conspicuous, supplies a delicate tonal background to the melody that is heard mainly from the plaintive voices of oboe and viola.

The music of Sibelius in romantic mood, indeed, seldom proves to be anything else than satisfying in the most intimate way. The inspiration then comes, as it ought, from the soul and not from the head, as in too much of his music of nationalistic type; and the inventive ingenuity never falters for an instant. There is early evidence of this delightful gift of his in the "Vår-sång," Op. 16 (1903), which actually contains several "spring songs" of charming freshness lightly scored for orchestra, the more characteristic amongst them being in the style of rustic dances rather than in the conventional "spring song" mood with which the name of Mendelssohn is indissolubly linked in the mind of the general public. Published six years later although bearing a much higher Opus number—42—the Romance in C for violins first and second, viola, 'cello and bass, touches a high level in the realm of more purely absolute music. It is dedicated to Herr José Eibenschütz. This beautiful quintet for strings has two themes that are not of folk-song derivation, and that express an intimacy of mood found in the songs rather than in the big orchestral works of the composer. In the passionate intensity of the second theme, which is quite brief, we momentarily catch a glimpse, as it were, of an emotional outburst from a nature habitually reserved. To a lesser extent, because of the slighter type of the works, we find a similar mood in the passionate little Nocturne comprising No. 8 of Op. 24, and in the more sophisticated "Valse Romantique," for orchestra, Op. 62 (1911).

There is, of course, that other waltz, the "Valse Triste," which has probably done more to bring international fame to

Sibelius than any of his other compositions, big or little. It is one of the numbers from the incidental music written by Sibelius to the drama "Kuolema" (Death), of Arvid Järnefelt. The "programme" which it illustrates (and with extraordinary fidelity) relates, as is pretty generally known, to the vigil of a son by the bedside of his dying mother. There is (in the stage-setting) a gradual illumination of ruddy light, and sounds of distant music from which evolves, sinuously, the uncanny melody of the waltz. The sick woman awakens, rises from her bed and begins to move slowly too and fro and beckon to the rhythm of the music. Ghostly couples waltz around her. She mingles with them, but they avoid her glance as they whirl round to the increased speed of the dance. She sinks exhausted upon her bed, but regains her strength and joins them again, dancing more madly than ever. There is a knock at the door, which opens. She cries out despairingly and the spectres vanish. Death is seen in the doorway. We may, or may not, approve of the ethics of the subject, or consider its gruesome idea conventional or inspired; these are questions which are quite outside the appraisal of the music. The main point is that the music (in its orchestral version) accentuates most realistically the fantastic situation in the drama; and it does this in an individual manner so that the success of the composer in carrying out his share of the collaboration is beyond question.

The songs of Sibelius (and there are many of them), like his chamber music (the Romance already referred to and a String-Quartet, Op. 56, "Voces Intimæ") reveal the composer in intimate mood, and show him to be master of the smaller forms as well as of the symphony and tone-poem. This is true, for instance, of Opus 57, which contains eight songs (with English words); "The Snail"; "The Wild Flower"; "The Mill-Wheel"; "May"; "The Tree"; "Baron Magnus"; "Friendship"; "The Elf King"; and then there is the deeply expressive "Roses funèbres," of Op. 36; "The Tryst"; "Sensucht"; and that weirdly haunting song in Op. 96, "The North." As for Sibelius' music for the pianoforte, the popular Romance in D-flat comes to mind. Also, he has written a good many small pieces for the pianoforte with titles such as "Snapdragon"; "Aspen"; "Harlequinade"; "Solitary Fir"; "Birch"; "Iris"; "Campanula"; and the more conventional one of "Dance" (one of the latest Op. 94, No. 1—all the pieces mentioned are of recent publication) that are sufficiently described by their names. Being concerned here mainly with Sibelius' larger works, these cursory remarks about his songs and pianoforte pieces will have to suffice. Nor shall I weary the reader with a

catalogue of the by now considerably in excess of one-hundred works of the Finnish master, including more than one opus for chorus. Even as to the larger works, I have not been able to examine all of them and must for that reason, to my regret, merely catalogue the following: Suites for orchestra, "Pelléas and Mélisande," Op. 46; "Swanhevit," Op. 54; Ballad for chorus and orchestra, "The Captive Queen," Op. 48; Symphonic Fantasy for orchestra, "Pohjola's Daughter," Op. 49; Dance Intermezzo for orchestra "Pan and Echo," Op. 53a; Tone poem for orchestra, "The Night Ride and Dawn," Op. 55; as well as the early Sonata, Op. 12, and the three Sonatinas, Op. 67, for piano and the Sonatina for violin, Op. 80.

When the musical history of our times comes to be written after the halo-shattering lapse of fifty years or so, I think it will be found that Sibelius has made no inconsiderable contribution to the development of instrumental resource, and has helped towards the fuller realization of the value of tone colour in emotional appeal. We shall be aided in an estimate of his true expressional manner if we recollect that the completion of his musical education in Berlin quite evidently sent him back to Finland with a technical facility that enabled him to reel off quasi-nationalistic music on a folk-tune basis. The harmonic and instrumental fluency is admirable, but it is in the rhythm that individuality emerges in the works that are under German influence. Much of his later music, as we have seen, is remarkable for its poetic imagination, and the delicacy of the scoring. A conceptive level is then revealed that is difficult to reconcile with the pedestrian mannerisms of his aggressively folk-songish works. When he writes as a romantic—and that seems to be his truest metier—his music has a freedom, a spontaneity bespeaking inspirational urge rather than a carefully studied courtship of the muse, that may reasonably be expected to carry these works onwards when his more popular compositions begin to "date" and fall into oblivion.

THE TECHNIQUE OF OPERATIC ACTING

By BENNETT CHALLIS

THE stage is a device for representing life as it is, yet the stage can never *be* life. In other words, the stage is convention in its very nature, and stage-realism, in any literal sense, is pure humbug. The most laudable and effective stage is therefore the one which frankly confesses its conventional nature, and out of its stock of indispensable conventions builds up the smoothest-running technique. Such a technique, however, in order to persuade, must be vital and organic, i.e., born of the drama itself and not put on like a garment from the outside. The old-fashioned opera failed, for well known historical reasons, to bring forth such an organic technique; and although Gluck and Mozart both contributed materially to the restoration of living musical drama, Richard Wagner was really the first to show the world the almost infinite possibilities of music, not only as an instrument of dramatic expression, but also as an element of organic dramatic structure. An investigation of the technique of operatic acting must, therefore, of logical necessity begin with the Bayreuth drama.

Shakespeare and Beethoven were Richard Wagner's two gods, from early boyhood on, and both, as dramatists, more nearly akin than any other two, so much so that he can find nothing with which to compare the effect of a Shakespeare drama except the direct emotional appeal of a Beethoven symphony. Shakespeare inspired him with awe, not because of the wicked or comic eccentricities of individuals, nor of the ever so terrible casualties of outward events, but because of the quintessence of pure and universal human nature with which the whole is interwoven, and which causes him to call Shakespeare's men and women real, startlingly real and true to life, plus a mysterious "something more." The substance of this certain something more he defined as "*das Reinmenchliche*," the purely and essentially human, the common ground of all human emotions and recognized it as the essentially *musical* element in drama. Here it was that Beethoven came in, and here it was also that Wagner himself conceived of creating a drama of his own which should combine the elements of the Beethoven drama with those of the Shakespearean. I shall waive the question as to whether he succeeded,

theoretically, in his intent. My present interest is confined to the practical results obtained in the technique of acting, and these are fortunately of a very positive nature.

It has often been said, and with good reason, that one only needs to render a Wagner rôle "as it stands there" in the score, and the intended effect will be automatically forthcoming. This would seem then to be the ideal stage, with sufficient inner power to produce, as it were organically, a smoothly running technique of its own. The great trouble is that only the fewest actor-singers are capable of *seeing* just what is actually in the score. Bayreuth therefore, of all theaters, clamours the loudest for personalities, yet *not* that they may newly embellish their rôles out of the riches of their own talent, but because they alone, the born actors, will recognize the completeness of the dramatic structure as they find it marked out in the score and will rejoice to identify themselves with the author's standpoint and feeling, and to become co-creators with him. The non-dramatic mind on the other hand, with absolutely no capacity for such an idea as dramatic continuity, and with a consequent astonishing tendency to "lie down like a good doggie" and have a comfortable nap the minute his or her particular stunt is finished, has accordingly to be whipped up by the *Regie* and trained to go through certain paces, however mechanically, until the pauses, for example, are in some way filled out, etc., etc.

These pauses are one of the supreme tests. It is bad, of course, to have visible "holes" in any performance, and a so-called actor, on any stage, passively waiting for his next cue and obviously bored with his surroundings, comes very near to being a public nuisance; yet the opposite extreme, when the over-zealous indulge in contortionism and grimaces which only serve to distract the public's attention from the center of the action, is sometimes equally detrimental. There should be a way of discreetly filling in the pauses, without resorting to arbitrary and often meaningless "contrascena," and in all real drama—especially musical drama—the most effective solution is nearly always to be found in the simplest of devices: the intelligent use of the *still pose*.

The possibilities of the pose as a means of active and intense expression are, I believe, very generally underestimated. The term may even be associated in some minds with the unnatural and stilted, for example, with a particularly erect and "striking" position of the body. In this as in all other cases, however, the unnatural and stilted will be found to lie not in the pose itself—the defiant pose is as legitimate as any other, given the proper setting

—but in its mistaken use. As a matter of fact, any one of the countless positions of which the human body is capable may be used effectively as a pose and will seem natural whatever its outward form, provided it suits the situation, i.e., provided the true instinct of an artist has created it as an organic part of the whole. It is equally important, however, that the artist who has hit upon an eloquent pose be able to hold it, to let it “soak in,” and then only abandon it through such natural transition to some other equally effective one, as is almost imperceptible. The impression must be static, for the duration of a given pose; the least careless movement may suffice to shatter a fine dramatic effect into fragments.

I recall once having seen, in Milan, a celebrated Telramund begin his first act with just the kind of a pose that the situation calls for, a figure of manly and noble dignity, the embodiment of honesty and fearlessness. With head erect and gaze fixed in glad expectancy on the face of the king during the latter's opening speech, the man was preparing the way as effectively as possible for his own first speech, when suddenly he was seen to slightly readjust his mantle, diverting his eyes from the king for a second or two for that purpose. It is needless to say that all illusion, for the moment, was at an end. What the man did would doubtless have been the most natural thing in the world in real life, yet it certainly should not have happened on the stage. Why? Because long experience has taught us that such drops into the naked prose of realism crack the glazed surface, dissipate the glamour which should envelope and impermeate our stage-pictures (Wagner's “something more”); in short that they play havoc with our illusions. Brunhilde even on the war-path and mounting her charger, can readily be thought of as having occasionally to “fix her hair,” yet the spectacle of a celebrated Brunhilde of the stage adjusting her wig in the middle of a scene, may easily be grotesque.

I read recently in De Wolf Hopper's “Memories” that that famous comedian in very early years once had to play the part of a boy in the employ of an elderly gentleman played by Joseph Jefferson. There was a scene in which he was supposed to enter suddenly, rush to a table at which the old gentleman was seated, lean eagerly across the table and make some kind of an enthusiastic proposition with which his master was supposed to be much impressed. Mr. Hopper at the dress-rehearsal had no difficulty in building up a fine climax, a climax to which the intensity of the body bent forward across the table and the flashing eyes

doubtless contributed fully as much as the words, but having made his climax he would involuntarily have "let down" and relaxed into the embarrassed passivity of inexperience, had he not heard the admonishing whisper of the veteran facing him: "Hold it! Hold it! It's fine! Don't let it slip!" Mr. Hopper gives one to understand that he considers this one of the finest object-lessons he ever had.

Intensity and continuity of the dramatic line are of the utmost importance in musical drama (as in all true drama), and should be the singer-actor's most cherished ideals. Everything that tends to relax the one or interrupt the other should be scrupulously avoided, and all possible devices for maintaining both should be studied and utilized to the utmost. We have seen that even the still pose can and should be active,—a dramatic instrument of inestimable value. The ideal stage should contain at any given moment a maximum of *active* action, outer or inner, and a minimum of absolute passivity. The absence of outer action, however, need by no means denote passivity. On the contrary, the intensity of inner action will often be found proportionate to the absence of outer action. We have already seen this principle illustrated, in the technique of the pose. Goethe even went so far as to formulate this into a general rule of life, a rule which works both ways: "Äusserlich begrenzt, innerlich unbegrenzt, und umgekehrt" ("Outwardly limited, inwardly unlimited, and vice versa").

Here we find the dividing line between the spoken and the musical drama. The addition of music to the drama shifts the focus of dramatic interest from the outside to the inside, from facts and casual outer happenings to inner conflicts and emotions. In a drama such as "Tristan and Isolde," for example, relatively little actually *happens*, yet through the magic of direct musical revelation the listener is made *to feel* the most terrible of soul-tragedies—the tragedy of conscience battling futilely with its own conflicting, eternal laws—the inner tragedy of life from which physical death, no longer "tragic" in itself, offers the only possible redemption. The presentation of such a drama, the task of communicating a world of inner conflict and emotion directly to the heart of the listener, will naturally demand a certain technique of its own, in general a technique of large lines, which will make as nearly as possible exhaustive use of the pose, and of that variation of the pose which consists in sustaining a comparatively motionless bodily attitude, if effective, throughout a whole scene, even while singing. It is a technique, in short, which strives

to eliminate all ineffective outer gestures and to produce a maximum of expression with the simplest means, preëminently with utilization of sustained attitudes of the body, among which the dramatic use of the eyes, the deliberately sustained gaze, is perhaps the most important subdivision.

Another variation is the *moving* pose, composed of a fixed gaze, shoulders and body as nearly motionless as possible, and a scarcely perceptible, sliding motion of the feet which will suffice, nevertheless, to carry the actor clear across the stage if desired, without breaking the pose, the impression of which is after all invariably centered in the eyes. The writer has found this pose particularly useful in the rôles of Hagen in "*Götterdämmerung*" and of "*The Flying Dutchman*." The former, for example, has a fine opportunity to use it in his opening scene with Gunther and Gutrune. The two latter are seated at a heavy table on a higher level than Hagen, who occupies a lower seat slightly removed, to denote his inferior birth. Gutrune sits behind the table facing Hagen, who in order to reach her level must ascend two or three steps. In the scene in which he reveals to her his treacherous plan of the "drink of forgetfulness," the interpreter of Hagen will find no other device so effective as to fix a hypnotic gaze on Gutrune's receptively frightened eyes, rise slowly from his seat, ascend the steps,—unfolding his plan in words the while—and slightly lean across the table in a fine still pose from which he will dominate not only Gutrune but the whole situation, having directly inverted the "levels" with which the scene opens.

The best example from "*The Flying Dutchman*" is offered by the Dutchman's first meeting with Senta, a scene which calls for all three of the mentioned variations of the pose in immediate succession. Senta stands musing before a lifesized picture of the Dutchman hung above the door, and secretly longing to be the instrument of his redemption. Suddenly the Dutchman himself appears in the door beneath the picture. Senta emits a piercing cry of the anguish that would be joy, and remains motionless, as though enthralled, her eyes fixed on those of the Dutchman, his on hers. He moves very slowly down the stage with the above-mentioned gliding step, without letting his eyes wander for an instant from Senta's, and remains standing just opposite her, both of them as motionless as statues, and gazing unceasingly into one another's eyes, for the entire duration of the "aria" in which Daland, the impatient old father, displays all the folly and tactlessness of the entirely inexperienced matchmaker. The tension of that unwavering gaze against the contrasting background of

Daland's excessive mobility presents a *musically dramatic* situation in the true sense; Wagner has also furnished adequate means of holding the spell unbroken after Daland's withdrawal, and even of intensifying it after the two protagonists begin to speak. With nothing in the orchestra but a *pianissimo* suggestion of the Dutchman's *Leitmotiv* from a single bassoon, he lets him begin singing unaccompanied of the memories of countless ages which the face before him awakens; if the interpreter feels the *musical drama* of this scene he will sing the 55 measures of incomparable melody which are allotted him before Senta speaks, without a single gesture, as motionless as a statue, and with his eyes constantly riveted on hers. The writer has tried out variations from this, the technique of the Bayreuth *Regie*, but has never found anything to compare with it in communicating to the listener the intense feeling of this scene.

The fact that great artists of the spoken drama also (see Joseph Jefferson) have always valued sustaining and continuity and made ample use of them, only proves at most that all real drama is essentially emotional, the musical only differing from the spoken in that it brings into play the most effective instrument of direct appeal from emotion to emotion, whereas the spoken drama, dependent in large measure upon the essentially rational instrument of speech, must either resort to some indirect method of emotional appeal, as through scenic or word-pictures, or to devices of direct appeal more or less akin to music, such as those here in question, or the "passionate" gesture, or the emotional (musical) inflection of the word. The abrupt dramatic pause for example, composed of nothing but sudden silence and rigidity, may well be called musical in its direct appeal to the emotional sensibilities of the listener. Would it not seem, moreover, that the old-fashioned school of recitation referred to now-a-days as "singing" but almost universal until within a generation or two ago, as applied to classic drama or in fact to all drama in verses, was an instinctive attempt to appeal more directly to the emotions through addition of a musical element? That it had finally to be abandoned as unnatural, and that the fashion of present-day theaters demands a simplicity and "chastity" of recitation which is quite capable of going too far in the other direction, serves in no sense to weaken the argument at hand. On the contrary, it only goes to prove that the old school was found wanting because it did violence, in a way, to the feelings of the listener, by seeking to *emotionalize* almost everything, passages of a purely rational along with those of an emotional character. That the result could only be

confusion, and a hindrance rather than a stimulant to emotional receptivity, is obvious, yet the need of which the old school was born, remains, nor has the corrective process of our day—however wholesome—made it one jot the less apparent.

The German word "*Stil*," originally identical with our English "style," but long since drifted so far from the common starting-point as to mean in present usage almost anything rather than "style," and, in fact, very hard to translate in any way, is used in Bayreuth to signify the sum-total of specific technique which the Bayreuth musical drama has created in its deliberate attempt to cope with the aforesaid need. It might be called in this case the unified formula into which Bayreuth undertakes to mould all devices of outer expression, and indeed to mould them in such a manner that each part will be recognized as organic, and will bear the stamp, so to speak, of the inner character of the whole. In fact the organic impression is the main thing,—that all parts may seem to have grown, from the inside out, like a plant, and never to be things dead and artificial, like garments to be worn or laid aside at will.

This seems paradox to many in view of the fact that Bayreuth is known to work out a fixed plan of steps and attitudes and gestures, and to insist upon the artist's sticking to it. In actual practice, however, this results in studied artificiality only in the case of the non-personality, who left to his or her own devices would appear, in any given dramatic situation, still more unnatural. In any case it is not the fault of the system, as proved by the fact that in the hands of a real artist this system invariably produces the impression of the utmost naturalness and reality plus that awe-inspiring "something more" of Shakespeare's, which Wagner defined as "*Das Reinmenschliche*" or the quintessence of all human nature, and the suggestions of which in its well thought-out, organic technique, Bayreuth tries to sum up in the one word: *Stil*.

Some of the formal aspects of this *Stil*, the technical devices of the pose, sustaining, continuity, etc., we have already seen at work, and although we have had to admit that such are also legitimate devices of the spoken drama, there can be no doubt but that music greatly contributes to their development and exhaustive utilization. It is as though a kind of *legato* were brought into the action also, almost as a direct reflection of the musical line. I remember one colleague in Bayreuth whose stage-rehearsals, for example of Siegmund, I used to watch with peculiar interest, for he possessed the faculty to an extraordinary degree of making

the aforesaid *legato* actually visible,—of building up his scenes and anticipating each gesture so cleverly, that one literally *felt them coming*,—out of a few intervening measures of music one could see each new pose or gesture born. Nor need anyone fear that the effect was “studied”: on the contrary, it was the very quintessence of nature and simplicity, because this man happened to be an artist. It is an open secret that *nature in art* requires the deepest and most patient study, and “Stil” makes nature not less natural, but more sublime.

The use of the “Leitmotiv” in the Bayreuth drama is a very material aid to continuity in the action. With the close of any given word-phrase the orchestra almost invariably gives a reminiscence of some emotion already—perhaps frequently—experienced in the same drama, and directly related to the words just sung, which not only keeps the dramatic interest of the spectator alive until words set in again, but also commands the active participation of the actor in question, either with descriptive or emphatic gesture or with an actively rigid body and fixed gaze, which will often be found to emphasize the intensity of the inner emotion more than any outward movement. So significant are these “Zwischentakte” (intervening measures) in the general structure of the drama, that it has become a dogmatic rule in Bayreuth to confine all gesture, as far as possible, to their duration, in other words to stand or sit still while singing and give vent to all imperative gesticulation during the intervals. (That this rule is relative, and cannot always be applied literally, goes without saying.) Even in the case of *forte* declamation where the word requires the immediate accompaniment of emphatic gesture, a crashing chord will nearly always be heard from the orchestra in an open measure just preceding or just following the declamatory climax, and the dramatic emphasis will be at least doubled if the gesture be given together with this chord, rather than with the word itself.

They tell a very amusing little anecdote about the way in which the now traditional gesture originated, which is always expected to accompany the two open measures:



which directly precede Wotan's culminating phrase at the close of “Das Rheingold”: “So grüss ich die Burg” (“Thus I greet the fortress”). This plastic and impressive use of the C major chord,

which by the merest accident (as we shall soon see) became known henceforth as the "Schwertmotiv" (sword theme), should much more aptly have been called the "Heldenmotiv" (theme of the heroes), inasmuch as this its first occurrence marks the birth of the entirely new idea in Wotan's mind, of *liberation through heroism*. In its countless repetitions throughout the succeeding three parts of the "Ring," it is also invariably used as expression or reminiscence of this original enthusiastic impulse. During a scenic rehearsal for the first performance of the "Ring" in Bayreuth (1876), Richard Wagner was having difficulty in inspiring his first Wotan, Franz Betz, with such ecstatic enthusiasm for this theme as would result in adequate gesture. He acted it for him repeatedly, but the famous baritone could not feel it and always fell short of the mark. Suddenly Wagner saw a gold-hilted sword lying on the stage, left over by accident from the Nibelungen-treasure, and grabbing it up impulsively he brandished it above his head with the cry: "Do it this way then if you can't do it any other!" From that day to this a forgotten sword in the middle of the stage has remained one of the indispensable requisites of a "Rheingold" performance in any theater in Germany, and the theme in question is known the world over only as the "sword theme."

If we turn now to examine the "opera" before Wagner, we shall look in vain for anything bearing the slightest resemblance to *organic* dramatic structure, and shall have to be content, in consequence, with a fragmentary technique of acting at best. It is impossible to build up a dramatic "Stil" where no life or unity exists in the drama itself. Water will not rise higher than its source. It was, therefore, cruelly unfair to ridicule the poor tenor as has been done for generations, for standing near the prompter's box and waving first one arm and then the other,—then perhaps both together, without any visible plan or object, for after all, what was the poor fellow to do? There seems to be something in the very nature of music which calls forth bodily motion. If the music of a given scene has no organic relation to the words, i.e., if it is neither direct expression nor reminiscence of a emotional experience to which the words also refer, but merely casual in its form and character, and end and object of its own existence to boot, then the gestures which it calls forth will also be of a purely casual or of an arbitrary nature and the impression upon the listening observer will be that of something extremely artificial, and undramatic, and senseless.

This is precisely what takes place in the old-fashioned opera, I should venture to say about half or over half the time, notably

in the arias and other closed numbers where the music is intended to be and is the "whole thing." The other half is filled out with fragmentary glimpses of real musical drama on the one hand, and by action on the other hand, dictated not by the music but by the words; action, notably in the recitatives, composed of descriptive or emphatic gestures of a relatively prosaic and every-day character. It is obvious that this, the "dramatic" side of the conventional "opera" will be no better than a spoken play of the same plot—on the contrary, not quite so good, and, in fact, plenty of successful plays have been hopeless disappointments when rehased into operas.

A hybrid of this sort, half music for its own sake and half a poor substitute for spoken drama, cannot be expected to produce a specific technique of acting, and the few stereotyped externals that it did produce, such as the halting stride with the coquettishly poised "hind foot" before each new step—dogma for the operatic star of 50 years ago—are either negligible quantities or do not deserve the name of acting in any event. This does not alter the fact that schools of operating acting have flourished abundantly for generations, in Milan, Paris and other centers; yet what they have taught, aside from such purely external formalism as above, is the action of the word-drama pure and simple. Their methods often differ very decidedly, however, from those of any common-sense teacher of declamation. There was Maestro M., for example, a celebrity of the old days in Milan, who had worked out a most amazing system of "preliminaries" consisting of a numbered list of exactly described gestures and positions, supposed to exhaust the possibilities of all human emotion, and with the numbers of which his pupils were required to adorn their piano-scores before beginning any actual acting, writing "gesture No. 67" over this measure, "No. 29" over that, etc. Nor can it be said that the results were always as mechanical as, on the face of it, one might have expected. Real talent triumphed even here, as talent will always be found most effective under conditions of control, and order in any form is generally its most valuable ally. The writer himself never studied with Maestro M. (nor with any other "maestro di scena"), but had friends among his pupils who afterward became excellent and successful artists.

The grateful star-roles of opera, such as "*La Traviata*" or "*Rigoletto*," are almost always equally so in their original form as spoken drama. The quartette of "*Rigoletto*," to be sure, the exquisite little scene between Sparafucile and *Rigoletto* at the beginning of the second act, the prelude to the fourth act of "*Traviata*"

and certain pages of the fourth act itself, are also *musically* dramatic, and, in fact, occasional glimpses of musical drama will be encountered in almost all the old operas. Each such instance is only the exception, however, that proves the rule, and makes the unnatural—sometimes nearly monstrous—character of the succeeding pages, from a dramatic standpoint, stand out in greater relief. "From a dramatic standpoint?" I should have been equally justified in saying: "from a musical standpoint" as well, for it is startlingly significant that these isolated pages of musical drama almost invariably stand out as *inspired* music, and have gone on record as the immortal jewels of operatic literature. The above-mentioned quartette of "Rigoletto," the "Lucia" sextette, and the "Laughing Quintette" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" are examples in point. All this would seem to confirm Wagner's thesis that music and drama, both taken in their deeper, more inward sense, are identical. (See comparison of Beethoven with Shakespeare.) At all events it is manifest in actual experience that the undramatic pages of opera are *ipso facto* the musically artificial. There are people in the world of course who consider the music of "Di quella pira" from "Il Trovatore" dramatic, but with due respect for all honest opinion, it suits my convenience to assume that my present reader is not of this class, and to waive the discussion.

In the rare cases like Bellini's "Norma" and Beethoven's "Fidelio," where human feeling of universal appeal ("Das Reinmenschliche") is expressed so naturally in music as to render the dramatic appeal of these works proportionate to—yes identical with the musical, and the works in their entirety worthy (in spite of occasional empty trivialities on Bellini's part) to be called musical dramas rather than operas, the *subject* will invariably be found to be the source of the unwonted dramatic power,—a peculiarly fortunate dramatic stuff, composed of inner conflicts and emotions which give birth of themselves to the music one calls inspired. Beethoven, indeed, never wrote but the one opera, because he never found another subject which inspired him. That in Bellini's case, however, there was more luck in the finding than any conscious plan in the seeking, is proved by the fact that he wrote countless other operas none of which will bear comparison, from a dramatic standpoint, with his recognized masterpiece, although many of them contain an equal abundance of characteristic Bellini melody. It is melody, however, in the less fortunate cases, not born of the drama, but organically alien to it, and pasted on, as it were, from the outside.

Precisely the same rule holds as applied to the technique of acting. The singer-actress of talent will have no difficulty in "Norma" in using the same technique of broad, plastic lines, and developing much the same "Stil" that we found characteristic of the Bayreuth school; on the contrary, it will appeal to her and to the public as the only perfectly *natural* way of doing it. But try to put on the same thing in "I Puritani," for example, and the result will seem stilted and artificial in exact proportion as the music is pasted-from-the-outside music, or born-of-the-drama music. Not to forget, however, that a certain primitive cadence of gesture is born directly of the music itself quite independently of the drama, and that this primitive physical reaction to musical stimuli is a positive factor of the operatic stage which has to be dealt with. In order then to avoid the perfectly casual and meaningless arm-waving of the dramatically untrained opera-singer, the best representatives of our art have long since deliberately broadened the lines and worked out a certain "Stil" for its own sake, artificial if you will—certainly conventional, and yet infinitely preferable to the other alternative, and applicable to practically all forms of stage-singing.

I was still very, very young in my profession when my first vocal-teacher and unforgettable friend and counselor, Mr. Karleton Hackett, of Chicago, had occasion to see me on a small Italian stage in Donizetti's "Poliuto," where I took the part of a Roman general. After the first performance this eminent critic told me some remarkably simple yet useful things which I have never forgotten. To practice and cultivate broad movements in curves, for example, and, indeed, to avoid all angular gestures except for comic effects; in accordance with this to start every movement of the hand and arm from the shoulder and not from the elbow; to avoid short, stiff-kneed steps, and to study to make a long, elastic stride look natural; to make as few gestures as possible, and to learn the value of standing perfectly still. The main point, however, was to avoid at any cost that most obnoxious vice of all beginners which makes them seem always to be "looking for something" on the ground at their feet, and as a corollary to this law the equally important one to keep one's eyes directed under normal conditions at the upper gallery, not lower.

The observance of this simple little rule alone, without adjuncts, will add more poise and dignity to the body than any other one thing that I know of. I must have made strenuous efforts to observe it, too, after the above lesson, for I recall that a few weeks later while fulfilling an engagement for the same "Poliuto"

in another (if possible still smaller) theater, I was accosted by two prospective débutants, a tenor and a baritone, who had come to join our company, and who now almost knocked me over by asking in all seriousness where I had acquired this "marvellous command" of the stage, and by begging me to teach them, in formal lessons, the secret of my "poise." To prove that I have not told this with the intention of "throwing bouquets" at myself, I will only add that my whole "secret" consisted in standing stockstill for some minutes during an ensemble-scene and gazing steadfastly at the upper gallery, as my old teacher had directed; that was the extent of my histrionic prowess at that time, yet it "worked," to my utmost astonishment, perhaps better, than many a piece of more conscious acting which I have indulged in since that time.

In the art of covering up even the weak and empty places of old-fashioned opera with so clever a semblance of "Stil" as to pass frequently for the real thing, the French are the acknowledged masters of the world. One will seldom encounter a French opera-singer of the better school whose performances are not characterized by "elegance" (the Frenchman's darling) and concious *line*. Even if in the hands of the less talented it results in a lot of stereotyped externalism, it is an open question as to whether even this be not preferable to much of the ungoverned naturalism of other Latin countries. I myself grew up, artistically speaking, among Italians and Spaniards, and I love them both, but just for that very reason, perhaps, I have been able the better to appreciate how much their performances often profit by a touch of French finish and style.

Style and '*Stil*': there we have it. I said above that the French succeed even in covering the weak spots in opera with a "semblance of Stil": it would have been better, perhaps, to have called it "style" outright, for the latter term implies outward show and elegant bearing for its own sake, whereas the German "Stil" goes deeper. Meyerbeer, for example, calls for style, Wagner for "Stil," yet we have seen that "Stil" is not necessarily confined to the German product, but can also grow and blossom from the music of "Norma," or from that of any other true musical drama. Nor would it be fair, in speaking of the French as masters of style, to imply for this reason that they as a race lack feeling for "Stil." The Bayreuth school is indeed *new*, yet as revealed by individual genius, old as the hills, and of these individuals of genius France has undoubtedly furnished her full share.

Victor Maurel is said once to have been invited to Wagner's hotel (in London, if I mistake not) for the express purpose of

singing the famous monologue of "The Flying Dutchman" for its composer. After he had done so, it was discovered that Wagner had had all of the German singers of his company hidden behind a mock partition, in order to give them an object-lesson in "Stil," and he now had them all come forth and congratulate their illustrious French colleague. Maurel, indeed, was undoubtedly bigger than any school, the kind of man who could breathe the breath of life even into dead pages, and create musical drama out of his own personality, where the composer had failed to do so. He was Shakespearian, Wagnerian, French and Italian all in one, and might easily have been a celebrity of spoken drama. Too good a Frenchman not to know the value of style, as a makeshift, and to use it deliberately for filling-out and bridging-over purposes, in his monumental rôles of Iago, Falstaff, Don Giovanni, etc., he left the name none the less of one of the greatest masters of "Stil" that the world has known. Another such of the French school was Jean De Reszke, who without possessing the many-sided dramatic genius of a Maurel, knew, nevertheless, as few have ever known, how constantly to command and hold the interest of his audience with the simple device of line, line, and then more line,—musical line in drama, dramatic line in music,—where neither music nor drama existed, just "line" on general principles! He could outdo them all in concealing the boundaries between "Stil" and style, in other words, he could bluff one into almost believing that Raoul, for example, was as dramatic a figure as Lohengrin. I have even known one French tenor, Charles Rousselière, who possessed I believe more "Stil" than style. I have never seen any one bring to the rôle of the younger Siegfried, for example, more *Innigkeit* (concentrated inner feeling) than he did, but I imagine that such rôles as Raoul would have greatly bored him, and, therefore, been somewhat lacking in what I have called "Jean De Reszke's bluff."

This bluff is, indeed, a very subtle something, and it takes an extremely clever man to carry it through. Not all rôles, moreover, will permit of it. A certain baritone who had begun his career as a Verdi singer, with all the highest rôles, and then gradually matured to an heroic baritone and Wagner specialist, was once called upon in Germany, on a few hours' notice and with no rehearsal, to take the place of a colleague as Conte di Luna in "Il Trovatore." As he had not sung it for years, his performance was the object of intense general curiosity, and when he acquitted himself creditably, from a vocal standpoint, applause and congratulations were showered upon him out of all proportion to the actual merits of

the case. Only one man of his intimate friends and colleagues was silent, a young tenor who professed to be his greatest admirer, and who boasted of diligently attending the baritone's performances in order to learn from him. Unable to overcome his somewhat chagrined surprise and wonder, that this man of all others should have nothing to say about Luna, the baritone finally accosted him and frankly asked for his verdict. "You killed the rôle with your personality" was the candid but not unfriendly answer! This was a warning to the man in question, as I hope it will be to others, not to try to make a human figure out of a marionette.

The modern school of Italian opera has been so much concerned with abolishing the old marionette and creating real men and women, that it has often forgotten to add that certain "something more" here repeatedly mentioned. "Verismo" or stage realism is the term most often applied to this school, and although it would be folly to deny the existence of musical drama in certain pages of "Tosca" and "The Girl of the Golden West," yet the greater portion of what they offer is realistic enough to suit the most exacting, and it is hard to see how Puccini's Scarpia, for example, is any improvement upon Sardou's original. As the drama, just so the actors. As remarked above, the average Italian opera-actor has an innate tendency to ungoverned naturalism, and this tendency is but aided and abetted by most modern Italian opera. Here foreign influence, in homeopathic doses at least, is sometimes visibly beneficial.

It must be acknowledged that the Germans with all their thoroughness—in this case perhaps because of it—are by no means always successful in improving upon the Italians' staging of their own operas. I myself once directed the staging of a revival of "Tosca" in a German theater, and I found nothing better to do with it than to re-Italianize it to the utmost, and to make it as naturalistic as possible. And yet I had to go to Germany first to see the Columbina-comedia scene in "I Pagliacci," for example, done with measured, marionette-like steps and gestures, a detail which not only adds variety and a certain quaint charm to the whole performance, but actually intensifies the tragic double-meaning of the scene to a marked degree. When Caruso came to Hamburg in 1913 and gave three brilliant guest performances, it was some ten years since I had last seen him, in La Scala in Milan, at that time already a wonderful singer, to be sure, but artistically immature—and at that stage of development where one is apt to mistake unbridled "temperamento" for dramatic art. In

Hamburg he was a revelation to me. He had learned the secret of measuring and controlling his effects, thus rendering the intensity of his inner feeling in pathetic scenes decidedly more rather than less appealing, and had acquired continuity, poise and dignity throughout. Even in the comedy scene of the four chums in the fourth act of "*La Bohème*," he had worked out every step and gesture, in rhythmic harmony with the music, to a perfectly definite scheme which, had the other three been prepared to support him in it, would have transformed this otherwise chaotic "rough-house" into a living picture of clear, plastic lines. Caruso is said to have acknowledged in later years that he had learned a lot about singing from the French: the probabilities are that he had learned still more from them about acting. At all events, the years at the Metropolitan had made an artist of him, an artist of line and poise.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

By CARL ENGEL

A CENTENARY is always an ubiquitous temptation to indulge in rhapsody at the expense of veracity." Thus writes Mr. Ernest Newman on the first page of his latest book, "The Unconscious Beethoven."¹ And forthwith he yields to another temptation: he celebrates the event by over-indulging his fantasy in the absence of certainty. But he does it with such apparent persuasion of belief in his own candor, with so great a show of anxiety about "the truth," that no one will question the motives which prompted the unfolding of the whole unvarnished tale, told with Mr. Newman's usual dialectic skill. The only thing that might be questioned is whether the centennial air, heavy with rose and laurel, has after all been noticeably cleared by the addition of the doubtful fragrance from Mr. Newman's bouquet of hints and guesses.

Mr. Newman calls his book "an essay in musical psychology." True to the technique of some of our most eminent psychologists, whether musical or not, Mr. Newman's procedure, in the main, is that of the little boy who delights in playing with mud. Mr. Newman declaims against "the romantic and sentimental rubbish" which has a way of accumulating about the figures of great men "during the course of a century or so." In the name of "historical criticism" all dirt of this sort must be removed, even if nothing else will do but to substitute for it dirt of another and possibly more unpleasant kind. It would be indelicate to suggest that anything Mr. Newman writes could be likened to rubbish. He is too frequently original as a thinker, too uniformly brilliant as a writer.

If Mr. Newman's latest is an illuminating book, it throws more light on the author than on the author's subject. The book is bare of any facts concerning Beethoven not known before; it merely spins out and twists up certain theories long held as plausible, without adducing a single scrap of new evidence or positive proof wherewith to substantiate or clarify them. Herein the book is disappointing.

¹London, Leonard Parsons; New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1927.

Mr. Newman's object is "to dig out the real Beethoven from the romantic plaster-of-Paris in which he has gradually become encased." The excavation carries a long way forward what the author began in his study of Wagner, the man and the artist. In both cases he has shown himself particularly interested in the man; and for reasons. If the man and the artist are far from the same, they are inseparable. However, the man with his failings is always humanly nearer to the rest of us than is the artist in his ivory tower or barbed-wire stockade. The man we can possibly measure by the yardstick of our own troubled existence, whereas the artist remains to most of us an elusive or incomprehensible being we love to theorize about, in a vain endeavor to explain the one through the other.

Beethoven, like Wagner, was content to realize in himself the power of genius without aspiring to the condition of saintliness. Genius is an affliction; or, as Goethe put it, a demon. In Beethoven resided a demonic force and will which disregarded everything except the work of creation. That is the mark of the possessed, of the creative artist. And with it is stamped out immediately and necessarily much that in the ordinary man is the behavior resulting from accepted notions of righteousness or morality. Genius stands not only above the society of men, but outside of it. Here begins the everlasting conflict.

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Mr. Newman has found it incumbent upon himself to knock off the legend of Saint Ludwig by throwing at it all the adverse testimony ever given against the man Beethoven. The thrower works hard, the sentimental plaster flies to the right and left. But it is wasted energy; for when Mr. Newman is done with his job, we discover nothing that we did not already know. Beethoven was fond of flattery, he lacked consideration, he was obstinate, he had rude manners, he could be contemptuous of his lesser colleagues, he was ungrateful, he suffered from colossal arrogance, he was self-sufficient, his natural suspiciousness and distrust were aggravated by his deafness, he was officiously interfering, he gave the reins to his meddlesome despotism and vile temper, he used scurrilous language, he even descended to questionable business methods. In short, he was an impossible person.

Alas, Mr. Newman undoubtedly knows that geniuses are not easy to live with; they can not be recommended as household pets; they must be handled with infinite tact and forbearance. Since

very few people can clash against super-man wrapped in the hard shell of his egoism and stand the shock without hurt, the "contemporaries" of geniuses are often willing but biased witnesses for the prosecution. The contempt of the great arouses the jealousy of the small. Misunderstandings beget misrepresentation. And so little as a suspicion of unfairness is needed to start the biographical artist-in-plaster, anxious to build up the defense. In our own day we have begun to hear whispered stories—not surprising nor unbelievable—which give accounts of the man Debussy strangely contrasting with the perfection of his music. So soon as the gossip will become louder or get into print, we must be prepared for the counter-move of a Debussy-legend. It will no more improve the beauty of his scores than any subsequent plaster-wreckers can abstract from it.

Thayer was by no means the only one who truthfully pointed out Beethoven's weaknesses. All except the most superficial biographers laid on black paint, or at least a dark grey, where the shadows projected. Fifty years ago, when the prophets of Wagner in England were accused of seizing upon Beethoven as "a link in a chain of musical progress supposed to find its culmination in the latest productions of a special school of musicians," H. H. Statham in the *Fortnightly Review* wrote that the best proof of Beethoven's greatness lay in the fact "that even his admirers have not been able to write him down. . . . Hardly anything that has been said of Socrates or of Christ equals the tone of solemnity in which Beethoven's moral greatness, and the future mission of his music in regenerating mankind, are spoken of by some of these zealous apostles. Beethoven was neither a Socrates nor a Christ; nor is music a moral agent, except in the indirect sense in which all high and intellectual pleasures are moral agents." And Statham—an architect—belonged to the plasterers' union.

It was late in the day, therefore, when Mr. Newman girded up his loins and slew the slain. But he went through the motions of a great battle simply because he was afraid that some small portion of the "romantic rubbish" had been permitted to survive, even by the honest and ruthless Thayer. So he decided to do away with it once for all. No better occasion could have been chosen for the alleged cleaning operation than a centenary, which always gathers so much dust.

The one point Thayer deliberately passed over with only parenthetical or veiled allusions, is the matter of Beethoven's obvious strayings from the path of purity and the consequences he "is said" to have suffered. Beethoven never married, though

most of the time he was "in love." It was not his fault that he remained single; more than once he rashly proposed marriage. He longed for a home and family. His conceptions of wedded life were strict and lofty. But the right woman, fit to bear the crown and the cross of being the wife of Beethoven, did not exist. Merciful luck preserved him from getting tied to the wrong one.

Beethoven's celibacy does not imply chastity. He was no Joseph, nor Sir Galahad. His exuberant vitality, especially in the prime of his life, was blended with a large dose of sensuality. It forms a natural attribute of the creative vigour and the artistic temperament. Duclos, French moralist and friend of Rousseau's, travelling through Italy in 1767, observed that castrates make excellent singers but poor composers; and he shrewdly inferred that "ce dont on les prive a de grandes influences sur les facultés de l'âme." Beethoven's soul was as ardent as the sap in his veins, and the ardour overflowed into his music. Yet there are critics who deny this. Paul Bekker declares that Beethoven's art "shows no indication of erotic tendencies, his music is outside the realm of sexual impulses." And Mr. Newman thinks that "Beethoven's music has probably fewer sex-connnotations than that of any other composer except Bach's." How the sturdy *Kantor*, father of twenty children, would smile at that. The sex-connnotation lies in the creative urge itself. And to be erotic, music need not be tinged with the pale, dejected passion of Chopin, the purple frenzy of Liszt, or the flame and gold of Wagner's paroxysm. Can not a scherzo, without being giddy or bizarre, spring from the playful daring of amorous pursuit, and an adagio, without being saturated with chromaticism, reflect the warm glow of content in fulfillment? The very absence of a loud or unhealthy erotic shade in the coloring of Beethoven's music must be interpreted as a sign that his "love-life"—such as it was—was essentially normal. When in a letter to Ries he bemoaned the fact that probably he would never possess the "one woman" of his desire, he carefully added: "Yet I am no woman-hater."¹

And still, Mr. Newman would have us believe that Beethoven suffered from "a perverse sex-obsession," that he was plagued by "a morbid sex-complex." Why? Because his well-grounded disapproval of the wives of his two brothers expressed itself in violent hatred for these decidedly frail ladies, and because he wished to keep his nephew Carl away from dangerous company, just as he had warned his brother Johann, twenty years earlier, to

¹Vienna, May 8, 1816: "Alles schöne an Ihre Frau; leider habe ich keine; ich fand nur Eine, die ich wohl nie besitzen werde; bin aber deswegen kein Weiberfeind."

"beware of the whole tribe of bad women." In order to justify his deductions, Mr. Newman assumes that Beethoven's "own life had been radically changed for the worse by a youthful imprudence." This leads us to the question of the venereal disease, or diseases, from which Beethoven "is said" to have suffered. The whole question might well have been left where it stood, in comparative darkness, for no matter how it is answered—if a positive answer should ever be found—it makes little difference now. What may be of interest, is to look for a moment at the critical methods of Mr. Newman, the historian.

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Of course, Mr. Newman is not the first one openly and fearlessly to discuss these things. He quotes from Grove (1879) and Frimmel (1912), besides freely helping himself from the book of Dr. Schweisheimer (1922) on "Beethoven's maladies, their influence upon his life-work," which is really the source of the only pertinent remarks he contributes on the medical side. If the book by Guglielmo Bilancioni, "*La Sordità di Beethoven, considerazioni di un otologo*" (1921), is known to Mr. Newman, he does not mention it among his references. Beethoven's maladies have always received a good deal of attention, especially in their relation to his deafness. One of the likely causes that have been advanced for it, is syphilis. Frimmel, in his recent "*Beethoven Handbuch*,"¹ under the head of "*Krankheiten*," does not forget "*die ominöse Lues*."

The suggestion was Grove's that the autopsy revealed in Beethoven's body conditions which were "most probably the result of syphilitic affections at an early period of his life." Although the form of the statement is a relatively guarded one, Grove himself was apparently convinced that it was actually true. In a footnote to this passage he said: "This diagnosis, which I owe to the kindness of my friend, Dr. Lauder Brunton, is confirmed by the existence of two prescriptions, of which, since the passage in the text was written, I have been told by Mr. Thayer, who heard of them from Dr. Bertolini." That is a somewhat roundabout route. But people have been hanged and reputations blasted on flimsier grounds than this.

The first objection—and one we shall have to return to later—is that the diagnostic findings of Bertolini-Thayer-Grove-Brunton

¹Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig, 1926, 2 vols.—A remarkable book!

did not specify whether it was a case of acquired or congenital syphilis. There is a great difference between the two, as far as the "moral" implications go. Either might have been possible, with similar effects upon the hearing. But instead of being "most probably," or even conceivably, the cause of deafness, it is in decidedly exceptional cases that a syphilitic affection damages the aural mechanism; and it is highly improbable that the damage should be symmetrical. Beethoven's *post-mortem* revealed nothing that required the acceptance or supposition of syphilis as a necessary or likely cause of any diseased conditions in the ear or any other part of the body. Doctors have been known to disagree. In medicine, more than in any other science, the scope of verified knowledge is constantly being widened, and much of this knowledge is of surprisingly recent date. The later doctor, then, is apt to know more than did the earlier one. In Grove's chain of hearsay diagnosticians only the first and the last links were medical men. That does not make them the stronger links now. Time has corroded their prestige.

Dr. Lauder Brunton was an eminent physician in his day. But that day is no more. His deductions from Beethoven's *post-mortem* were made in the light of what knowledge he possessed. His opinion may properly have had weight with Grove; now it must be taken with all reserve. In Brunton's time the study of venereal diseases had not advanced to the point it has reached to-day. They were still held responsible for various conditions now recognized as resulting from other causes. Therefore, Brunton can not be accepted as an infallible authority on venereal diseases; nor can Bertolini. In Beethoven's lifetime the medical world was woefully hazy on such things. As a matter of fact, the definite distinction between gonorrhea and syphilis dates only from the tests made by Philippe Ricord in 1838, eleven years after Beethoven's death. Prior to that time, syphilis, chancroid, and gonorrhea were confused as manifestations of one systemic disorder and were treated in more or less the same manner, especially as regards the administering of mercury. In Beethoven's time, mercury was still a sort of panacea and general tonic or alterative. Because it was found efficacious in some maladies, for which it happened to be a specific, it was used in others for which it was not. Kipling was right when he wrote:

Wonderful little, when all is said,
Wonderful little our fathers knew.
Half their remedies cured you dead—
Most of their teaching was quite untrue—

It would be a peculiarly distressing thought to picture a hypochondriac Beethoven taking one useless medicine-after the other and going from bad to worse, a victim of those who tried to fasten on him a disease he never had.

Likewise the two prescriptions of which Grove was told by Thayer, "who had heard of them from Dr. Bertolini," give us no promise of a solution until we have actually seen them. The presence of mercury in two prescriptions dating from ca. 1815 would hardly establish in themselves a presumption of syphilis, much less an absolute proof. The only document alleged to be first-hand "evidence" and still in existence, is "an as yet unpublished note in Beethoven's own hand referring to a cure that leaves no doubt as to the specific nature of his malady." But here again we shall have to verify before we can be certain. The note is said to be in the private possession of a German scientist. Now more than ever the owner of this note is placed under the moral obligation to publish it and submit it to critical scrutiny. The danger of rhapsodizing is apparently as great on the darker side of Beethoven's life as it is on the luminous one. Veracity is not identical with the gathering of every bit of unverified scandal; least of all can the method claim to have anything in common with "historical criticism."

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There is one piece of direct testimony which stands in particular need of critical inquiry, as it comes nearest to establishing the fact of Beethoven's sexual mishaps. In 1852, Otto Jahn went to Vienna to collect material for the Beethoven biography he intended to write. Bertolini was still alive; Jahn visited him twice and each time took notes. At one of these interviews the physician remarked that "Beethoven hatte gewöhnlich eine Flamme, die Guicciardi, Frau von Frank, Bettina Brentano; daneben 'miselte' er auch gewöhnlich, wobei er nicht immer gut wegstam."

The noun *misel* and the verb *miseln* belonged to the German "fashion words" of the late eighteenth century. Probably they were imported into polite speech and writing by no less a person than Goethe, who must have learned them during his student days in Strassburg. *Misel*¹ is the diminutive of the Alsatian *mus*

¹Fr. L. K. Weigand, Deutsches Wörterbuch, 5th ed., Giessen, 1907: *Misel*, n (Pl.—s) Mädchen, ein Lieblingswort des jungen Goethe, eig. elsäss. Dim. von *mus* "maus." ABL. *miseln*, v., *liebeln*.

Victor Henry, Le dialecte Alaman de Colmar, Paris, 1900: *misele* = petite souris.

and means "little mouse"; it acquired the significance of "maiden" when lovingly applied to one; thence *miseln* stands for *liebeln*, which in English is flirting or philandering.¹ By forced analogy the Alsatian verb *miseln* may be pressed to do service for the German *mausen*, that incorrigible failing of the little rodent, to furtively steal its food. Thus it may come to signify any lighter form of pilfering; and by bending it over completely, it may be made to lean toward the German *naschen*, the meanings of which range all the way from an innocent nibbling of sweets to "illicitly to enjoy."² It was a typical student word, and we can well imagine that the young Goethe in Strassburg, head over heels in love with Friderike Brion, found it attractive and useful. He kept it in his vocabulary. But where he employs it, as in his letters² to Frau von Stein, it suggests no more than a harmless flirt.

We must assume that in Jahn's notes the word is not his but Bertolini's. If the Viennese of 1852 used the word in the graver sense just indicated, it would imply that the old physician knew of some of Beethoven's escapades between 1810 and 1815 from which the composer did not always ("nicht immer") return unscathed. The suggested repetition of these misfortunes strongly points to the probability that they had nothing to do with syphilis, but were re-infections or recrudescences of a different nature, which the medical men of those days had not yet learned to distinguish. In fact, the whole profession had been thrown into complete confusion by John Hunter, the famous English physician, who during the last years of the eighteenth century maintained and thought he had proved by experiments that syphilis, chancre, and gonorrhea were due to the same virus. Although Bertolini lived to see Hunter's error corrected by Ricord, in 1838, it is doubtful whether these later discoveries were in his mind when he discussed Beethoven with Jahn in 1852. Whatever venereal disease Bertolini may have thought he was treating in Beethoven, there is so far no convincing evidence or even good reason to fix upon syphilis as that disease.

Without going deeper into medical details, we have settled this much:

¹Thieme-Preusser, Neues vollständiges kritisches Wörterbuch der englischen und deutschen Sprache; Gotha, 1859.

²Goethe Briefe, ed. by Philipp Stein, Berlin, 1902. Letter of June 12, 1777, to Charlotte von Stein: "Seit Sie weg sind fühl ich erst, dass ich etwas besitze, und dass mir was obliegt. Meine übrigen kleinen Leidenschaften, Zeitvertreibe und Miseleyen, hingen sich nur so an dem Faden der Liebe zu Ihnen an, der mich durch mein jezzig Leben durch ziehen hilft." The editor added to this passage: "Miseley soviel wie Liebelei, miseln gleich liebeln. Misel eine aus Demoiselle [!] entstandene Bezeichnung für Mädchen."

1. Since Beethoven's incipient deafness had declared itself by 1800, it is impossible to conceive that a venereal disease contracted 10 or 15 years later, if indeed such was contracted, had anything to do with his deafness; and of "syphilitic affections at an early period of his life" we have no proof, nor does his medical history lead us to believe that such an affection existed.

2. Any diagnosis of a venereal disease prior to 1838 must be accepted with the greatest reserve, and not even a prescription or a "cure" involving mercury treatment gives trustworthy evidence of syphilis.

If Dr. Bertolini, as Thayer reported, burned in 1831 (when he believed himself at the point of death) all the letters which Beethoven had written to him, "because a few were not of a nature to be risked in careless hands," the precaution speaks well for the doctor's discretion, but offers no positive clue to the nature of these confidences. Should they have been concerned with a malady "that had not merely physical but moral connotation," the deduction—unsupported by other proof—that this malady was syphilis, can hardly be called "critical." For the sake of argument it might be objected that, in view of Beethoven's constant intestinal troubles and his blunt modes of expression, the letters, without touching upon amorous misadventures at all, may have been sufficiently "Rabelaisian" to make it seem desirable to Bertolini that they be kept out of "careless hands." Moreover, it would be interesting to know whether in 1831 Bertolini destroyed only Beethoven's letters or those of some other patients as well.

Suppose Bertolini in 1831—believing his death from cholera near—destroyed the greater part of his medical correspondence. Years later, Thayer looks him up and asks to see the letters of the Great Man to his physician. The physician admits he has them no longer, he burned them. Thayer throws up his hands in horror. What better excuse could the embarrassed physician give than to explain his act of vandalism as an act of pious caution?

In the last analysis, not even Bertolini's "miseln" need have the "incriminating" meaning suggested above. Mr. Newman himself tells us that in 1848 (or only four years prior to the Bertolini interview), the editor of Goethe's letters to Frau von Stein gave the meaning of *misel* as *schöne* [a belle or a sweetheart] and *miseln* as *schönthun* [act the gallant or flirt]. Note that the doctor opposed the term to what he said about Guilietta, Christine, and Bettina. These three were "flames" who burned as much in admiration for the composer as he burned in love for them; they were women of a certain prominence, known to have accepted

Beethoven's homages more or less enthusiastically; but besides these known attachments, Beethoven "habitually" (*gewöhnlich*) flirted with pretty women, unknown and of lesser station, without always capturing his prize. Indeed, there may have been occasions when his attentions were severely rebuffed and the poor love-sick bear must have looked rather sheepish. Ries tells of an instance in Baden when he surprised the composer with an unknown woman who had apparently taken offence at something that Beethoven had said or done; when Beethoven failed in his attempted mending of the wrong move (to slow music played by Ries!), the tilt ended checkmate and the lady left. There is nothing to prevent us from interpreting Bertolini's remark as importing just this, that the flirtatious Beethoven, who had exceptional luck with some women (see Wegeler's reference to conquests an Adonis might have found impossible), was occasionally snubbed; or—to translate Bertolini's words literally—Beethoven did "not always come off well," that is, victoriously, in his habitual philanderings. The idiom is the same in English as in German.

Nothing obliges us to see an injury to Beethoven's health in what may have been no more than a wound to his vanity. It is less of a strain to put a direct and innocent interpretation upon Bertolini's expression than an equivocal one. Thayer may have thought it a delicate point, for he quoted the first half of Bertolini's remark, the one about Beethoven's "flames," and kept silent about the "miseln." That was in a line with Thayer's "exceptionally judicial habit of mind." Since the remark was made to Jahn and not to Thayer, the latter could not judge, any better than we can now, what special meaning the speaker's "inflection" might have imparted to the phrase. Certainly, in Goethe's letters to Charlotte von Stein the word "miseln" and its derivatives were used in the sense that is currently applied to the English "flirt" or the slangy "spoon." And the "innocent" explication is offered here simply to show how much there is yet to be ascertained before any other construction can be built on a foundation of facts.

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The time is past when Beethoven needed "shielding." We make ourselves ridiculous if we attempt to throw the cloak of our conventions round the shoulders of a giant. The thought no longer shocks us that the composer of a "Missa Solemnis" had promiscuous sex relations. We must be reconciled to the whims of Nature who dooms the spirit that conceives the music of a

"Credo in unum Deum" to pursue indifferently pretty *Grabennymphen* or unkempt servant wenches, to become flesh in their embrace.

The probability is greater of our discovering the truth in what the living Beethoven confessed about himself than of finding it in what Mr. Newman imagines about him one hundred years after his death. We have Beethoven's own word for it that he was "no woman-hater"; and at the time he wrote this he had no reason to lie, nor cause for wanting to appear in the borrowed plumes of Don Juan. They were his own. And to judge by what we know of his life, he did not shed his feathers at an early age. It is sophistry to postulate "a youthful imprudence" and a syphilitic affection merely in order to explain Beethoven's anxiety for the moral welfare of his brothers and nephew. The violent hatred for his dissolute sisters-in-law, his solicitude for the weak brothers and weaker nephew, were all perfectly natural. Any healthy person imbued with the least family pride and family love would have done as much. And we know that Beethoven's pride was exceeded only by his capacity for love. Complex and extraordinary as his character was, Beethoven showed no trait of mind, no singularity of behaviour that has been observed exclusively or predominantly among syphilitics. Mr. Newman's suggestion of a "perverse sex obsession" and a "morbid sex complex" based on the presence of syphilis is interesting. But it so happens that Beethoven's "abnormalities" can all be explained quite simply without resorting to an assumption for which we are still lacking the first scrap of indisputable proof.

The first one openly to include syphilis among Beethoven's half-dozen or more maladies was Sir George Grove in the first edition of his famous "Dictionary" (1879).¹ The main prop for the

¹It looks as though the glory of having been the first to discover Beethoven's "syphilis" must be conceded to British diagnosticians. But among them the honor of individual priority is still disputed. Thus—in *The Musical Times* of June 1, 1927—Mr. William Wallace claims that in 1923 he had the privilege of being the first "to bring forward a piece of evidence which clinches the diagnosis." Mr. Wallace is not only a very able composer and writer, he happens to have had some medical training. His words deserve to be pondered. Mr. Wallace's "evidence" is a photograph of Beethoven's skull, taken at the first exhumation in 1863. This photograph is supposed to show "that the bone in the region of the right ear is enormously thickened"; by this condition, Mr. Wallace believes, "Mr. Newman's minute analysis" is clenchingly upheld. Now, first it should be borne in mind that Beethoven's skull, in 1863, was found to be in a very bad state of preservation. On the whole subject of the skull, see Frimmell's article *Schädel* in his *Handbuch*. Through excisions at the autopsy "the bony parts of the head were much altered." Here, then, we are on rather unsafe ground. Moreover, deductions made from the photographs of the reconstructed skull or a plaster-cast are open to question; such photographs would have to be taken under carefully arranged lighting so as to prevent small surface irregularities from appearing as gross asymmetries. Undoubtedly, there existed some pathological change in the

syphilis-theory was Beethoven's deafness. But that prop collapses when we bear upon it with our present-day medical knowledge. Whether Beethoven's deafness was due to an impairment of the conducting mechanism of the ear, secondary to a disease of the middle ear, or to a chronically progressive affection (otosclerosis) of the inner ear, of indeterminate ætiology, in neither case would it be necessary or normal to presuppose a syphilitic origin. The autopsy, contrary to Lauder Brunton's opinion, did not describe any condition which suggested the effects of an acquired or congenital syphilis. Dr. Schweisheimer is categorical on that score. He sees no correlation between the deafness of Beethoven and syphilis. He believes that Beethoven suffered from a disease of the inner ear (labyrinth), not of the nature of otosclerosis, but due to a simple infection. Bilancioni is convinced that it was a case of otosclerosis (*Per me si trattò indubbiamente di una otosclerosi*) and points out that this affection is not limited to the middle ear, as Schweisheimer thinks, but can spread to the inner ear (*È erroneo quanto sostiene il Schweisheimer che nella otosclerosi il processo si limiti all' orecchio medio*). Frimmel adheres to Bilancioni's diagnosis, first made by Dr. Leo Jacobsohn in 1910.

Whatever we know from Beethoven's own descriptions about the progress of his deafness—the pains, the inner noises he heard (tinnitus), and the vanishing perception of higher notes—is in accordance with the clinical picture of an otosclerosis, particularly that form which involves anatomically the osseous labyrinth (hyperostosis of the cochlea). The autopsy revealed that “the Eustachian tube [the canal connecting the middle ear with the naso-pharynx] was much thickened, its mucous lining swollen and somewhat contracted about the osseous portion of the tube; in front of its orifice and toward the tonsils some dimpled scars were observable.” This raises the belief that one of the several

petrous portion of the temporal bone. The autopsy already stated that “the whole substance of the *os petrosum* showed a similar degree of vascularity, being traversed by vessels of considerable size, more particularly in the region of the cochlea.” The localization in that anatomical region, the thickening of the bone which contains the ear structures, the increase in the number and size of blood vessels, the degenerative changes in the terminal nerves, all combined strongly suggest a case of otosclerosis (see the summary of recent ætiological observations presented in Ballenger's, 1925, “Diseases of the nose, throat and ear,” pp. 746-752, in the chapter on otosclerosis). Even Dr. Schweisheimer, who does not accept the latter diagnosis, categorically rejects as baseless the assertion that the thickening of the bone in Beethoven's skull was due to syphilitic action, and goes to great length in proving his point (see Schweisheimer, 1922, “Beethovens Leiden,” pp. 83-86). Mr. Wallace's “evidence,” therefore, was thrown out of court one year before he brought it forward. If this sort of scandal-mongering guess-work proves anything, it is the grim determination of some syphilomaniacs to de-deify Beethoven. But he would remain Beethoven, and be the greater, had he belonged to that distinguished company of *buteurs très-illustres, et vous très-précieux!*

and severe "colds" from which Beethoven suffered at an early age, resulted in a low-grade infection such as might be caused by a streptococcic invasion; in character the process is analogous to that which affects the joints, or the valves of the heart, or the glandular organs, producing always degenerative and fibrotic changes. The primary disease, which eventually induces these later degenerative changes in the ear, may arise from infections situated remotely, or may develop by direct extension through the Eustachian tubes from infections in the naso-pharynx.

On the one side, then, we have a few inferences of the most doubtful validity, whereas on the other we have facts which are admissible as significant evidence, because they represent direct observation in respect to clinical symptoms and anatomical conditions found at autopsy, and also because they harmonize with statistical probabilities based on the collective experience of the medical profession. With our present knowledge, the only conclusion possible is that Beethoven's deafness was not caused by syphilis, either congenital or contracted.

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Mr. Newman is not content with putting the human, all-too-human Beethoven under his lense and pronouncing him a syphilitic; in the second half of his book he takes the "unconscious" composer under the microscope and bids us look at Beethoven's musical "finger-print." One can not hold back the suspicion that a musical Bertillon system would show too close a resemblance among most of the thumbs of one generation to give it great value; at a certain distance, yes—but there again it would be rather the foot-print of a colossus marking a stride in the advance of music. However, let us examine Mr. Newman's discovery.

The musical "finger-print" of Beethoven, according to Mr. Newman, consists in a "figure of three ascending notes in conjunct motion that generally come in about the same place relatively to the melodic design as a whole, and are unconsciously used to perform the same expressive function."

It was comparatively easy to deal with Mr. Newman the syphilologist. Mr. Newman, the finger-print expert, is more problematical. First of all, it is difficult to follow Mr. Newman in his ideas about the processes of musical composition. He thinks that "all composers' minds are more or less unconscious mechanisms." Perhaps he means that most artists—whether prose writers, painters, or musicians—automatically develop certain

technical idiosyncracies which are in general easily recognized. They make up what is called a man's style. But once these peculiarities of style are formed—with their selective, and, therefore, conscious, aids to expression—they require the most vigilant attention, lest they degenerate into mannerisms. Fortunate the artist who successively evolves different styles. Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi were such lucky chameleons. There is an advantage in cultivating versatility. Bach saw it; he tried his hand at the French, Italian, and English manner. Handel was saved when he quit manufacturing operas and went into the oratorio business. Grieg and Debussy belong to the other type. Their "unconscious mechanism" ran in one groove, after one pattern. The wheels slow down when they are clogged with manneristic grit. They need the oil of conscious revolution.

Instead of giving himself over to an "unconscious expression of forces profounder than the merely personal," the artist is the finer, the more sensitive or the more aware he is of the workings of his mind. There are no forces profounder than the Ego. And the artist above all others should obey the Delphic injunction to plumb his own depths. It is possible that Nevin's "Rosary" sprang from an unconscious mechanism; it is certain that Fauré's "Prison" sprang from a highly conscious one. Nevin's song is sung by millions, Fauré's hardly ever. Is it because the "Rosary" is the more profound of the two?

We know there is that unaccountable thing called inspiration, which sees to it that the blind hen does not starve and that Beethoven should hit upon the themes of the *Eroica*. But whereas the blind hen swallows her corn and cackles, Beethoven has to chew upon his themes and nearly choke. The artist is the tireless artisan, the fashioner, who polishes his verse or his gem until it has that appearance of flawless perfection which hides the pains it cost, and makes it seem inevitable. A masterpiece is forged in the white heat of super-consciousness.

Mr. Newman is far too astute not to see the weak points in his theory of the unconscious. Toward the end of his dissertation he admits that "obviously Beethoven was something more than an instrument of the unconscious; he sought consciously for his themes, and did a good deal of conscious manipulation of them and designing of them." Shades of Tartarus! What man sweat drops of bitterer agony than did Beethoven, the conscious manipulator of his themes? And does not Mr. Newman realize that in the "something more" we have the difference between the sightless bird and genius?

When Mr. Newman speaks of the "unconscious repetition of the same formulæ" in the works of certain musicians, we think of the personal idiosyncracies first, and second of the stylistic devices peculiar to a whole school or generation of composers. In the first instance it is a definite "trick"—such as Franck's cumulative melodic expansion or harmonic restlessness; in the second, it is a general tendency—such as we find in our present atonal and polytonal music. If it were not that certain tricks are so easily discerned and can so faithfully be copied, we should not have with us always the unintentional imitator of the masters, or the amusing intentional mimicker, like Mr. Edward Ballantine and his variations on "Mary had a little lamb."

The characteristic note must be original with someone before it can be imitated by others. But Mr. Newman's "three blind (and unconscious) mice" in upward scale formation can hardly be called a personal "formula" that originated with Beethoven. They are a purely structural tool of musical expression, as impersonal and generally employed as the conjunction "and" is in speech. In music, it is a connecting bridge, or what some German analysts have called an "anlauf."¹ In speech, the "and"-construction may gather the momentum, the live force, of an idiom; it did in ancient Hebrew; and thence it passed into the translations of the Old Testament. In a moderate measure it remains indispensable to all cultural languages, but it is happiest when left unnoticed. In the hands of a verbal artist the humble "and" may, on occasion, be pulled up from its modest station, to perform a rhetorical feat that lifts it high above its usual functions. Overdone, it would be an unbearable mannerism. It is not, it never can be a personal "formula"; to stamp it as such would be folly.

Yet it is not too much to say that this—comparatively speaking—is precisely what Mr. Newman has done with his "three notes." Only he goes still further. Imagine a literary critic who tells us that he has detected the personal "finger-print" of a writer in the use of the conjunction "and." Not satisfied with counting

¹The immediate parent of Beethoven's "finger-print" was a form of the ascending *port de voix* prevalent in the music of the eighteenth century. But the ancestry goes back to the ascending *ternaria ligatura* of the mensural notation, to the *scandicus* of the Gregorian chant, and backward to the dim beginnings of modulated human utterance, when the short ascending "speech curve" first acquired its emotive stress, its accent of pleading, the suggestion of *Innigkeit* which is the true characteristic of the three, and sometimes more, ascending notes as used by Beethoven in certain places with such felicitous effect. He neither invented the device, nor did he use it more than others did. Older masters knew its value. See the emotive "anlauf" of three notes to the culminating *herrig* in Mozart's phrase *Es war ein herrig's Veilchen*. That is a typical example of a common usage.

how often the little word of three letters occurs in his author's text, he bids us behold these letters unconsciously, mysteriously, irrepressibly creeping into such words as *HANDLE*, *BRANDISH*, *CANDID*, *MANDARIN*, *SANDALS*, *COMMAND*, AND a hundred others—always "for the same purpose of emotional expression at very much the same point." Peals of laughter would greet the literary critic and his discovery.

Mr. Newman, the musical critic, expects us to keep a serious face while he calmly takes an integral group of four or five notes out of a musical context and plucks from it the three notes he thinks best suited for the demonstration of his theory. In one instance (his Example 24) he picks a scale succession of six sixteenth notes from a group of eight, splits the six in the middle, and naively announces that here we have two "finger-prints" of three notes each, one right after the other. Think what fun Mr. Newman could have in hunting for Beethoven's musical fingerprints in Czerny's "Schule der Geläufigkeit."

Of the same order is Mr. Newman's claim that the numerous Beethovenian motives, built on the notes of the tonic triad, belong to one "brotherhood." Obviously they do. But we perceive an endless horde of rich and poor relations clamoring for admission to the same fraternity. Mozart and Wanhall, Haydn and Dussek are equally eligible. The company is not what you might call "strictly exclusive." Already Messrs. Bourguès and Denéréaz ("La musique et la vie intérieure," 1921) observed that "Beethoven a l'idée fixe de la Tonique." But so had his whole generation.¹

Mr. Newman is lavish with examples which are supposed to prove Beethoven's "obsession" of the three-note figure. Unfortunately most of these examples prove either too little or too much. Take four out of the first five, and you will find that in each one of them, besides Mr. Newman's ascending three mice, there are

¹The "scale of nature" and the natural intervals of the over-tones have long been associated with the musical expression of elemental ideas, suggesting the vastness of nature, the grandeur of creation, sentiments noble, heroic, or awesome. Beethoven's *Die Himmel rühmen* and Ponchielli's *Cielo e mar* are cousins german. Of the same tribe are Weber's "Ocean, thou mighty monster" and Wagner's innumerable "nature" motives, from the Flying Dutchman's angry sea to the accommodating rainbow of the gods. Long ago the fanfare became fanfaronade. It was the formula best suited to the grand, or rather grandiloquent, manner of the eighteenth century. The motival use of broken chords was as essential to the symphonist as to the opera composer. Take the opening movement of the E flat symphony (Op. 4, No. 4) of Franz Xaver Richter. The Mannheim influence was not lost on Mozart. Half of his forty-odd symphonies begin with the tonic flourish, not counting his chamber music and the rest. The tonic triad, strutting up and down, was a form of musical Johnsonese. Beethoven, like all of his contemporaries, could still indulge at times in the most approved eighteenth century grandiloquence.

tucked away somewhere three descending notes—always an interval of a second followed by an interval of a third. In point of design and “emotional expression” they are quite as characteristic. Nothing prevents us from declaring these three, instead of the others, to be a “finger-print,” if frequency of appearance is a sign of the obsession. As regards the latter, might not Mr. Newman, rather than Beethoven, be the real sufferer?

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If “an essay in musical psychology” is merely another name for fiction, we must hail Mr. Newman’s book as an extremely well-written, gripping tale. Put forward as a piece of “historical criticism,” it mistakes the meaning of history and the office of the critic. Mr. Newman’s avowed purpose in writing his book was to remind us that on the occasion of a centenary “we ought to try to see our subject as he really was.” Call him Mr. Newman’s subject, and insist that neither a syphilitic patient nor an unconscious musician had anything to do with the late centennial celebrations that overwhelmed us with a flood of Beethoven concerts. If we took a pessimistic view, we might say that the world one hundred years ago killed Beethoven, the man, by not giving him enough; and that in the course of last year it did its best to kill the composer by giving too much of him. Chances are, the composer will survive the ordeal—to the possible disappointment of some people. That the outspoken, peppery fighter should have been dead and buried these hundred years can be a matter only for congratulation. Were he alive, what would he not do to Mr. Newman.

